

Story of Shirley Temple's New Picture

SCREENLAND[★]

January

15c

10¢ in Canada



Spotlight Cover of
Claudette Colbert
Story on Page 20

How Hollywood Wives Handle Gossip Rumors
Beginning a New Serial by Margaret E. Sangster

Strike that COLD at the *source* before it gets serious!



Gargle Listerine to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

AFTER any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—*when resistance is low.*

Careful tests made in 1931, '32 and '34 show that those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than those who did not use it. Moreover, when Listerine users did contract colds, they were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.

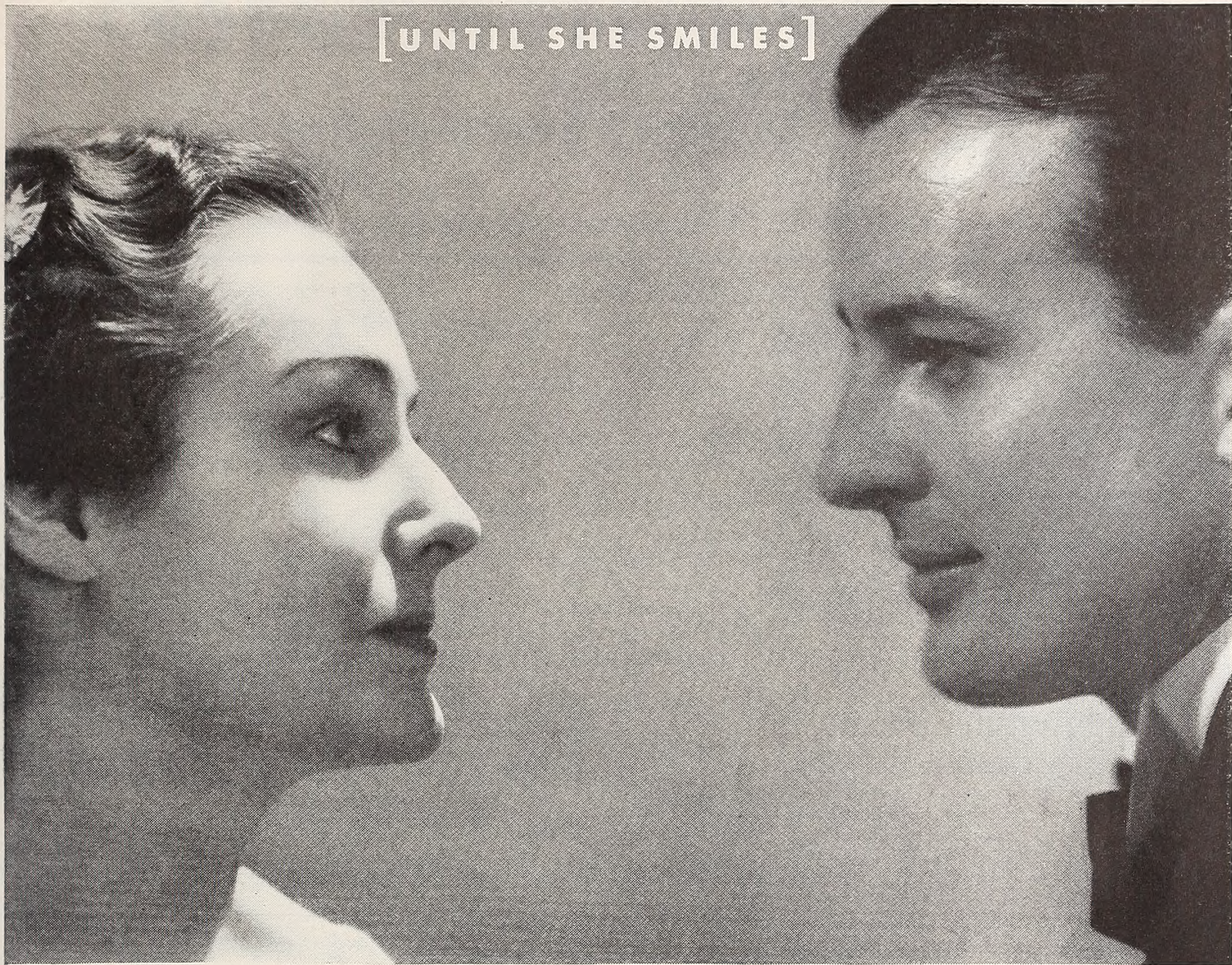


10¢



Enchanted Moment

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups— dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says . . . "You're a charming woman."

And a woman's eyes may answer . . . "You're a likeable person."

And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

WHY IS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" SO COMMON?

It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—

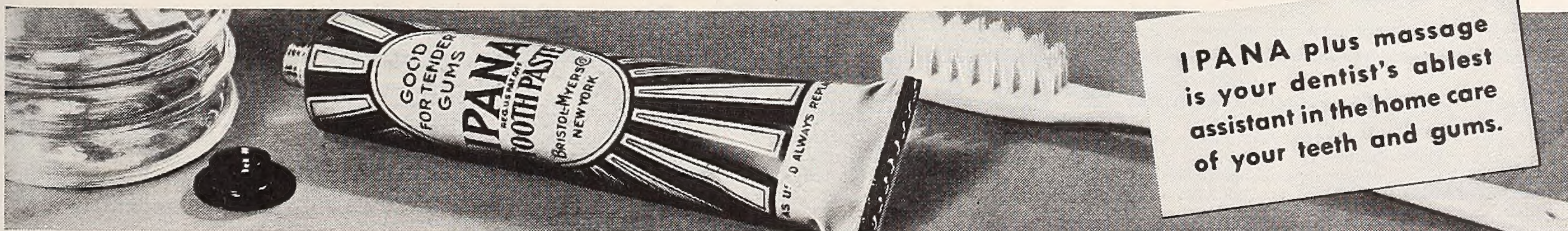
cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it in thor-

oughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly.

And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite "pink tooth brush." You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director



You Must See "Mutiny on the Bounty"

Here is the most thrilling movie melodrama ever made! For stirring action, desperate drama, marvelous motion, "Mutiny on the Bounty" tops every previous cinema spectacle. It is THE screen saga of the sea. Never before have you seen such sweeping effects as Director Frank Lloyd and his staff have achieved—the superlative example of art's improvement upon nature! Only Hollywood magic could re-create with such flawless fidelity the actual adventures of the *Bounty's* historical voyage to the South Seas in command of the merciless CAPTAIN BLIGH. Here is maritime history masterfully magnified, in terms of torrid, teeming drama. The squeamish will shudder but continue to stare enthralled as the tense story unfolds: the mutiny of part of the *Bounty's* crew, led by FLETCHER CHRISTIAN, (Clark Gable), against the intolerable cruelties of CAPTAIN BLIGH, (Charles Laughton); the loyalty of the young English gentleman, (Franchot Tone), who has enlisted to remedy the early horrors of his Majesty's Navy; the Tahitian interludes, with charming native girls making lovely contrast to the terror and brutality of the sea sequences—thrill upon thrill, and always the fascination of a series of brilliant moving pictures. Laughton leads among the players for his magnificently realized CAPTAIN BLIGH. Franchot Tone takes next honors for his fine and sensitive portrayal, while Gable is at his best. The "Must" picture of this month and months to come!

January, 1936

Vol. XXXII. No. 3

EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	11
How Hollywood Wives Handle Gossip Rumors.....	Dorothy Manners	12
Forever Yours. Fiction.....	Margaret E. Sangster	14
Here's a Continental Close-up of Charles Boyer.....	Stiles Dickenson	16
Colman Talks. Ronald Colman. The Lady Talks Back.		
Elizabeth Allan.....	Ben Maddox	18
The Girl in the Spotlight. Claudette Colbert.....	Elizabeth Wilson	20
Spotlight Cover Contest.....		21
The Littlest Rebel. Fictionization.....	Elizabeth B. Petersen	22
SCREENLAND's Glamor School. Edited by Ginger Rogers.....		24
Hollywood Fashion Highlights.....		26
Confessions of a Gag-Man.....	Walter H. Schmidt	28
Movie Bachelors at Home. Cary Grant and Randolph Scott		
	Maude Cheatham	30
Here's Anna Sten.....	Hettie Grimstead	32
Up Pops the Past! Una Merkel.....	Grace Simpson	33
I Found Kay Francis!.....	Margaret Angus	51
Reviews of the Best Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
Christmas Shopping Takes Center Stage.....		54
Who's Afraid of the Little Black Cat. Henry Fonda		
	Reginald Tavinor	56
Freddie's New Adventures. Freddie Bartholomew.....	Ida Zeitlin	57

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

"Rose Marie" MacDonald. Jean Parker as a Bonnie Lassie! Robert Donat as a Modern Lochinvar. Surprise, Surprise! Garden of Girls! Here's to Love. Picturesque Portraits. Lili Damita, Marlene Dietrich, Warner Baxter, James Cagney. They Make a Game of Work in Hollywood. Good Sports! Game Stars! The Most Beautiful Still of the Month. Paul Muni in "Enemy of Man."

DEPARTMENTS:

Inside the Stars' Homes. Ann Sothorn.....	Betty Boone	6
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews.....		8
SCREENLAND's Honor Page.....		10
Here's Hollywood. Screen News.....		58
Hollywood Figure.....	James Davies	62
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers.....		64
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley	67
Ask Me.....	Miss Vee Dee	69

Spotlight Cover Portrait of Claudette Colbert by Charles Sheldon

THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good ...
Was way back yonder!

★ ★ ★

We've gone a long way back
We admit.

But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

★ ★ ★

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho ... Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

★ ★ ★

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—



Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

★ ★ ★

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put \$1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is \$12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

★ ★ ★

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!



"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

Starring the

MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind

Inside the Stars' Homes

Something different! Danish dishes to delight the palate, and a dainty hostess to welcome you—Ann Sothern

By
Betty Boone



Mother. If you have the gift, you're blessed; if you haven't, you're out of luck."

Ann, a nautical figure in dark blue pajamas with white sailor blouse, led me up a single step to the dining room where the feast was spread out on the walnut table.

Here is the menu:

1. Røget Laks Med Roraeg (Smoked salmon and egg)
2. Hummer Med Mayonnaise (Lobster and mayonnaise)
3. Sardinier (Sardines)
4. Rullepølse (Recipe below)
5. Leverpostj Med Agurkesalat (Liverwurst and cucumber)
6. Oksesteg (Beefsteak)
7. Flækesteg Med Rødbeder (Pork roast and beets)
8. Aeg Med Benfrisild (Egg and boneless herring)
9. Frikadeller (Danish meat balls)
10. Dansk Ost (Danish imported cheese)
11. Hard boiled sliced eggs with large slice anchovy
12. Chicken liver, sliced cucumber
13. Kaffebrod (Danish pastry)
14. Kraemmerhuse (Danish pastry)



Ann Sothern, that luscious blue-eyed blonde, offers us the tempting recipes of her ancestral Denmark in this latest visit to stars' homes. Right, our lovely hostess smiles at our lucky home reporter, whose pleasant job it is to sample the finest food in Hollywood for you! Is your mouth watering? Ours is!



HER house is so very English, with its high hedge, its ivy-covered walls, and its Mother Shipton knocker on the front door, that you rather expect its tenant to be a prim English miss.

Instead, she is Ann Sothern, luscious little blonde, who in spite of being born in North Dakota of an American father, looks like an idealized version of the pride of Denmark. Her mother is Annette Yde, noted concert violinist, who first opened her blue eyes in that Scandinavian land.

"My mother made out the menu for us today," said Ann, after Robert, the butler, had shown me into the living room and Ann's two dogs had been persuaded to curtail an exuberant welcome. "She fixed every dish herself, so you can be sure it's right.

"Cooking is an art, anyway. As much of an art as acting, I think. My mother is a genius at it, but my sisters are like me—they hate anything to do with a kitchen. None of us knows a thing about preparing food and making appetizing dishes, but it comes naturally to

"You can tell how to fix most of the dishes if you know anything about cooking, or have access to a good delicatessen—at least, so I'm told," smiled Ann, "but Mother will tell you about the odd ones. Rullepølse, for example. It's delicious. You can serve it, as you can serve almost all these things, at a cocktail party, a mid-day luncheon, an after-theatre supper or a Sunday night collation."

Rullepølse

This is a sort of head cheese made of the side of lamb in which is rolled ground, well seasoned veal. The roll, sewed into place, is boiled in salt water, and when tender pressed flat in a press. Slices are served on tiny squares or oblongs of pumpnickel.

When you make *Danish meat balls*, Mrs. Lake (Ann's mother, whose more celebrated name is Annette Yde) directs that you use $\frac{1}{4}$ pork (*Continued on page 83*)

Her Greatest Role . . as tender as "Little Women" . . as irrepressibly gay as "Little Minister" . . as glamorous as "Morning Glory" . . as dramatic as "Christopher Strong"

HEPBURN



You will thrill to every unforgettable moment of this different, charming love story of a woman who almost waited too long . . . before she dared admit that she was a woman!

•
An RKO-Radio Picture directed by
GEORGE CUKOR, who gave you
"Little Women" and "David
Copperfield"

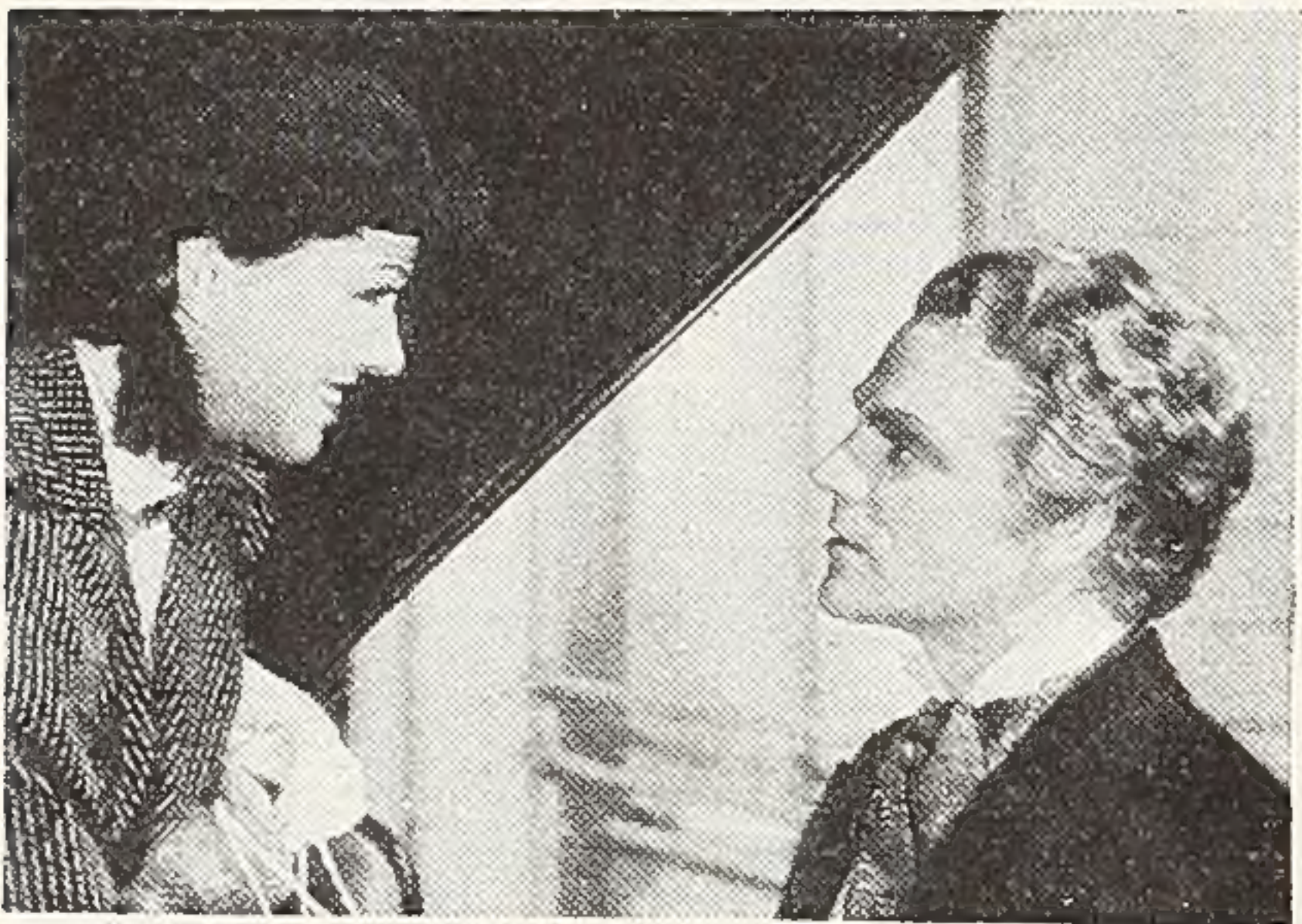
in **"SYLVIA SCARLETT"**
with **CARY GRANT**
BRIAN AHERNE
EDMUND GWENN

A Pandro S. Berman Production



Three
Kids and
a Queen
Universal

May Robson's first under her new Universal contract is a happy choice and a grand family picture, with this salty old girl just as you like to see her. She plays a rich, domineering old spinster, by accident thrust into the home of a barber and his adopted family. A kidnapping plot adds to the suspense. Henry Armetta, William Burrud, Frankie Darro, Charlotte Henry and others contribute excellent support.



Frisco
Kid
Warners

Jimmy Cagney is back again with his punch in a picture that does him credit and *vice versa*. This is the Barbary Coast as we all imagine it really was—plenty tough and elemental, with romantic overtones. Cagney fights his way to head-man of the waterfront. His girl is Lili Damita, and his comrades Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, and George E. Stone. Ricardo Cortez is a slick gambler. First rate show.



To Beat
the Band
RKO-
Radio

Hugh Herbert and Helen Broderick, (remember her in "Top Hat?"), teamed in a very light-minded farce—but my, how you'll laugh! Hugh is about to marry a frolicsome babe named Phyllis Brook. But a rich aunt dies leaving him millions if he'll marry a widow within three days. The babe is palmed off on Roger Pryor, and Helen Broderick, a woman lawyer, gets Hugh. Absurd story, but funny.



Remem-
ber Last
Night
Universal

Hilarious murder mystery—fancy that! This kids all the mystery pictures ever made, and develops into a riot of crime and comedy, with Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, and Robert Young, all giving of their best. Arnold is the crime detector, Constance the charming and helpful wife, while Sally gets mixed up in the orgy that provides the mystery. Surprises and laughs galore.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53



I Live
My Life
M-G-M

A perfectly elegant trifle varying the usual taming-the-rich-girl routine, which you can't afford to miss. Joan Crawford gallantly shares honors with Brian Aherne, who gives one of the season's best performances as an archeologist. The courtship gets all messed up, what with Frank Morgan as papa, Jessie Ralph as an erratic grandma, and Eric Blore and Arthur Treacher—yes, both of 'em—as butlers. The dialogue sparkles. Joan's at her best.



A
Feather
In Her
Hat
Columbia

Pauline Lord, Louis Heywood, Nydia Westman, and Basil Rathbone, all giving excellent individual portraits in a drama of mother love, and a film that slips naturally into the "tear jerker" category. It is a picture offering many very touching moments and entirely worth seeing if you are in the mood for the mother love type of poignant drama. The setting is England and the theme self-sacrifice. Good.



I Live
for Love
Warners

A display of gorgeous gowns worn by the exotic Del Rio, and the fine voice of Everett Marshall save this from going hay-wire. The story concerns two temperamental artists who everlastingly walk out on each other, and when peace is established the problem is to keep them from being too friendly for good "box office" appeal. It is weak on the story side but the songs and gowns offset that.

It's in
the Air
M-G-M



A little confection concocted to prove that Jack Benny and Ted Healy can get a laugh every time they speak a line. When you add Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, and Grant Mitchell to the combination you have a comedy gallery hard to beat. Benny, who lives by his wits—but not well—announces he'll make a stratosphere flight, to win back his wife, Una. Then he has to make good. It's good fun.

I Found
Stella
Parish
Warners



One of the best Kay Francis pictures, but you must take plenty of handkerchiefs. Kay is a popular actress in London who, because of a mystery of her past catching up with her, deserts her play and dons a disguise for her flight to America. Hounded by the press she sinks to burlesque, but is rescued in time. Sybil Jason, Ian Hunter, and Paul Lukas are all splendid. Good, both for story and acting.

His
Night
Out
Universal



Some fine, rare Eddie Horton for the Horton collectors, who can't expect to find him at better advantage than he appears here as a dyspeptic, given only months to live by his physicians. Imagine Eddie with only three months to live? Naturally he gets involved in a bond theft and is accused along with the girl, for whom he gallantly assumes the blame. The comedy situations are many, and very amusing.

Sweet
Surrender
Universal



A cast of screen unknowns contributes to the beautiful music and magnificent ballet which serves as background for this story with a serious peace angle. Frank Parker, radio star, pursues Tamara, dancing star, to Europe, finally catching up with her aboard the Normandie. Blackmailers bring on the dash of melodrama. The songs by Parker, the exquisite ballets, and the fashion show put it over.

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter To Jean Harlow



First pictures of Jean Harlow with her new "Brownette" hair, with Spencer Tracy in "Riff-Raff."

DEAR JEAN:

Congratulations! You've done it again. Goodbye, Platinum Blonde! Hello, Brownette! And definitely Howdy to a clever gal.

You're Hollywood's smartest Head-Line Hunter. You know that Jean Harlow must always be News. She must never be old stuff. From the first Harlow has hit the headlines. When she ceases to, she'll no longer be Harlow. But that will never be. I can just see you, Jean, in the year 2,000, tossing away cane and ear-trumpet, leaping out of your chair by the fireside, and preparing to give Shirley Temple III a run for the box-office with your new invention, the

Goldette Bob. It takes you to think these things up!

You're front page or nothing. And you're always front page. Your latest news is—Brownette. You've exchanged your platinum tresses for a bewitching new shade—frightfully becoming, and hairdressers will bless you anew. In "Riff-Raff" you try out the new shade, and if the advance pictures on this page are any sign, you are going to startle the folks all over again. Which is your intention, and your astute producers'.

And a good idea, too. What most producers and stars in Hollywood don't seem to realize is, how old hat they get in no time at all. Of course I understand that, when surrounded by so much self-made glamor, it's only human for Miss Star to begin to believe it herself, and to feel that she is immortal; when the truth may be that while still tops in Hollywood, she is rapidly being relegated to thirty-sixth place in the hinterlands, due to the fact that her deadpan and same coiffure and style are beginning to pain the audiences. But not every star is as smart as Shirley, who is right now learning new tap routines to keep her vast public from being bored; or as you, Miss Harlow, who, weary of your own platinum bloneness, decide to change it before the cash customers catch up with you.

Congratulations again. And, just as girl to girl, how *do* you get your hair to look like that, anyway?

Delight Evans

How Hollywood Wives



International

John Boles' wife, left, has the most amazing answer of all! Right, Leslie and Mrs. Howard. Below, Gary Cooper with his wife, Sandra, whom he protects from rumors. Read how Mrs. Cooper handled a reporter's embarrassingly frank personal question.



Wide World

Frankly answering the colorful question most often asked wherever screen celebrities are discussed



Acme



International

WHEN a funny-paper wife catches her funny-paper spouse flirting with a bathing beauty, she invariably clunks him over the head with a rolling pin, thus settling their domestic problem in true funny-paper fashion.

When the bride's "best friend" calls up to tell her that George was seen walking down the street with that red-head in his office, she usually receives the news with a scornful laugh into the telephone, and a deluge of "humiliated" tears when George gets home.

Mrs. Married Woman of Ten Years or Over is merely supposed to sigh and ignore any blonde trouble that comes up.

And then, there are always those blissful bunnies who, apparently, never hear anything suspicious about their husbands!

But these are not the wives of Hollywood! Like the ill-fated *Marches* of "Green Hat" fame, actor's wives are never let off anything!

How would you like to open the morning paper over your orange juice and coffee and never know when you are going to read that your husband had been lunching

Handle Gossip Rumors



Acme

The most famous screen newlyweds, left: Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone. Right, Betty and Bob Montgomery, who laugh off rumors. Below, Clark with Mrs. Gable. In circle, Clark with admiring fans in Guayaquil, Ecuador, during his recent vacation.



Wide World



Wide World

By
Dorothy
Manners

at the Vendome yesterday with that new foreign import in his current picture? What difference would it make that the chatter-writer tried to gloss over the tasty line with the well-oiled "... but Miss Europa is Mrs. Star's best friend." The very popular wife of one of our most popular stars once laughingly told me she had been the "best friend" of more women she'd never met than any other person in the world!

How would you like to go to the telephone and be barked at by a live-wire newspaper man who wants to know if you've heard all the gossip about your husband and Miss Mixit? And what are you going to do about it? And, thanking you in advance, will you please give him the exclusive story of the divorce?

How would you feel to hear it blared into a million radios that the real reason the man you married was going to New York was not to catch his latest premiere, as advertised, but to catch up with Dolly Dimples of his last picture, who is vacationing there?

In almost any other walk of life, the wives of public men are more or less protected against actually having names called in "rumors," except in the most flagrant cases. But gossip has seldom spared the gallant married ladies of Hollywood. Perhaps they are fated to public embarrassment because (Continued on page 63)

FOREVER YOURS

By

Margaret

E. Sangster

PART I

TOM KILDARE glanced thoughtfully down the length of the room. It was crowded with girls, and they were all pretty. All, that is, except one—for the girl who stood in the corner nearest the door possessed small claim to prettiness. She was tall beyond the average, and gawky, and badly dressed, and had large hands and larger feet. There was no apparent reason why Tom's errant gaze should have come to rest upon her—nobody else had given her a flicker! When he said—

"I want the girl in the corner—the big girl with the eyes," everyone laughed. The laughter persisted until Tom raised a commanding, authoritative hand.

"I'm not kidding," he growled, "hush your noise, you half-wits!"

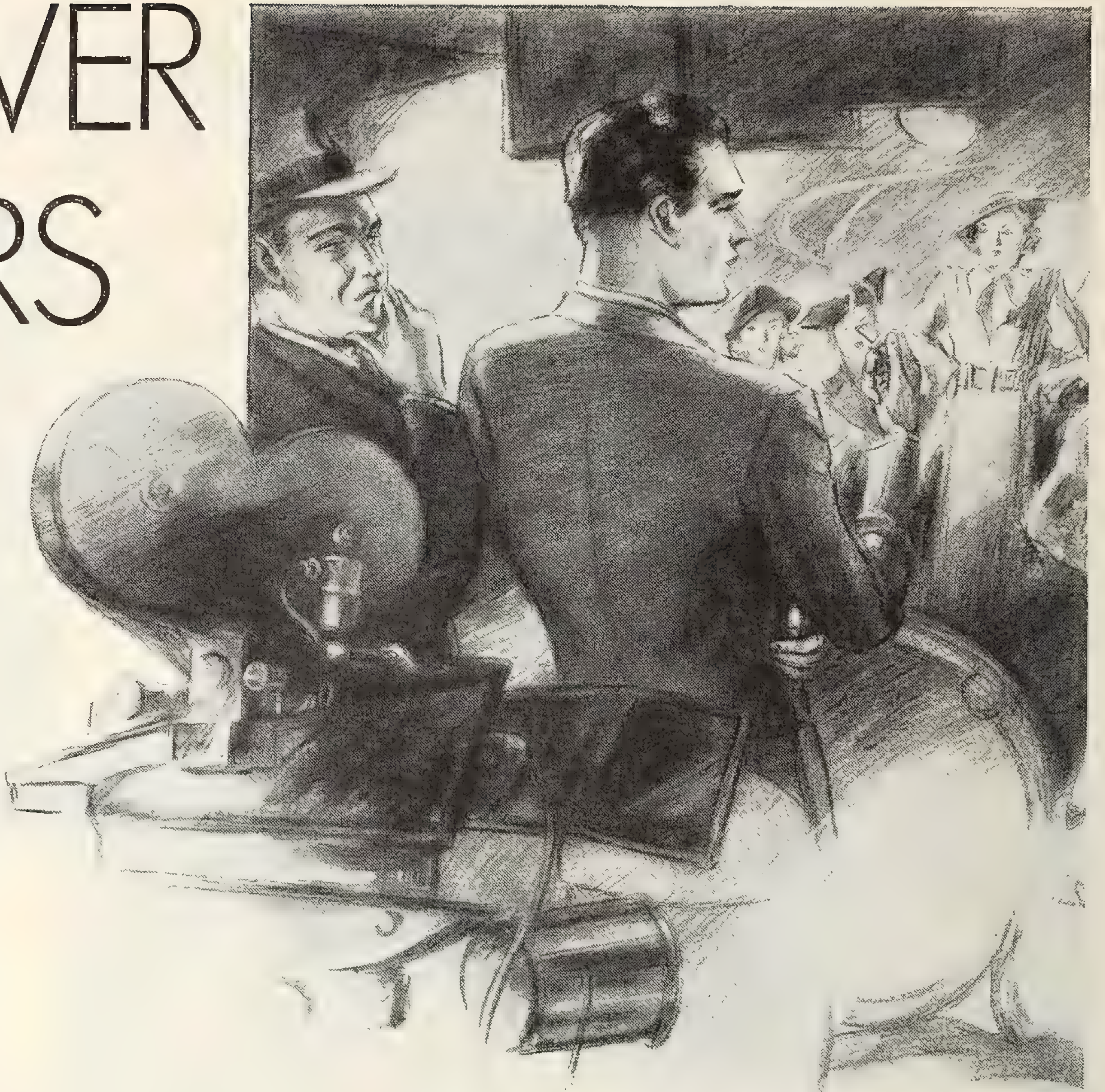
Somebody murmured, *sotto voce*, to somebody else: "It's given the boss a turn having Lila Bell walk out of the picture. I've heard that certain minds behave that way—crack up, I mean, under pressure."

Tom's manager, Monte Feinberg, moaned, "Gosh, Kildare, this is a comedy you're making. That girl will be as out of place in slapstick as a fur coat in a Turkish bath. Comedy! She looks as if she were going to burst into tears any minute. Have a heart!"

Tom Kildare never minded what people said to him or in front of him or about him or how they said it. He was always ready to take a suggestion and make the most of it. He was a regular person—a grand mixer, according to the studio—and a studio can be a star's severest critic as well as his best friend. But despite his amiability he knew his own mind, and when he did the talking he was head man. Now he might have been deaf for all he answered Monte Feinberg's perorating. The hand that had been raised for silence made another gesture—a beckoning gesture.

"Come here, kid," he called to the girl in the corner. "I've got things to say to you."

The girl emerged from her shadowed niche. The other girls in the room—there must have been at least fifty of them—stared at her, and a giggle ran across them the way wind runs over a field of wheat. But Tom, watch-



A tall, gawky girl emerged from the shadows when Tom Kildare said, "I want you, the big girl with the eyes." A ripple of giggles swept across the room, but ceased suddenly when the others observed that Kildare was in earnest.

ing the sway of the girl's body as she moved forward, didn't join in the mirth. When she paused directly in front of him and focused her sombre gaze on his face, he spoke.

"Get this, baby," he said, and his tone was not ungentle, "I'm casting for a comedy and I need a new leading woman. My old one—Lila Bell's the name—has gone crazy with too much prosperity and left me flat. Not that I mind the exodus—I'm tired of leading ladies and I ought to know! I've made plenty of them—"

Laughter surged again through the room, and Tom—exhibitionist of sorts—grinned his famous grin.

"To cut the story short," he said, "I'm going to try a different racket. I'm going to use an extra, a completely unknown girl, opposite me. I think"—once more his tone was gentle—"that maybe you'll do. What about it?"

The girl answered in a hesitant voice.

"I do not spik th' English veery well," she told Tom, "an' I haf had no expeerience. But I weel do ever'thin' you ask of me."

Tom's manager grunted and spread his arms wide, embracing a deal of emptiness.

"No class," he said, briefly, "no figure, and no conversation. I guess she's out, Kildare. Better use your head. There's other fish—"

But Tom—his grin quite vanished—was staring at the tall girl. As if he saw a ghost—or didn't.

"Suppose," he said to Monte, "you leave that to me."



ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGIA WARREN

Glamorous Hollywood challenges the brilliant gifts of a famous author! Here is a stirring novel depicting the colorful life of a land where the real is often stranger than its own make-believe

more articulate nurse-maid had put in an appearance.

"I nevaire could learn to wear an apron of postage stamp size, and my leetle cap would not stay straight," she explained. "I looked fonney the whole time, so when I was out of a job and I heard they needed extras for the comedy of Meester Kildare—"

Tom chuckled. "I call that clever reasoning," he commented. "How'd you know about me, anyway?"

The girl from France colored. "I had watched you on th' screen," she said, "at a carnival in the village where I was born . . ."

Marie Kastelaine—the name had elements of fiction, but it wouldn't do. People couldn't spell it or pronounce it. Tom's publicity man changed it—without benefit of clergy—to Karen Kent. Karen because the Norse were in high favor, then—Kent because it was easy. Karen Kent looked well enough in small letters on the bottom of a program—it would shimmer nicely, if need be, in electrics. Also, the entire world could say it with ease and grace!

I wasn't born yesterday. What if she can't speak English? What if she's tongue-tied? What if she's deaf and dumb? I'll bet she can make signs!"

After all Tom Kildare was right—English was relatively unimportant; talking pictures were as yet beyond the horizon line. And the girl could make signs—and how! Her screen test proved that.

Star beginnings are exciting. They're more than exciting—they're adventure and romance and brief glimpses of ecstasy. In the casual friendly studio of Thomas Kildare—a studio dedicated to the pantomime of an actor who had been a music hall favorite before he became a motion picture comedian—we watched the birth of a screen personality. The girl was French Provincial—Marie Kastelaine was her name, she informed us haltingly on that day when Tom lifted her from the group. She had come to America as nurse-maid to the child of a west coast millionaire whose family had summered in a chateau not far from Marie's home. She had been dismissed from service when a smaller and

evoked groans—and a few good-tempered jeers—from the studio kibitzers. Part of her awkwardness was a burning self-consciousness, but part of it was an acute desire to please Tom, who had given her a chance. She tumbled over herself as a willing, clumsy puppy does, whenever he made a suggestion or issued an order. When he exclaimed at her abject obedience she flushed a guilty scarlet. She might have been a high school girl in the throes of a desperate crush on a professor—indeed, she might have been anything! But despite her blushes and her lack of grace, Karen's eyes were worth writing home about, and her unruly mop of straw-colored curls had a curious charm, and her wide mouth—when she smiled—was tremulously tender.

Tom Kildare—master showman—made the most of her awkwardness. It was especially his meat; her deadly seriousness was better than custard pie when it came to slapstick. But never in his most exploiting moods did he forget that expert comedy is near to the dividing line of tears. There were close-ups of Karen that were meltingly lovely and wistful, and (*Continued on page 66*)

Here's a

Underwood & Underwood



Charles and his lovely wife, Pat Paterson, at home in Paris. Right, Boyer and his leading lady, Danielle Darrieux, in the French film, "The Tragedy of Meyerling."



PARIS

IT WOULDN'T surprise me in the least to see Charles Boyer dashing to catch the boat train next week decked out in the full regalia of *Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria*. At the moment of this writing, he is making a film version of "The Tragedy of Meyerling" in which he plays the part of that ill-fated son of the Emperor Franz-Joseph and Elizabeth of Austria. He played the same part on the stage here in Paris a few years ago. This French film is full of romantic charm and a cast of Parisian favorites supports the now internationally popular Boyer. His leading lady, Danielle Darrieux, is to leave soon for Hollywood, where she will surely be a big success.

They were working day and night. Already Boyer had put off his sailing three times. All of this did not seem to upset the suavely romantic Boyer, for he told me, with an amused twinkle in his eye, that last year he was making the last scenes of "Le Bonheur" at nine o'clock in the morning when his boat train was leaving at eleven. Wiping off his make-up en route he barely caught his train. So he expected to do the same thing this year.

It has taken America, or more definitely Hollywood, to put Boyer "on the map" as a popular idol. For years, here in Paris, he has been looked upon as a fine, sensitive actor generally playing the leads in the dramas of Henry Bernstein at the Gymnase Theatre. Never anything sensational. Then came the trip to America, and after indifferent success he has blossomed out as the heart-

throb of the moment. He is very sensible not to desert Paris and the French public, as some of his compatriots have done much to their sorrow, so he spends five or so months here each year either making films in French or appearing in the theatre. Hence his filming over here.

I went out to Joinville, near Paris, where most of the French studios are located. The same producers are making "Meyerling" who did "La Vie Parisienne" in which Conchita Montenegro and Neil Hamilton played the English version. All about were sets of Vienna of the '80's, with lovely ladies in the quaint dresses of that time. Men in uniform, royal trappings and the Eagle of Austria everywhere about.

When he had finished his scene Boyer came over and greeted me in splendid English. When I complimented him he smiled and said "My English wife is mostly responsible for that."

He is a very quiet, thoughtful type—smoking endless cigarettes—but there is always a subtle twinkle in his dark brown eyes. For a Frenchman he resorts very rarely to shoulder-shrugging and waving of hands.

"We have had a delightful summer, for I wanted to

Continental Close-up of CHARLES BOYER

Our Paris correspondent reports for you on how Boyer works and plays in his native land

By
Stiles
Dickenson



show my wife the beauties of the French country-side. Being English she used always to rave about the English country-side. Now she seems to have forgotten that in her enjoyment of France. I took her around to a lot of castles, but I'm afraid we are what you might call lazy tourists, for we ride around in the car and just sit in it instead of piling out and thoroughly seeing the sights. After all one can absorb the beauties of a place better that way—and very comfortably too!

"It was very hard at first in the English films for me because one of two of the directors I worked with would constantly re-write scenes and give me the new script a very short time before shooting the scene. That made it very hard for me to learn. In my later films we worked from unchanged scripts and it was much easier for me. Then there are much fewer French people in Hollywood now so I am almost entirely with Americans and English when not working. Ruth Chatterton is a great friend of ours. By the way, she speaks fluent French. She has taken up—." Here (*Continued on page 86*)

Leisure! Charles and Pat enjoying a tour of the French country-side, extreme left above. Work! Boyer in close-ups with Danielle Darrieux, above. Left, a character study for his new rôle as the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria.



Gallant star of "A Tale of Two Cities" drops in on his day off to help his leading woman make a scene! Above, Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan.

Colman Talks!

By
Ben Maddox

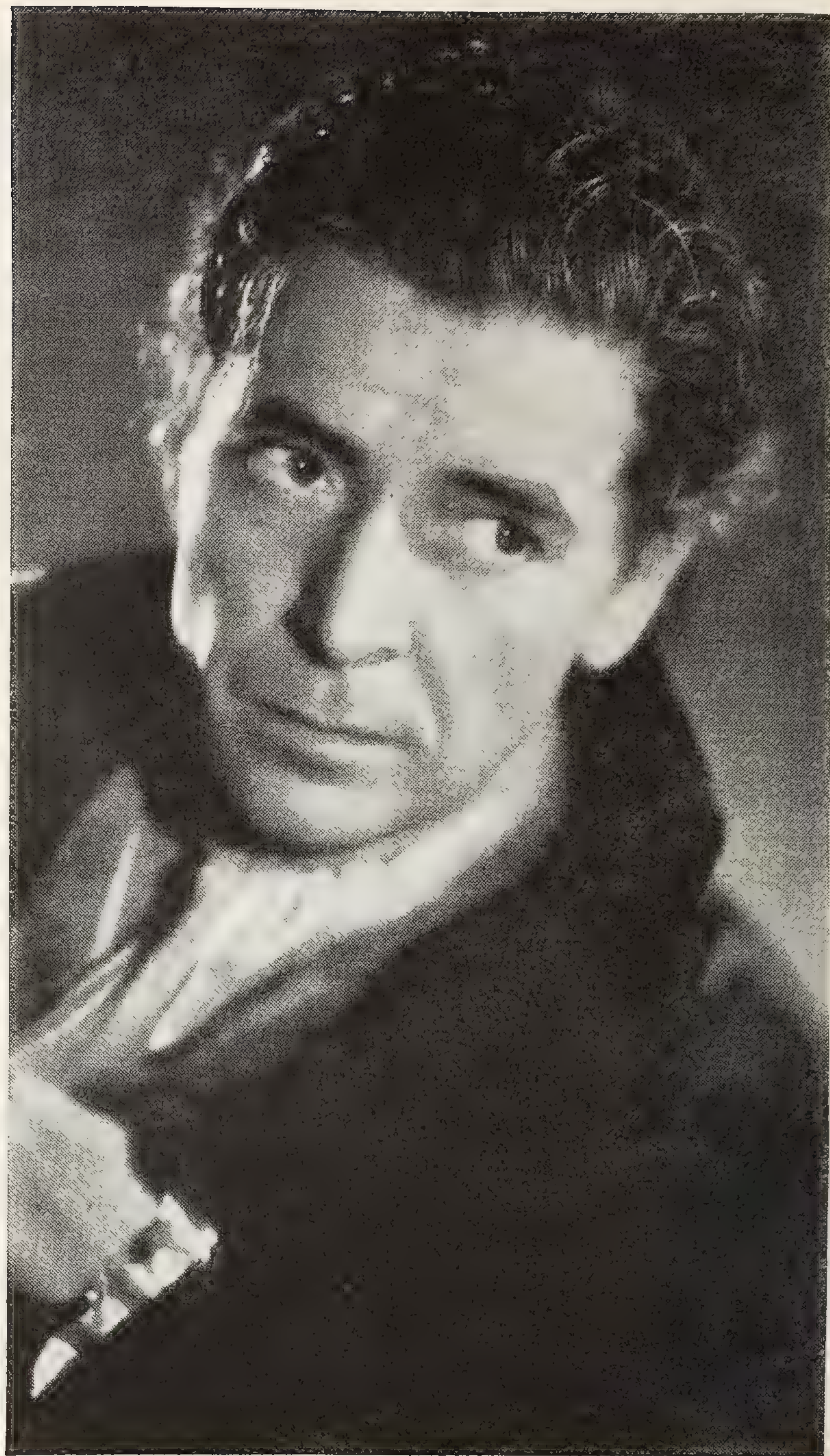
"THERE are, I find, all kinds of actresses in Hollywood.

"When it comes to pointing with pride to an all-round captivating member of the feminine sex—I propose a toast to Miss Elizabeth Allan!

"Or 'Liz,' as her friends venture to call her. Oh, quite by definite permission, I assure you. Her approval of the nickname instantly indicates something of her jolly nature, doesn't it?

"She is only in her early twenties, and yet already she has discovered secrets of good living that a lot of people don't stumble upon until they're far too old to exercise their knowledge. But Miss Allan has been smart enough to search for truths!"

Ronald Colman, considered the most sought-after man in the whole picture colony, was speaking. It is a rare victory to capture his attention when he detects reportorial intentions. He habitually flees from anything



Breaking a long silence, reticent Ronnie tells on a Hollywood actress

smacking of advertisement. He wants to let his screen self represent him.

However, he had invited me to luncheon and so there was no evading me. With his dark brown eyes flashing that special Colman charm, and his manner as flawless as ever, he walked beside me into the Café de Paris on the 20th Century-Fox lot. The noon-day bustle in the studio restaurant ceased momentarily as he entered. He is the most untheatrical of stars. Yet he is so distinguished in his handsomeness that even the blasé stop to look at him.

When we had ordered, and had skipped lightly over various current topics, he suddenly began talking about Elizabeth Allan. I had maneuvered our conversation to women. For once he did not parry. He was openly enthusiastic.

"As you know," he declared, going serious, "she has had the rôle of *Lucie Manette* in 'A Tale of Two Cities.' Dickens heroines are all comparatively colorless. He had a keener grasp on his comedy characters and on the boys and men about whom his stories really centered. So Miss Allan was up against (Continued on page 78)



And now read what Elizabeth Allan really thinks of Ronald Colman

I HAD to wait my whole first year in Hollywood to meet him, but he was worth it! "Ronnie is like you've heard he is, and then again he's not that way at all. He is very *happy*. He's far from being a recluse.

"He is all I had anticipated—and much more. My great expectations haven't been let down the least bit as a result of working with him daily and getting to know him.

"This exciting Hollywood is a brand new thrilling world to me. And after seeing and becoming acquainted with a good portion of the players here, I'm convinced that Ronnie is not only super-charming. He's the *wisest* of them all!"

Until Elizabeth Allan telephoned Ronald Colman she hadn't made up her mind what to do about me. She told me so as soon as we retired to a quiet office at M-G-M.

She had been advised why I wanted to talk to her. No woman in the movies should have a better conception of the intriguing Mr. Colman, I had announced. Having acted opposite him on her last assignment, she is sure of his attitude towards his career. More importantly, she

The Lady Talks Back

is a member of his exclusive Hollywood clique. She sees as much of him socially as almost anyone and so knows exactly what's so about him as an individual.

But Elizabeth isn't the bold kind who wants publicity at any price. She had no notion of spoiling a fine friendship by random chattering. And I understood immediately why she checked on me. Colman is somewhat of a male Garbo. He goes into no deliberate mystery mood and he is frankly appreciative of interest. Yet he has never turned confidential regarding his innermost feelings. His chosen intimates loyally respect this reserve.

"When I reached him on the 'phone this morning he informed me you had already held a conference about me. He insisted he was anxious to read my retort. So—let's proceed!"

I waved her into the big easy chair. She is small and slim and across the desk was indeed a pleasant sight. Her eyes are nearly green and her hair is a vital, fluffy brown. The chic slack-suit she wore was gray, and her



In "Liz" Allan, Ronald Colman has, it seems, found his ideal screen mate. "A Tale of Two Cities" shows these two English players at their best.

accessories were of a becoming pastel shade of orange.

"He is thoroughly remarkable in many ways," Elizabeth asserted. "Ronnie, for instance, has no star notions. He doesn't consider himself superior and he doesn't take advantage of his opportunities to be ritzy. He lives comfortably, but not in the lavish show-off manner. He'll always listen to advice—from the humblest source, too.

"His international reputation for reticence has built up a legend of aloofness. This isn't press-agentry. Ronnie can't make friends easily with everyone. He does prefer to keep his personal thoughts to himself. And he isn't a gadabout.

"You'll never run into him (Continued on page 80)

The Girl in the Spotlight

By
Elizabeth Wilson

In the Spotlight of romance, on and off the screen! Claudette Colbert at the right as the star of "The Bride Comes Home," with Fred MacMurray and Robert Young.



COMES January soon, and perhaps just another winter of discontent for you and for me, but comes January for Claudette Colbert and there will be a moon and stars and lilting music and lovers' laughter. January is the month of beginning; an old year has died and forgotten now are its worries, confusions, misunderstandings, taut nerves and aching hearts; forgotten its fretful frustrations, its muddling chaos—indeed "The world is weary of the past."

Yes, January is the month of beginning, and Claudette is ready to begin a new love and a new life. The first glimmers of 1936 will find little Emily Chauchoin, with her big dark eyes and deep, deep thoughts, the chatelaine of her new home in Holmby Hills, and the wife of Dr. Joel Pressman. For any minute now Claudette's beautiful new home, and the first she has ever owned, will be complete down to the last chintz ruffle, and across the threshold so shiny and new Dr. Pressman will carry in his arms a very happy girl—so help me, just as Paramount so aptly puts it, "The Bride Comes Home."

I have known Claudette a long time, ever since those hectic days back at the Astoria studios on Long Island when she and Norman Foster and Ginger Rogers went dripping through the rain sequences of "Young Man of Manhattan," and I have laughed with her and at her, and cared, terribly, when she was disappointed and hurt,

Scoop! Claudette Colbert begins a new love and a new life. Here's the first true story of the star's romance

and rejoiced when she was gay and triumphant; but never since our first meeting have I seen Claudette so happy, so ecstatically happy, as she was the day she told me she was going to marry Dr. Pressman. It wasn't what she said, but the way she said it, with that cute little choky stammer that she has when she gets excited, and her eyes, no longer veiled by impenetrable calm, but resplendent like the morning star, and I who deal in romances as a grocer does in cheese, I who pay my landlord with love's young dream, suddenly realized that I was seeing something honest and beautiful, for the first time in many a year, and I was awed like a child entering a church. Yes, it got me! I've been reading poetry ever since. "And the sunlight clasps the earth. And the moonbeams kiss the sea; What are these kissings worth, If thou kiss not me?" (Oh, don't mind me—Shelley and I have been going on like this for days.)

About a year ago, some months after she had separated from Norman Foster, Claudette met her future husband, though anything but husbandry—(Note to Miss Colbert:



Claudette acting a scene with Robert Young, above. Right, La Colbert seems to look ahead to a bright new future.



With Fred MacMurray in "The Bride Comes Home," a title apt in its application to Claudette's own private life.

I know that is not the correct meaning of that word but I like it there)—was on her mind at the time. For seven years or more Claudette had suffered with sinus trouble, and had been to a number of leading physicians in New York who operated and eased the pain temporarily, but as soon as she started a picture with those big lights glaring at her her sinus would start cutting up again. Finally, someone said, "Why don't you see Dr. Press-

man? He's the best nose specialist on the West Coast." So Claudette called on Dr. Pressman, and it definitely was not love at first sight.

It was several weeks before she even noticed what he looked like, for every time she opened her eyes all she could see was a long instrument probing around in her nose and hurting like the mischief. But as her sinus grew better, and the treatments (*Continued on page 68*)

Spotlight Contest

1,000 Prizes Awarded Every Month

Just Answer Two Questions:

1. Whom do you select as Spotlight Cover Girl?
2. Why do you think she deserves this tribute?

SCREENLAND's Spotlight Cover Contests have aroused great enthusiasm. The beauty of the covers, their novelty, but most of all the fact that screen-goers have the deciding voice in selecting the girls to be featured on these striking covers, and in special stories in the magazine, appeals to everybody.

It's your opportunity to express your admiration for your favorites. The movie girls are eager for the distinction of being featured on a SCREENLAND cover, but there's added significance when you, their own public, are responsible for this signal tribute.

Every month 1,000 reproductions in full color but without lettering, are awarded to the 1,000 voters whose entries are judged best. These fine reproductions are worthy of framing. Send in your selection now, and win a color portrait of Claudette Colbert, our Spotlight Girl this month. Start the collection of a gorgeous gallery of filmdom's most beautiful girls.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Use coupon printed at right, filling out with name of your selection, and your name and address.
2. Write a letter, not more than 100 words, telling why you think the girl you select deserves this distinction.
3. This contest will close at midnight January 2, 1936.
4. In the event of ties, identical prizes will be awarded.
5. Judges' decisions are final. No entries will be returned.



I am entering the SCREENLAND Spotlight Cover Contest, with my letter enclosed.

My star selection is.....

Name

Street address.....

City State

The Littlest Rebel

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen



Shirley Temple's new motion picture makes the most appealing of short stories here, for the whole family to read and enjoy

THERE had never been such a birthday before. Always there had been a party, of course, and games and fun and ice cream and cake under the sweep of willows on the Cary lawn. And Uncle Billy shuffling his old, black feet along under the weight of silver trays laden with glasses of lemonade for the children and other frosted glasses with swirls of mint topping them like gay bouquets for the grown-ups.

There had been presents on those other birthdays, too, and her mother looking prettier than she did on other days even, with the flush of Virgie's own excitement caught in her cheeks and the smile deepening in her eyes and her father's laugh coming even oftener than usual.

But this birthday was different. For Virgie was six. That meant she was no longer a baby. And beginning to be a little girl meant that she wore a party dress that could have been a replica of her mother's. All white it was, and as sheer as a cloud with festoons of rose-



buds and ribbons sprinkled over it, and pantallettes peeping below of real lace!

That wasn't all, though, this feeling of being—well, almost grown up and Uncle Billy calling her Miss for the first time. For she was dancing today. Not the funny little jigs Uncle Billy had taught her but the way the grown-ups danced when there was a ball at the Cary plantation.

It was the minuet she was dancing and Virgie chose the fat little boy none of the other girls would dance with because even the ice cream he was eating couldn't completely banish the woe-begone look from his face.

Everybody must be happy today! That was Virgie's sole thought, and everybody was happy until the awful moment they heard Fort Sumter had been fired upon. For days afterwards Virgie relived that scene, the horse wheeling up to the East portico and the rider covered with the dust of his mad gallop flinging the reins to the stable boy and dashing into the drawing-room to shout the news.

Virgie didn't know what war meant then. She only knew the fun was

"The littlest Rebel," the Northern Colonel called little Virgie Cary, when the child defied him and his men. War had brought disaster to the Cary's Southern mansion, calling Virgie's father away, breaking her mother's heart.



20th Century-Fox Presents

"The Littlest Rebel"

With the Following Cast:

Virgie Cary Shirley Temple
Captain Robert Cary John Boles
Mrs. Cary Karen Morley
Colonel Morrison Jack Holt
Uncle Billy Bill Robinson
Sergeant Dudley Guinn Williams

Directed by David Butler. From the play by Edward Peple. Screen play by Edwin Burke. Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva.



Old Uncle Billy and his little Missy sang and danced their way to Washington to plead with the President to save her father's life.



over, and where there had been laughter before there were tears now.

It's over, she thought. The party and the fun and all the happiness. It's over. It's over.

Old words, these, to be written on the heart of a child. Wise words to give her a wisdom no child should have. For the first time she saw panic in her mother's eyes and in the eyes of all those other women who gathered their children around them and clung to their husbands' arms as if they were afraid ever to let them go again.

After that there was the loneliness of days without her father's laugh and his step around the house and Virgie held back her own tears when she saw her mother cry, and did all the funny little steps and sang the songs Uncle Billy had taught her. But somehow it was even harder when her mother didn't cry, when she tried to smile and the smile became a twisted mockery on her lips.

She was to know that
(Continued on page 71)

SCREENLAND'S Glamor School

Edited by

Ginger Rogers

The dancing darling of the films presents a pre-view of her new clothes. Ginger sounds the grace note in glamor with the gorgeous gown, left, shimmering with silver beads; and the blue taffeta picture dress, below—both worn in her latest picture, "Tamed"

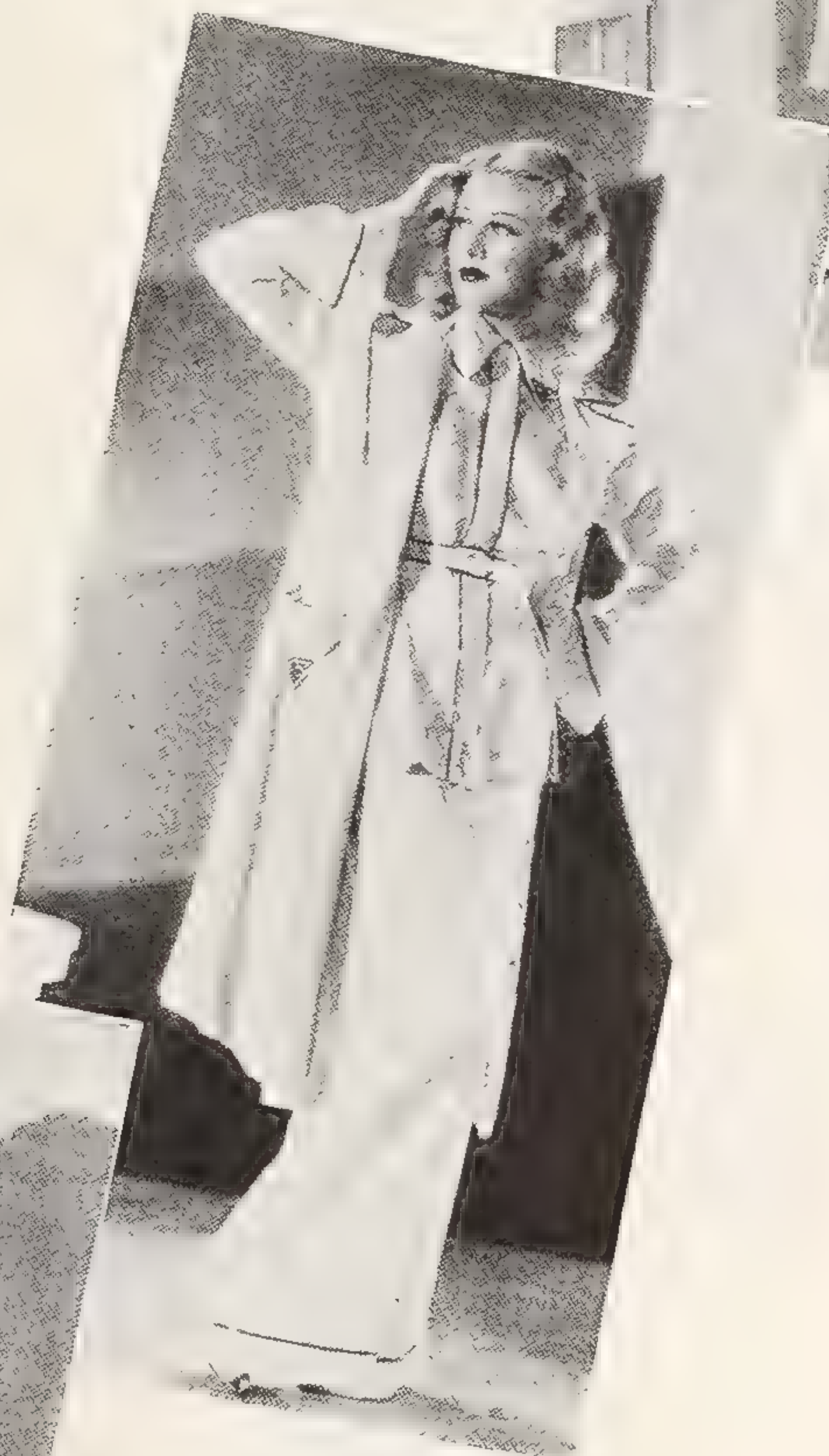


Ginger introduces "The Rolled Coronet," a new coiffure. Here's the trick: brush gleaming, well-groomed hair straight back from forehead and off the ears; the high rolled coronet is placed far back on the crown of the head, a complete circle instead of the customary half-crown. The ends are curled casually.





Exclusive photographs of Miss Rogers for SCREENLAND'S Glamor School by Miehle, RKO. All costumes by Bernard Newman.



Advance news! Above and below, the perkier ensemble ever designed for a Hollywood beauty, created by Bernard Newman for Miss Rogers: co-starring steel-blue taffeta blouse and dark blue taffeta skirt; featuring elaborate shirring; too, too box-office! Then, hopping ahead to Spring, or Bermuda cruises: blue-and-white print, with pert bow. Next, pajama perfection, in pink satin, piped in plum, and monogram on three-cornered pocket. Top—and tops!—light grey wool with blue polka dots and blue taffeta revers, cuffs, and belt.

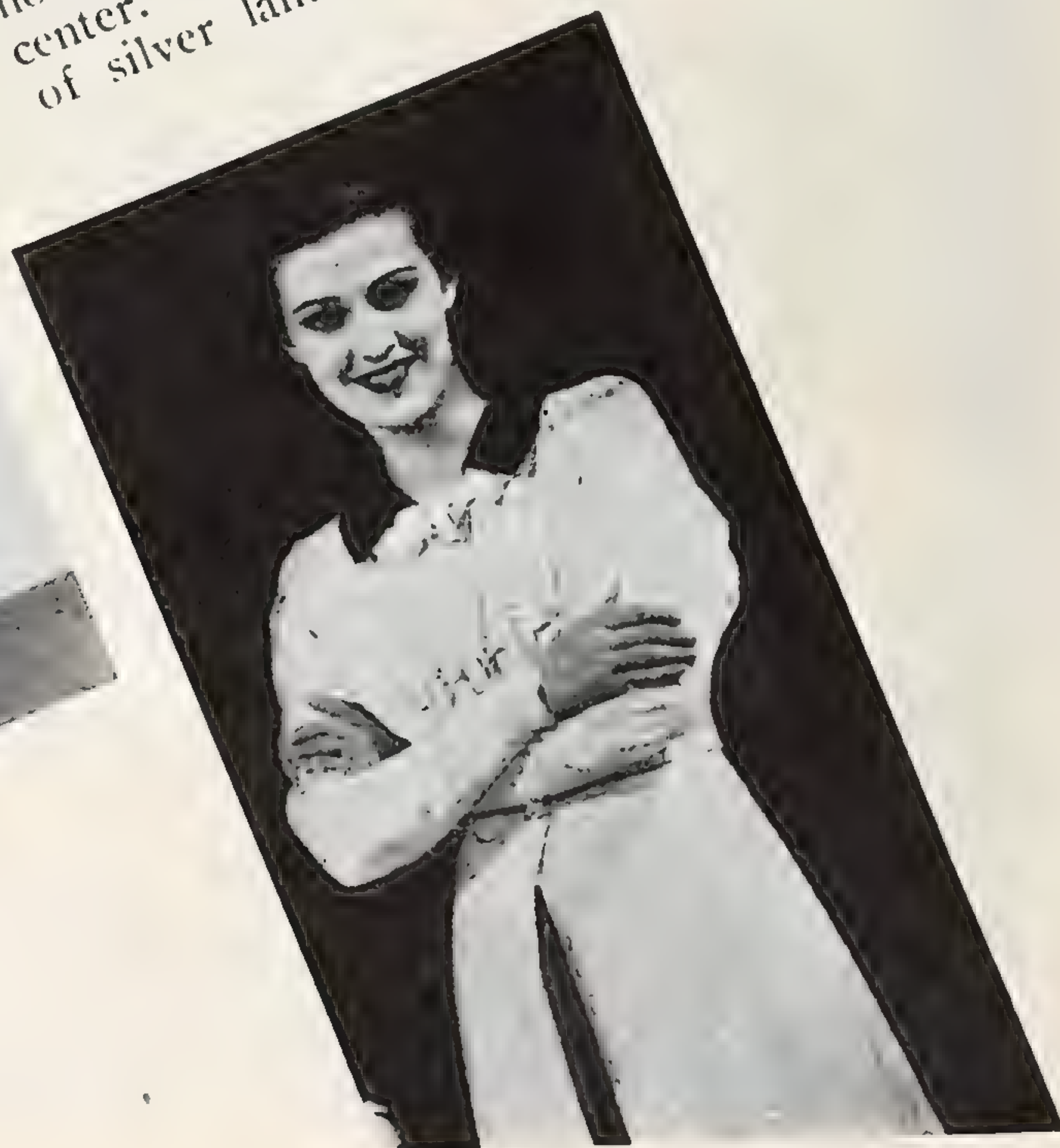


Look into the fashion future with Ginger Rogers! Her clothes have rhythm, as gay and provocative as her dances with Fred Astaire. Only Ginger can be Fred's dancing partner—but every girl can see to it that her own wardrobe carries out the idea of gaiety and grace



Glitter for Glamor!

Glitter, Kay Francis, in your house-coat of metallic stripes in red, gold, green. (Left, above). Or like Miriam Hopkins, in silver lamé with cape collar, above. There's gentle glitter, too, in Jane Froman's tunic, below: white metal-embroidered crepe with military frog fastenings. Gay, gorgeous glitter in green, lavender, gold, in the hostess gown worn by Rosalind Russell, left center. Elizabeth Allan selects the frosty glamor of silver lamé, extreme left, for big evenings.





Hollywood Fashion Highlights:

Bette Davis, above, in black wool, satin, and caracul. Ann Sothorn, above in center panel: first, in a two-piece frock featuring square buttons and a draped scarf that gives the effect of an additional collar: then in Russian mood: fur hat, collar, cuffs. Bette Davis, again, at extreme left, sponsors the shoulder-slash. That's pretty Irene Hervey smiling above her blouse with its grand, convenient slide-fastener. The heart halo hair-do is a Max Factor creation for Binnie Barnes. The evening hat is a Rita Kaufman design, modern adaptation of an Elizabethan coronet in black lace and velvet. Effective!



CONFESSIONS of a Gag-Man

By

Walter H. Schmidt

With Drawings by the Author



Laurel and Hardy like to act out gags suggested at laugh conferences, as you see above. Harold Lloyd, left, often administers a good-natured whack on the head of a gagster who "cracks dumb."



"W H A C K !" went Harold Lloyd's yard stick, smack on top the head of one of Hollywood's cleverest gag thinker-uppers. No way to treat an employee, even if he happens to be the worst feared of all Hollywood menaces—a gag writer for pictures!—and even if just the moment before this same gag writer had ventured a gag that turned out to be more feeble than funny.

Yet the gag writers at Harold Lloyd's "laugh-thinking-up" conferences don't mind this good-natured spanking treatment in the least. It keeps them awake for one thing, and it can't injure their vanity or cause embarrassment because the latter two are elements unknown to a Hollywood gag-man.

More exciting and funnier than comedy scenes on the finished screen, are the gag-men's "laugh building" conferences held previous to the shooting of each picture or scene. Every studio in Hollywood is equipped with its own special little army of sad-faced writers whose job it is to make guffaws and belly laughs when scenarios are in need of such. There is little left in the movie curriculum that hasn't been trimmed down to "accurate

system." Camera technicians, property men, publicity department, executives, all have their various duties running on a more or less efficient system. Even the actors are put through studio "star training" schools, equipping them with the power of turning their emoting "on" and "off" to the click of a director's finger. But no such system can be found for the gentlemen who think up our film laughs. Theirs is an unusual task that defies man-made system or time-clocks.

A Hollywood gag-man might sit in vain for hours and even days trying to concoct a funny idea necessary to a script, and finally in the space of time that it takes to snap your fingers, come through with a funny idea that will be worth a gag-man's monthly salary to the studio.

No price is too dear for laughs in movieland. Even the lowliest gag writers on the lot, (who write scripts for "short" comedies), receive from \$150 to \$200 and more, a week. The late Wilson Mizner was perhaps the best known and most highly paid of all gag writers. He used to charge \$1500 cash "on the table" before he'd even consider opening the cover leaf of a failing script. Charlie Rogers, M-G-M gag writer, once showed me a check for \$600, the result of an afternoon's brainstorm in aid of that popular comedy pair, Laurel and Hardy. Al Boasberg, who writes as well as directs his own comedies, demands a percentage split on the box-office receipts, often netting a small fortune as a result.

Your correspondent started his gag writing career at Hal Roach's Culver City Studios, romping and breeding

Up Pops The Past!

For the first time your pet comedienne reveals her most exciting experiences, as recorded in her diary through the years

By Una Merkel

As told to
Grace Simpson



Brushing up on the subject of my own past, recently, I came across a dog-eared volume of the first (and only) edition of the Diary of Una Merkel. It fairly teems with "hints on the model way to get into the movies." I hasten to explain that the term *model* is used to denote one who poses for photographers and artists. You see I posed for a living—and what a life that was! Incidentally, "posing" was my idea of being an actress when I got my first few jobs in a film studio. How I did get there, and what happens to a lil' girl working for a living as a model, is told in these excerpts from the diary of my modeling days.

NOVEMBER 10, 1933: Heard a picture supposed to be called "World's Shadows," starring Lillian Gish, was being made at Griffith's studio. I went down today and asked for a chance in it. 'Twas my first venture out into the "big city" world! Well, a Mr. Jerome Storm saw me and, wonder of wonders, said I looked so much like Miss Gish that he would let me be her "understudy" in this picture. So, I have a job and everything on my first trip out!

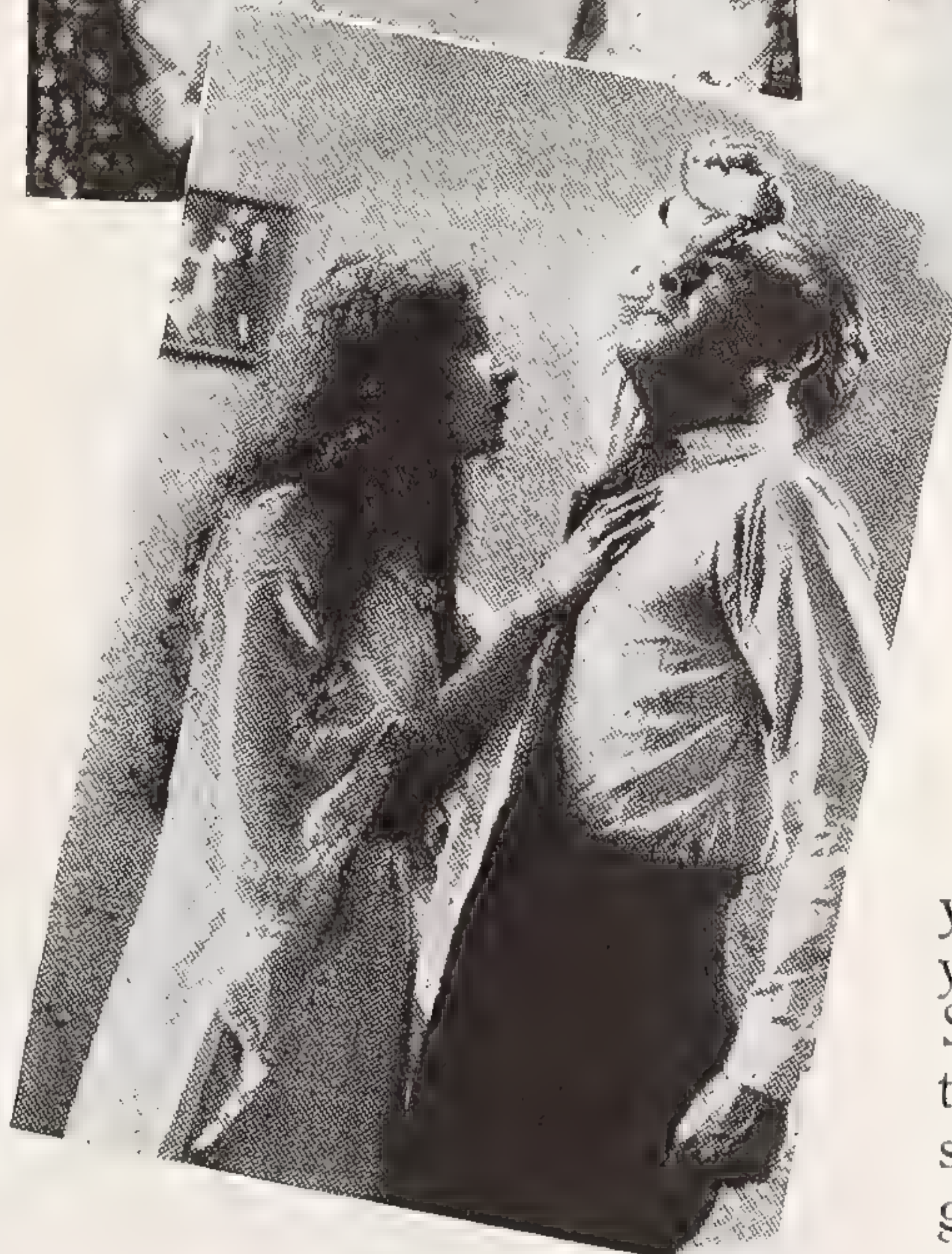
December 9: D. W. Griffith has started another film. I flew into my clothes and set forth for the studio this A.M. As I write this I am tired, having worked all day. Don't know whether I was promoted or de-moted. Anyhow, I am an extra in this. A working extra has this advantage over a loafing star—she eats and enjoys life! I am happy to be working again after several days of doing just about nothing. Carol Dempster, Mae Marsh and Neil Hamilton are in this film and they all seem very nice. P.S. Neil is quite handsome and very, very polite!

December 10: O joy of joys, what perfect bliss! D. W. has picked me out for a small part in his picture. That is something, isn't it? And won't I work hard to succeed! I certainly do admire Lillian Gish—she's *grand*! I never expect to be a great star like her or like anyone; in fact, because I know I am not an actress in the true sense of the word. I just have to do things in my own way, because it seems natural to do them.

December 25: Merry Christmas, diary! "Same to



Una, today, grins at the little girl she used to be, above; and recalls how she posed for hectic illustrations like this, left.



you, Una," did I hear you say? Thanks! Spent today with all the folks and received some extremely nice gifts from relatives, girl friends and a few

—well, just a few—from boy friends! Saw an ad today about posing—maybe I'll be trying that one of these days, who knows?

January 1: Greetings, New Year! May you be a prosperous and kindly one to us all. Think I will start the new page with this thought—"If only I can give happiness to people and hurt no one—but I am sadly afraid I play at life, dodge issues and see what I want to see, not what really is."

January 2: Hurray! Landed a part today as Mrs. General Pickett in the Abraham Lincoln picture. Went to the studio hoping for the (Continued on page 74)

A GIRL YOU KNOW

might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door . . . or at your office . . . the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her . . . until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt . . . her loved ones threatened . . . her life endangered!

Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes...for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know...THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"



**SHOW THEM
NO MERCY!**

A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK

TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

with

ROCHELLE HUDSON

CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT

EDWARD NORRIS





Bert Lynch



"Rose Marie" MacDonald

Encore for the popular co-stars of "Naughty Marietta." Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are teamed again in "Rose Marie."
(We love you!)



London
Films

Jean Parker
as a Bonnie Lassie!

You've been wondering what's happened to pretty Jean Parker? Well, here she is, as she appears as the leading lady in "The Ghost Goes West," produced in England.



Heroic Highlander, is Donat's new, dashing rôle in his latest British cinema in which he woos our own Jean Parker, borrowed for the film from Hollywood. Nice, new team!

Robert Donat
as a Modern Lochinvar

Surprise, Surprise!

Marian Marsh, at extreme left, that hitherto demure little girl, suddenly shocks you with her come-hither portrayal for Director von Sternberg, in "Crime and Punishment." Paul Muni, left, in his amazing make-up for "Enemy of Man." Herbert Marshall, goes whimsical in "If You Could Only Cook."



Just when you think Hollywood won't fall for any more foreign importations, along comes Simone Simon, darling of the French cinema, and 20th Century-Fox engages her. Left, Simone in two poses—naughty, in close-up; then nice, with a chic new hat.



More surprises! The case of Robert Allen, left, could happen only in Hollywood. New York's prize male photographic model, he was signed for films, but failed to register. Back to the old job—to be discovered anew and put into Grace Moore's picture, "Love Me Forever." Now he's really going places. Right: what, another movie Greta? Yes—this time blonde Greta Natzler.



The most fascinating thing about Hollywood is its ability to do the different thing, to make you say: "What next?"

The greatest surprise in many screen seasons: Katharine Hepburn masquerading as a boy for " Sylvia Scarlett," shown in scene at right with Bunny Beatty. Only in Hollywood would a world-famous opera star discard tradition to appear as a night-club cutie, as Lily Pons, below, does in her first film, "I Dream Too Much."



A series of surprises! Sally O'Neil, above, prettier than ever, comes back to the screen in "Too Tough to Kill." Right, two "Our Gang" kids grow up: Mary Kornman and Johnny Downs. Then see Henry Fonda going top-hat for the first time, after his rustic rôles in "The Farmer" and "Way Down East." Finally, get a bang out of Barbara Stanwyck, grand dramatic actress, as she shoots through "Annie Oakley," a Wild Western."

GARDENIA:
Wendy Barrie



ROSE:
Rochelle Hudson

JONQUIL:
Cecilia Parker



Garden
of
Girls!



CHRYSANTHEMUM:
Claire Trevor



POPPY:
Katherine DeMille



VIOLET:
Heather Angel

The beauties of
Hollywood re=
mind their admirers
of favorite flowers.
Do you agree with
our selections?

Here's to LOVE



Scenes that speak of love in eloquent pantomime! Above, Bette Davis and Franchot Tone, a new team. Right above, Herbert Marshall and Frieda Inescort, altar-bound in "If You Could Only Cook." At right below, Lotus Long and Mala express South Sea romance.



Peggy Conklin and Lloyd Nolan, above, show that lovers can laugh, in this close-up from "One Way Ticket." Right, James Melton and Jane Froman, popular radio stars, featured in "Stars Over Broadway" and proving potential candidates for screen stardom.



Advance flashes of the screen's new romantic thrills! Right, Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett, teamed again in "The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo." Below, left to right: Henry Fonda and Lily Pons; Jean Arthur and Leo Carrillo; and, hold your breath, Mae West and Victor McLaglen in Mae's latest, "Klondike Lou."



Picturesque Portraits

Clarence S. Bull



Lili Damita, fragile, French, and fascinating, is the siren of "Frisco Kid." Now we know what caused that fire!

Warner Baxter, as the best bad man of the outdoor days of '49, Joaquin Murrieta, in "Robin Hood of El Dorado."

Four of Hollywood's most vibrant personalities presenting portrayals as decorative as they are romantic

Clifton L. Kling



Dietrich in "Desire." Is that box-office or is that a stampede? Marlene's leading man is once again Gary Cooper.

James Cagney, in his most colorful rôle so far: the fiery, fighting "Frisco Kid." Cagney wearing the high-hat is news!



They Make a Game

Sure, acting is work! But there's a spontaneous spirit about it in every studio. Left, Sally Eilers runs, not walks, to the set. Right, Bill Powell clowns between scenes with "The Great Ziegfeld" beauties. Below, Jack Oakie gives it and Ethel Merman shows she can take it.



Anything for a laugh! Right, Bing Crosby, that old cut-up with whiskers, kidnaps Ethel Merman. Left, Eddie Cantor showing off to Rita Rio and a chorus beauty in "Shoot the Chutes." Above, left, Allen Jenkins sneaking up on Hugh Herbert. Above, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh, two good storytellers on holiday between scenes: "Have you heard this one?"



of Work in Hollywood

You hear too much about acting being hard work, and not enough about the fun it is!



The gang's all here, above, and the director is going crazy, while Carl Brisson, William Frawley, Inez Courtney, Arline Judge and Eddie Davis get into the spirit of the next scene. Right, those mad, mad Marx Brothers, Chico, Harpo, and Groucho, say they'll be hanged if they'll get to work, and the girls take them at their word, all for "A Night at the Opera." Below, Edna Mae Oliver doubling in brass.





Good Sports!

Gay gals and lads of Hollywood love the great outdoors. Find Gladys Swarthout, badminton beauty; Ronald Colman, Gertrude Michael, equestrians; Freddie Bartholomew, miniature Tilden; Ruby Keeler, snow baby; Gloria Shea and Barbara Kent, tennis teasers; steeplechase sweepstakes, played by Grace Bradley and Adrienne Marden; and Jackie Cooper directing his pals in an outdoor movie.



Every screen star has a hobby. It may be golf, as with Wheeler and Woolsey; or dogs, which Heather Angel dotes on; or thoroughbreds, such as Louis Hayward's. Or sand-skiing—see Anne Shirley; or painting, which Guy Standing goes in for, watched by Grace Bradley and Frances Drake; or Carl Brisson's trophy-collecting. Victor Jory and Florence Rice prefer the bridle-path. It's a racquet for Nelson Eddy.

Game Stars!



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "Enemy of Man" starring Paul Muni

I FOUND KAY FRANCIS!

THE first time I met Kay Francis in the flesh she was taking a bath, and was very much in the flesh. Quite pretty too. It was last summer and the rumors were getting about that Warner Brothers' most glamorous star was falling in love again, and with a writer chap named Delmar Daves, and naturally Mag the Snoop couldn't let things like that go on without sticking her nose into it, heavens no, not me. Remind me to do something about curbing my curiosity sometime, it gets me into the strangest places.

Of course I couldn't exactly picture the exotic Kay romancing with a studio writer, a typewriter pounder, no less. Kay is easily one of the most sophisticated and charming women in Hollywood, and when you think of men in connection with her you visualize monocles, top hats, moonlight on the Riviera and champagne cocktails—certainly not pencil stubs, second sheets, smudges, and ten o'clock of a hot morning in Burbank. Why, only a few weeks before Kay had returned from a series of social triumphs abroad that would make a queen turn green with envy, for she had all the eligible males in London, Paris, and the Countess di Frasso's Rome at her feet, offering her every kind of a little tid-bit from a medieval title to a Castle in Scotland with a ghost in the left wing. And of course it was no secret that ever since her return a certain Italian nobleman, introduced by the Countess di Frasso who is one of Kay's best friends, had called frantically and eloquently over long distance from Rome every few nights. Yes, there must be some mistake. As I recalled Delmar Daves he was anything but Old World. A rather studious looking young man, not handsome, but with a pleasing smile, who had been around Warner Brothers for a number of years scribbling out dialogue for the lads and lassies of the screen. How long he and Kay had known each other I do not know, but I do know that they did not start having "dates" until "Stranded," which picture Kay starred in with George Brent, and which picture Delmar Daves wrote dialogue for. I am fairly reliably informed that they met on the "Stranded" set one fine morning during a heated argument over Miss Francis' lines.

Well, I pondered over the idiosyncracies of fate all the way out to the studio in Burbank and right into the publicity office. Would someone take *(Continued on page 73)*

And where our writer found her, and how, and what she said, makes the most amusing story you've ever read about the star sophisticate

By Margaret Angus



Here's Kay as she looks in her new picture, which is provocatively titled "I Found Stella Parish," and which is all about a glamorous actress. Easy for Kay to play!



Peter Ibbetson—Paramount



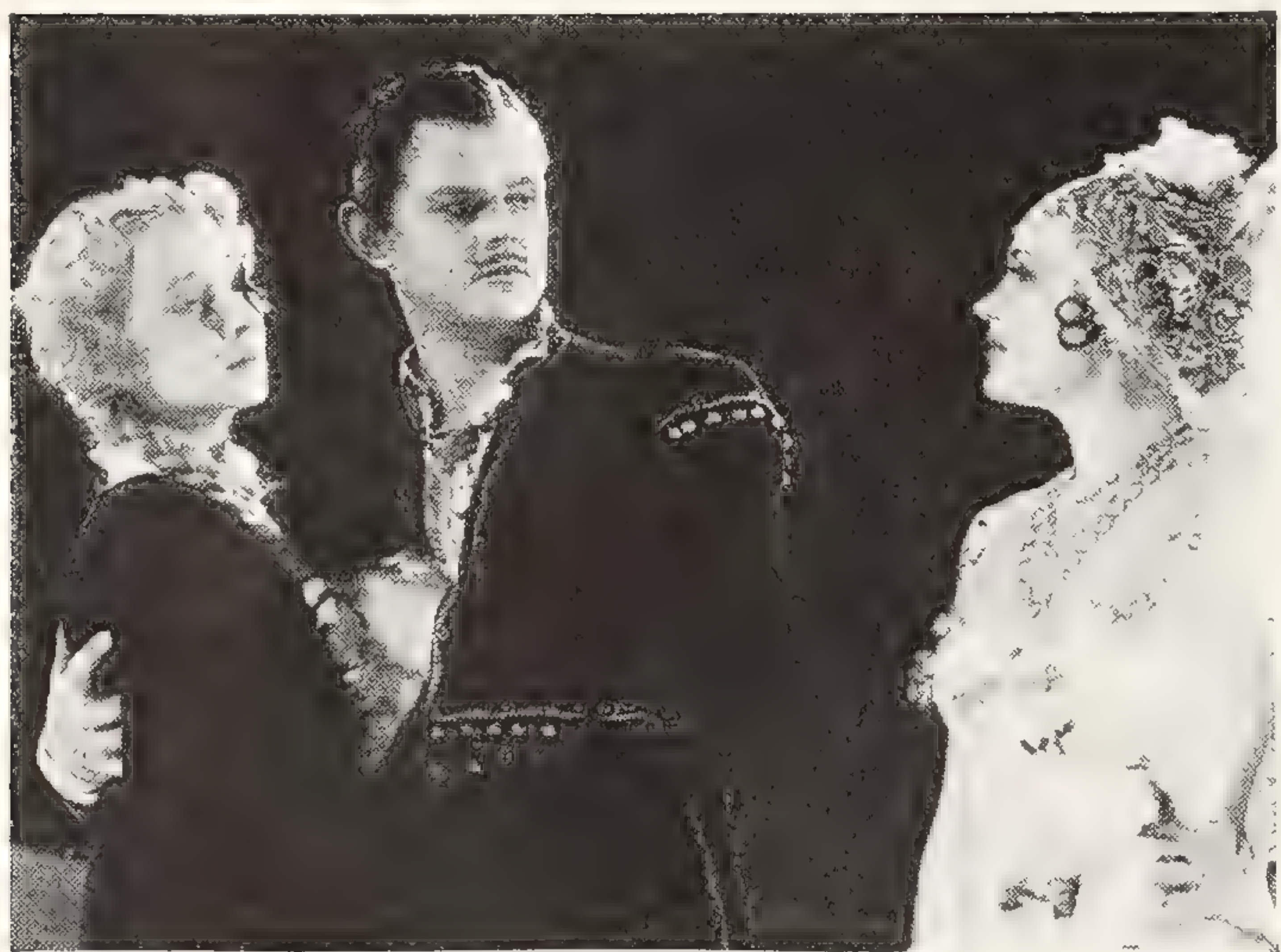
Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Swane



ONE of the rarely beautiful pictures of all time! Here is your cinema escape from the realities of light love, easy laughter, and manufactured mystery, to the heights of exquisite emotion. You remember the Du Maurier story—or do you? It is perhaps the sentimental classic; it has been a play, an opera, a silent film; and now it has been really immortalized in a practically flawless production. The mood of the motion picture is one of mystical love, beginning with *Peter* and *Mimsey* playing together as children: “dreaming true.” Later the lovers are separated, *Mimsey* marries another, becomes the *Duchess of Towers*. Such is the subtle appeal of the romance as enacted by Ann Harding and Gary Cooper, you will forget your modern notions, and before you know it you will be swimming in sentimental tears. The story of “Peter Ibbetson” may date, but the romantic atmosphere is so skilfully contrived that the picture becomes a truly poignant experience. Gary Cooper’s *Peter* is his finest portrayal. Miss Harding also surpasses herself. The supporting cast is just about perfection: Virginia Weidler and Dicky Moore, charming as the young *Peter* and *Mimsey*; John Halliday, Ida Lupino splendid.



Metropolitan—20th Century-Fox



Transatlantic Tunnel—Gaumont-British



PROVING that grand opera can be fun! Lawrence Tibbett’s new picture, as big and impressive as his own fine baritone, is grand entertainment, a feast for the ear and the eye. Cleverly plotted to humanize Mr. Tibbett’s glorified song recital, it has a most amusing story with a background of the great opera house in action—and of Alice Brady in action, which is perhaps even funnier. You will like Miss Brady as a temperamental prima donna who manages to give grand opera the most hectic moments in its dignified and dramatic history. When the capricious Miss Brady finally walks out, Mr. Tibbett takes over, and everybody’s happy. Lovely Virginia Bruce is the love interest with Luis Alberni contributing another one of his inimitable Italian characterizations, and George Marion, Sr., superb as the maestro. As for the star, he is prodigal of his talents, flinging magnificent music about with abandon from “Glory Road” to “Pagliacci.” What’s more, he sings with such genuine heartiness that I’m afraid we’ll be spoiled for any singer less robust and vital. Why not a full-length movie opera, now that Mr. Tibbett has proved himself a picturesque screen personality? That man makes old opera young and human!

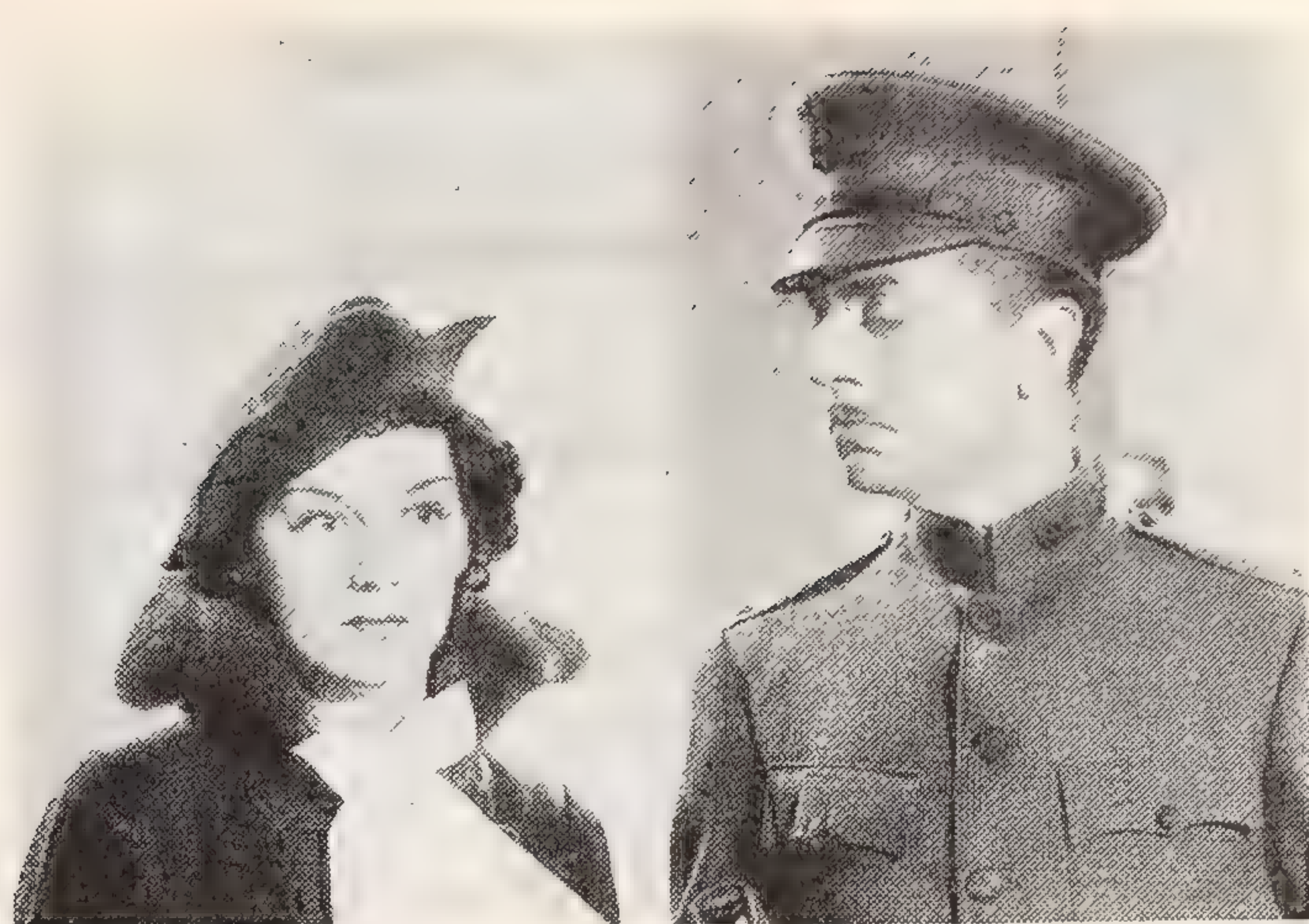


THE spectacle of the month: a mighty and impressive picture foretelling a future in which England and the United States are united by a tunnel under the ocean. It is one of the pictures which will be widely discussed, and you will want to see it. “Transatlantic Tunnel” was produced in England, with prominent American players in the cast: Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson in the leads. This makes it of particular interest to American as well as British film audiences. If you are fascinated, as I am, at glimpses of an imaginary future, you will be held enthralled as this story unfolds. Richard Dix has the principal rôle, that of the engineer who plans and executes the daring work of the transatlantic tunnel, at the cost of his personal happiness. His wife leaves him; his son is sacrificed to—The Tunnel. But eventually the great work is completed and the man who dreamed and achieved it can rest content. Madge Evans and Helen Vinson are excellent as the wife and “other woman.” There is human and artistic interest in the fact that two fine actors, Walter Huston and George Arliss, are seen in portrayals of the President of the U. S. and the Prime Minister of England. A gracious idea!



Hands Across the Table—Paramount

 THE gayest picture of the month! Light, frankly frivolous and frothy—and the first opportunity in too long for Carole Lombard to prove that she can be one of the most ingratiating charmers on celluloid. Maybe this isn't an "important" picture, but you will have more fun watching it than most of the weightier numbers. It's a minor triumph for any picture to make you think, when leaving the theatre, that the director, the stars, and the cast had a perfectly grand time making it—no work at all, just play. Vina Delmar's story makes Carole a manicurist whose mind is made up to marry for money. Fred MacMurray, poor in worldly goods but equally rich as Carole in charm, is engaged to marry money. Then—they meet. Well, maybe if any other two screen people met it wouldn't be good news. But with Fred and Carole, it's perfect. You will find you have their happiness very much at heart, and because Ralph Bellamy is cast as the wealthy "other man," there is just enough suspense to keep you interested, even though you really know perfectly well there can only be one ending—happy. I don't know when I've enjoyed a screen team as much.



Rendezvous—M-G-M

 YOU may complain all you please about Hollywood cycles, but I have no objection to them if they are "Thin Man" cycles. Ever since that elegant cinema, William Powell has been playing the same man, with variations; and somehow it's perfectly satisfactory, and I wait for the latest edition with the same avidity as I used to look forward to the endless "Five Little Peppers" series. Now, now, Bill—I'm not calling you a "Little Pepper," merely implying that like the series of juvenile books you can go right on forever as far as I'm concerned. That is, if you keep up the high standard of "Rendezvous." The title doesn't mean what you think, at all—the "rendezvous" is in World War-time, where some troopships meet in the Atlantic. Thanks to the enamored Rosalind Russell our Thin Man is chained to a desk in Washington working out codes, to keep him "safe." But Rosalind guessed wrong—there is all the excitement anybody could ask, what with enemy spies and their chicanery. Powell is, as usual, wittily equal to all emergencies. This Russell gal is deliciously clever as the *Thin Man's* new woman. She has gaiety and a gallant beauty—and a voice!



The Three Musketeers—RKO-Radio

 HERE'S a rousing, realistic presentation of the beloved Dumas characters which makes splendid entertainment for every film-going family. It is perhaps the most vivid version the screen has seen of a costume piece—for only the costumes seem to date; the people in them are as spirited, as "modern," as moving as today's heroes and heroines. I had no fond memories of the senior Fairbanks' filming of this classic, so the comparisons which have been made to the detriment of the new version, are more odious even than usual. I don't see how the present picturization could be bettered. True, Walter Abel is a more human, less swashbuckling *D'Artagnan*, but that's how Dumas wrote him, I believe; and the small boy doesn't live who won't adore the Abel portrayal. No chance for punning at this actor's expense—he is obviously so much more than able, adequate, or competent. Paul Lukas, Moroni Olsen, and Onslow Stevens are capital as *Athos*, *Porthos*, and *Aramis*. Margot Grahame is a gorgeous *Milady*, Rosamund Pinchot a perfect picture of the Queen of France, for whose fair sake the intrepid Musketeers fought so gallantly. Never a dull moment when these Dumas boys are battling. You'll enjoy every bit of it, I hope, as I did.



Thanks A Million—20th Century-Fox

 A MUSICAL picture—with a difference! No operatic arias; no colossal choruses—instead, a Bright Idea by author Nunnally Johnson, who quaintly believes that The Story is Important, and so far has been right. This time, the Idea concerns a stranded musical show mixed up with a political campaign. It sounds pretty crazy, and that's the way it turns out. You'll love it. Fortunately, Mr. Johnson's dialogue and situations have a grand cast to help put them across. For instance, Fred Allen, from radio, who is even funnier in films than you'd expect. More of Mr. Allen, please. His droll humor is something the screen needs regularly. Radio doesn't do him full justice. Then there's Dick Powell, back on the job as the screen's best light comedian after his enforced Shakespearean interlude, singing and romancing with Ann Dvorak. High spots are the Yacht Club Boys' alphabet song; Patsy Kelly's comedy; Rubinoff and his violin—without Eddie Cantor. Raymond Walburn, who is making quite a nice reputation for himself as our most amusing inebriate—remember his butler in "She Married Her Boss"?—scores again; and Margaret Irving from the stage is a handsome addition to the resplendent ensemble. See it!

Jolly St. Nick gets the breaks in the Hollywood firmament

A GIFT of fragrance rare . . . can be your tribute to a friend's loveliness! "Gardenia de Tahiti," new Lenthéric perfume, has all the languor and rich, sweet lushness of South Sea nights. It's \$4, and purse sizes are \$1.25 and \$2.25. Houbigant's eau de Cologne is an artistic masterpiece in its graceful gourd-shaped bottle. Four favorite fragrances—Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Idéal, Bois Dormant and Fougere Royale—at \$1.65 and \$2.75. For dressing up a dressing-table, there's an exquisite little DeVilbiss perfume atomizer in white or green Lenox China at \$1.50.



Christmas Shopping



MERRY Christmas and "bon voyage" to ladies who travel! Frances Denney's traveling bag is equipped with everything one needs for skin care and make-up. It's a smart trick—in black, brown or deep maroon—compact and easy to carry. A lot of beauty for \$10! Put an Eastman Jiffy Kodak on your Christmas list—for *him* or *her*. It opens out at the touch of a button, and you press another button to take a grand, clear picture. (\$8). Helena Rubinstein makes the Beauty Band-box. It's oval in shape, rich raspberry in color. Fitted with a complete beauty treatment and make-up necessities. For dry, normal or oily skin—\$5.

Let your Christmas gift selections
express your own good taste



LUXURY extras for evening! The evening bag of silver-finished lace ring mesh has three pockets, one closed with a Talon slide fastener. Made by Whiting and Davis, and looks much more expensive than its \$5 price. Hudnut's evening cigarette vanity is smartly designed in black and white, or cream and blue. Contains a loose powder well, compact rouge, and room for five cigarettes. (\$5). Thrills enclosed with Gotham Gold Stripe evening stockings—the sheerest made but with strength in those gossamer-fine threads! \$1.95, or \$5.70 for a gift box of three.

Takes Center Stage

EVERY woman loves a vanity! Max Factor has done up a gift set in true Hollywood style. An adorable slim vanity with compact rouge and space for loose powder comes with a lipstick to match, both encased in a gay Christmas box. (\$2.50). A purse ensemble set from Coty has a single compact, perfume in a metal purse container, and "Continental" lipstick — all matching in gold-tone finish and color inlays. (\$4). The new Jewel lipstick by Miyon is a charming little gift. In black, red, or green enamel at \$1. You'll probably want one yourself—the lip rouge is so smooth, lasting and non-drying! In three flattering shades.



Who's Afraid of the Little Black Cat?

By Reginald Tavinier

WELL, Henry Fonda wasn't. Otherwise he certainly would never have brought that cat to Hollywood at all!

A lot of folks believe that little black cats mean big gobs of bad luck. Particularly when starting anything as important as a movie career they'd detour around Cape Horn rather than meet up with one. Especially theatrical folk—but then, Henry Fonda is such a swell actor that he doesn't have to be "theatrical folk."

It's true that Henry was playing the lead in the New York hit "The Farmer Takes A Wife" when Winnie Sheehan of Fox first saw Henry and signed him to play his same part in pictures, and Henry first saw the cat.

You might say though that it was a first appearance for both Henry and the kitten because Henry had never been on Broadway before and the kitten picked that particular night to be born. In the play they had an old stage cat and—well, you know what stage cats are.



One picture, and Henry Fonda was an established leading man. That film was "The Farmer Takes A Wife," in which you see him, above, with Janet Gaynor—and the black cat! Henry in an off-screen portrait, left; and with Rochelle Hudson in "Way Down East," below.



An inside story about a new star and how he won popularity defying a popular jinx

If Henry remembers correctly there were six kittens altogether, but only this one came with white stockings on.

So, when the play closed, Henry and the little cat boarded the train for Hollywood, though they'd only sell Henry a Pullman ticket. He had to hide the kitten from the conductor and feed her from an ashtray. She slept in Henry's coat pocket and whenever she had to meow Henry had to sing. Henry isn't especially proud of his singing, but even a Pullman conductor can't put a passenger in the baggage car for singing even like Henry does.

Anyway, Henry arrived in Hollywood with the little cat still under one arm and it wasn't very long before he had tucked Janet Gaynor's picture right under the other. That's the same kitten you saw on the screen with them.

And now for the past history of Henry:

It's a cinch that the fair housewives of Omaha had no idea who was delivering their ice along about ten years ago or Henry Fonda would have been star salesman for the ice company and awfully late getting through work.

As it was, all the housewives probably saw was a cake of ice coming in the back door with a very tall, gangly, and amazingly blue-eyed youth ahead of it. They'd have noticed those eyes, all right, even while the ice melted on the kitchen floor, because Henry's eyes are the bluest you ever saw. They're like summer sunlight on the ocean, you think at first, and with the same sort of tangy depth in them. (Continued on page 65)

Freddie's New Adventures

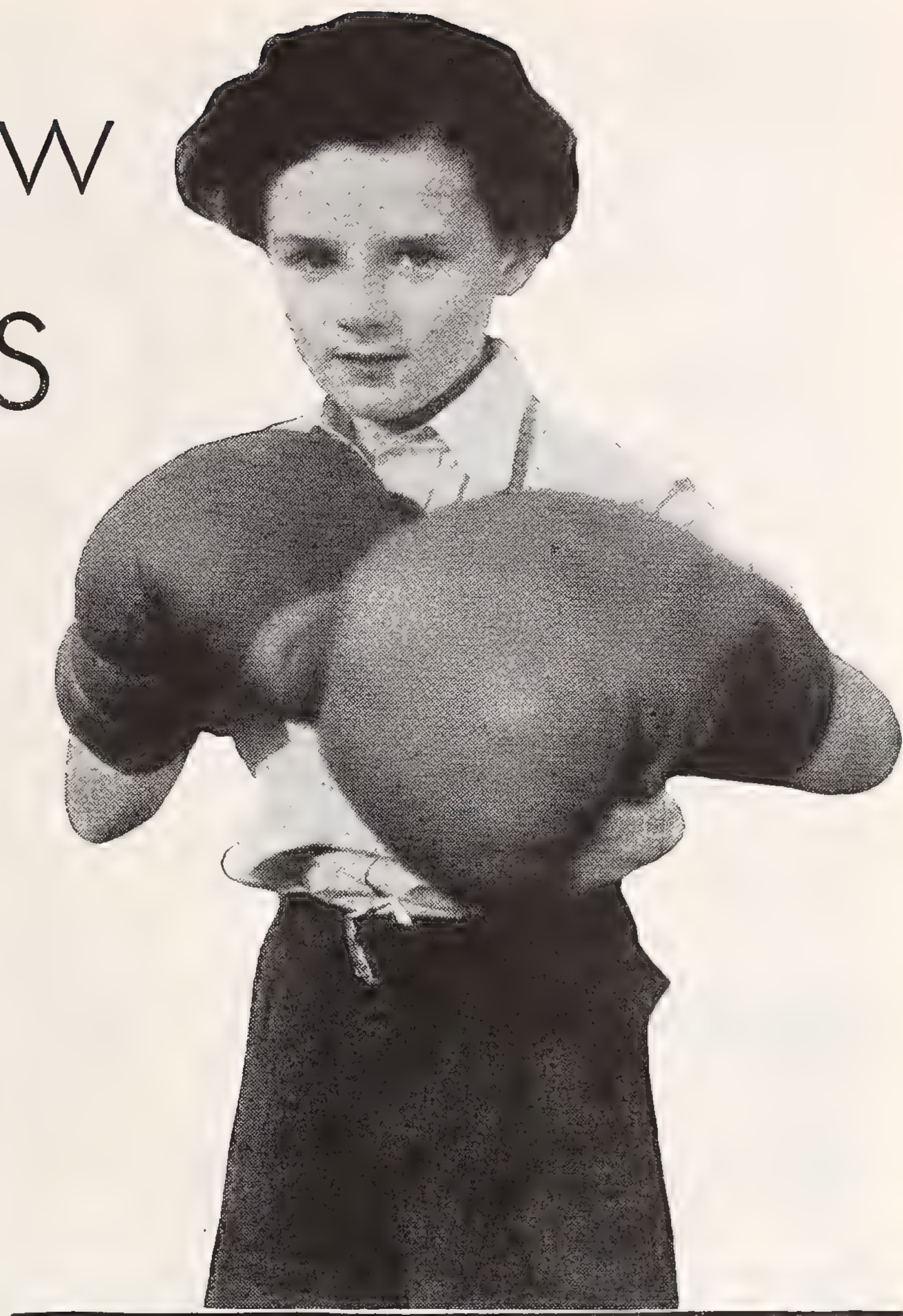
Master Bartholomew tells you his recent experiences — personal and professional—in this, his own story

As Told
to Ida Zeitlin

SINCE the end of *David Copperfield*, so many interesting things have happened to me that I hardly know what to tell about first. Before that, everything sort of led into *David Copperfield* and that was the center of everything, if you see what I mean, and all the other things were rather on the edge. Like one of those beautiful whirly firework whatmenots, with a very bright fire in the middle and sparks flying off on all sides. Since then, my life's been a kind of jumble—a terribly happy jumble, of course, because of acting which is supposed to be work though it's really nothing but fun, and because of Cis and horses and all the kind friends I've met here. Only what I mean to say is, if it sounds sort of jumbly when I tell it, that's the reason.

One of the loveliest happenings was playing the son in *Anna Karenina*. My friend, Basil Rathbone, was the father and dear Miss Garbo was the mother. And that reminds me of a thing we both laughed at, didn't we, Cis? Because one of the papers wrote that I'd never heard of Miss Garbo till I played with her. Well, that's entirely not true. Because while we did live in a small English town, still we weren't primitive. And I imagine anyone who never heard of Miss Garbo would have to be primitive or else quite deaf, don't you think so?

But I *will* let you into a secret. And the secret is that I was slightly apprehensive about working with Miss Garbo, she being such a great actress and me being nothing at all—I don't mean, of course, that I'm just empty air—I mean, by comparison. But she soon reassured me and all my fears went away, because nobody



Freddie is a screen celebrity, but that doesn't interfere with his boyish interest in the "manly art," as seen above in a fighting pose, and over at the left, sparring with a fellow actor and pal, Mickey Rooney. Left, Freddie, bearing gifts of her favorite flowers, is seen welcoming Madame Schumann-Heink, famous singer who is now making films, on her arrival in Los Angeles.

could be afraid of anyone so sweet. We had a secret understanding together that if she forgot her lines, I'd tell her, and if I forgot mine, she'd tell me. But we both seem to have fairly good memories.

We talked chiefly about horses, because horses are my favorite thing in all the world. She likes them too. Or maybe—you know, it never occurred to me, Cis, till this very moment, but maybe she was just kind enough to talk about them because I couldn't practically talk about anything else. You see, I almost have a horse. He was sort of promised to me, but I mustn't say by whom, because it's not altogether certain (Continued on page 84)



Shirley Temple ready to welcome 1936. A look at that smile and you're sure there's happiness ahead.

ALL you who have been reading about the case with concern, will be interested to know that Ann Harding has finally won the custody of her seven-year-old daughter, Jane. Her picture, "The Indestructible Mrs. Talbot," was halted during the court battle, but production has resumed.

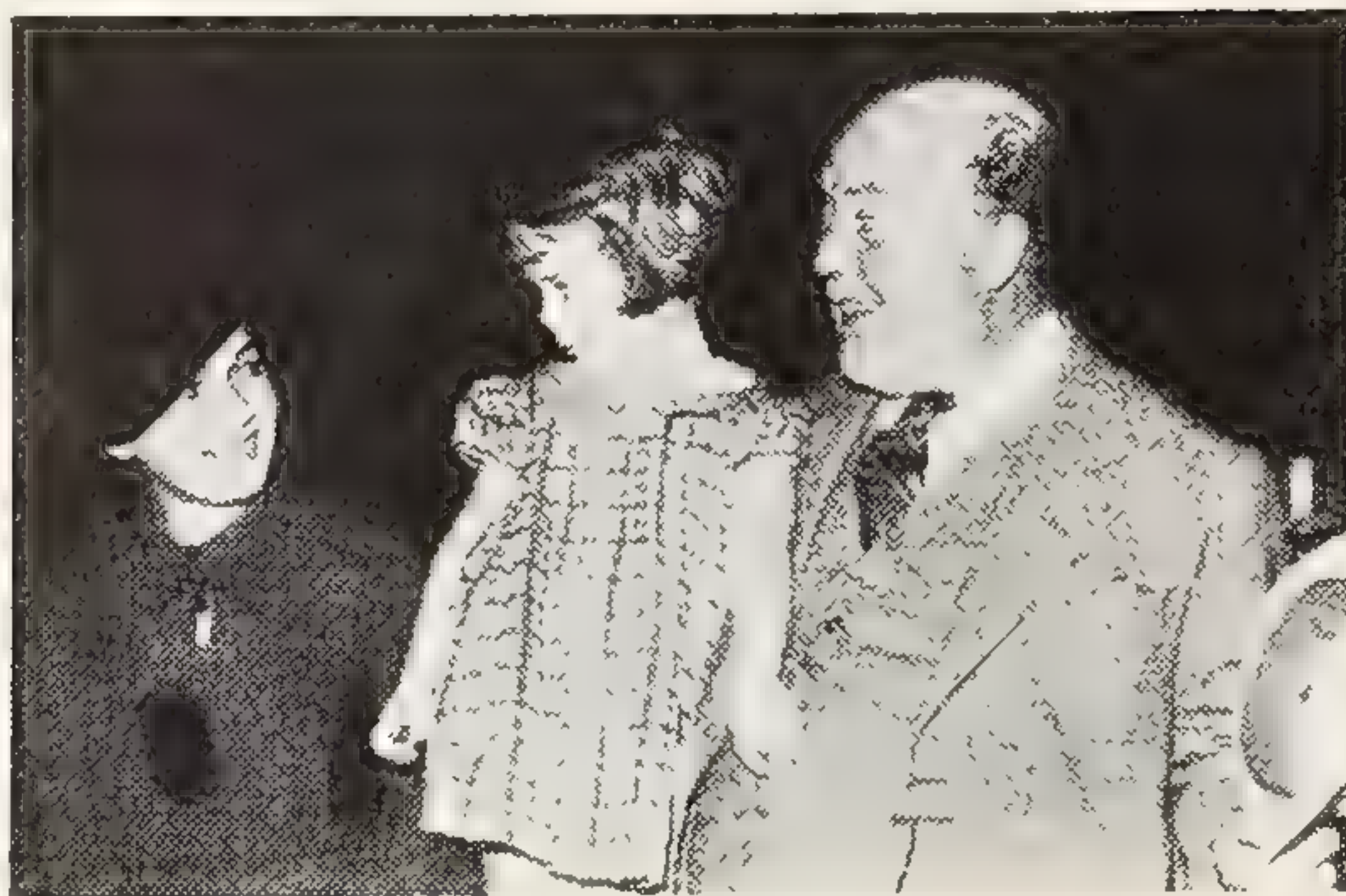
WHEN Claudette Colbert entered the Vendome the other luncheon time, a lot of breaths were held. There sat Norman Foster and his bride, Sally Blane, at one of the first tables. Claudette strolled over to them with a radiant smile and offered her congratulations. That is what is known as handling a situation!

OLD Massa William Powell is making a new collection of "dull" books for his library. One of Bill's chief hobbies has always been collecting dull books, and he already has the most soporific library on the West Coast, he will tell you with the pride of a collector.

OUR demon correspondent in London reports that Douglass Montgomery and Virginia Cherrill, (ex-Mrs. Cary Grant, if you don't remember), are in the throes of something or other.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE will amaze and astonish you with still another accomplishment in "Captain January," her next picture. She is going to sing a song in four languages—count 'em—French, Chinese, Russian, and Hawaiian. Picked up a few words of the last in Honolulu. Has been taking French lessons for some time. Will study up on the other two.

BETTY GRABLE celebrated Hallowe'en and Jackie Coogan's birthday all at once with a party for two hundred at the Knickerbocker Hotel. Jackie arrived dressed as he was, years ago, in his first picture, "The Kid." Remember?



Betty Jean George of Oklahoma, right, won a beauty contest but refused a movie contract. Above, in Hollywood with Guy Kibbee and his daughter.

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD is still talking about a girl who said "No" to a film contract. She's eighteen-year-old Betty Jean George of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, and, by virtue of a title won in competition with 1,800 of the Southwest's fairest, is "Miss Queen of the Southwest of 1935."

Betty Jean won her title in a contest conducted at picture theatres in Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico. She also won a free trip to Hollywood, and a screen test. Offered a part in Eddie Cantor's picture, and later a short-term contract at Paramount, Betty Jean graciously refused. Why? Well, you see Betty Jean hankers to be a designer and creator of women's fashions, and wants to complete her education and preparation for such work, despite the fact that she is an accomplished pianist, a pretty good tap-dancer, the possessor of a pleasing contralto voice, and has studied dramatics at college.

Here are the physical specifications which won Betty Jean her crown in a beauty contest: Dark hair; brown eyes; height, 5 feet, 3; bust, 32; waist, 23; hips, 36; thigh, 20; calf, 13; ankle, 8½—inches of course.



Screen Town life reported by candid camera and news flashes

By Weston East

WHEN Sophie Tucker opened at the Trocadero recently for a limited engagement Hollywood dressed up all *la de da* in top hat and tails and declared a night of *hi de ho*. Sophie, who has been around a bit in the last forty years and picked up assorted songs, gave of her Art and Hollywood went noisily mad. After she had sung "Life Begins at Forty" Sophie sort of suggested that we have a Life Begins at Forty Club. A few men responded but no women, which is quite natural as no woman has ever lived to be more than twenty-nine in Hollywood.

There to give Sophie a big hand, and hoping to be pleasantly shocked, were Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, Carole Lombard, Bob Riskin, Janet Gaynor, Gene Raymond, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Madge Evans, Una Merkel, Tom Gallery, John Arledge, Bette Davis, Marion Davies, Ruby Keeler, Leslie Howard, Jack Benny, Joe E. Brown, Fanny Brice, Ann Pennington and Ted Lewis, and dozens of other celebrities.

High-spots of the evening, besides Sophie's songs, were: Norma Shearer's hair-dress topped by a gold laurel crown which made Norma resemble a Roman Empress. . . . Joan Blondell and Dick Powell danced every dance together and Joan has never looked so lovely as she did in her newest evening gown and a sable cape, my dear, sable. . . . George Barnes was there with a brunette. . . . Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond had a table by themselves, but that's not a romance, just friendship in its finer aspects. . . . Bob Ritchie was there without Jeanette MacDonald, which is news. Well, anyway Jeanette wasn't with Gene. . . . Mrs. Joe E. Brown's ermine tiara was nothing less than sensational. . . . Fanny Brice and Irving Berlin in a rumba that would startle the Cubans. . . . Ruby Keeler in a simple suit amid the ermines and emeralds.

THREE dates in a row for Virginia Bruce and Cesar Romero—looks serious.



Acme

Hollywood's proud parents and the mites that make 'em mighty happy. Above, Ann Harding and daughter Jane Harding Bannister, snapped by the news camera. Ann and Jane are known in the film colony as great pals and companions. Left, Frank McHugh and his son Michael. Below, Walter Abel and his family at home in Hollywood.



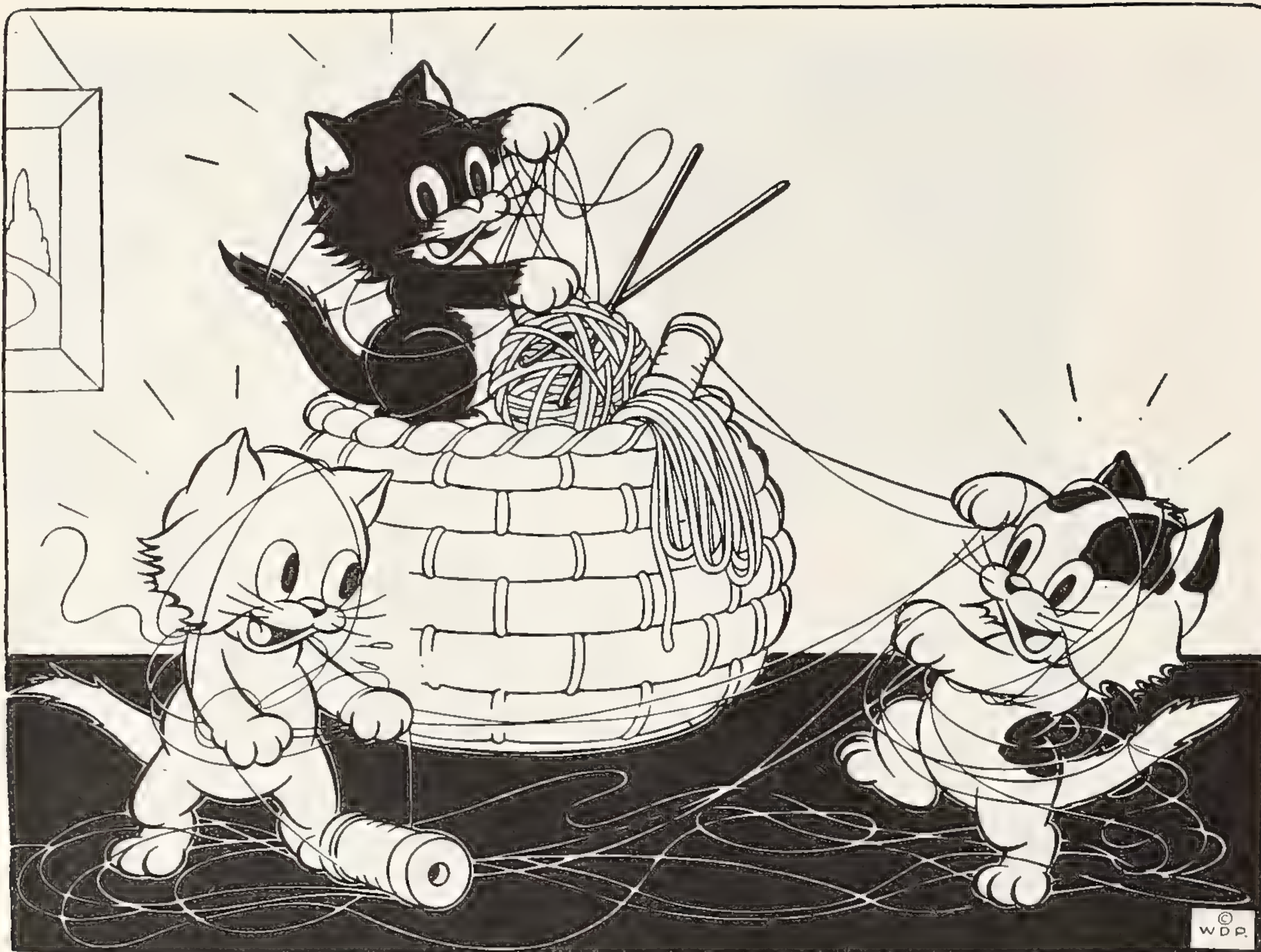
WHEN Lyle Talbot discovered recently that his home town, which happens to be Brainard, Nebraska, was still showing silent pictures he hid himself to the manager of the one local theatre *toute de suite*. "Say, what are you going to do when you run out of silents?" he wanted to know. (The week Lyle was there they were running Percy Marmont and Rin-Tin-Tin.)

The manager scratched his chin slowly. "Well, I hadn't been thinking of that," he said. "Of course with a town of only four hundred population and most of them Bohemian, no one can understand talking pictures anyway."

"Did it ever occur to you it might be a good incentive for them to learn English?" was Lyle's argument, and the manager agreed to put in sound equipment—if Lyle supplied it. Lyle did, and donated the first talking picture besides.

DID you know that Fred Stone, (and will you ever forget that *danged* shirt of his in "Alice Adams"?), was once Jim Corbett's sparring partner and second in the ring? Furthermore, Corbett predicted that Stone could have been light-weight champion of the world if he'd kept at boxing. But Stone chose dancing instead—and finally got to Hollywood, thank goodness for that.





THE Beverly Hills court will be packed to the rafters when William Anthony McGuire is called to defend his Schnauzer for disturbing the peace. Every one in the province has a dog or dogs—(Harold Lloyd has nine Great Danes)—and is curious to know how the case will be decided. If the complainant wins, any number of other cases may be entered. Other Schnauzer owners are the Warner Olands and Woody Van Dyke, and the Scotties around Beverly make up a population all their own.

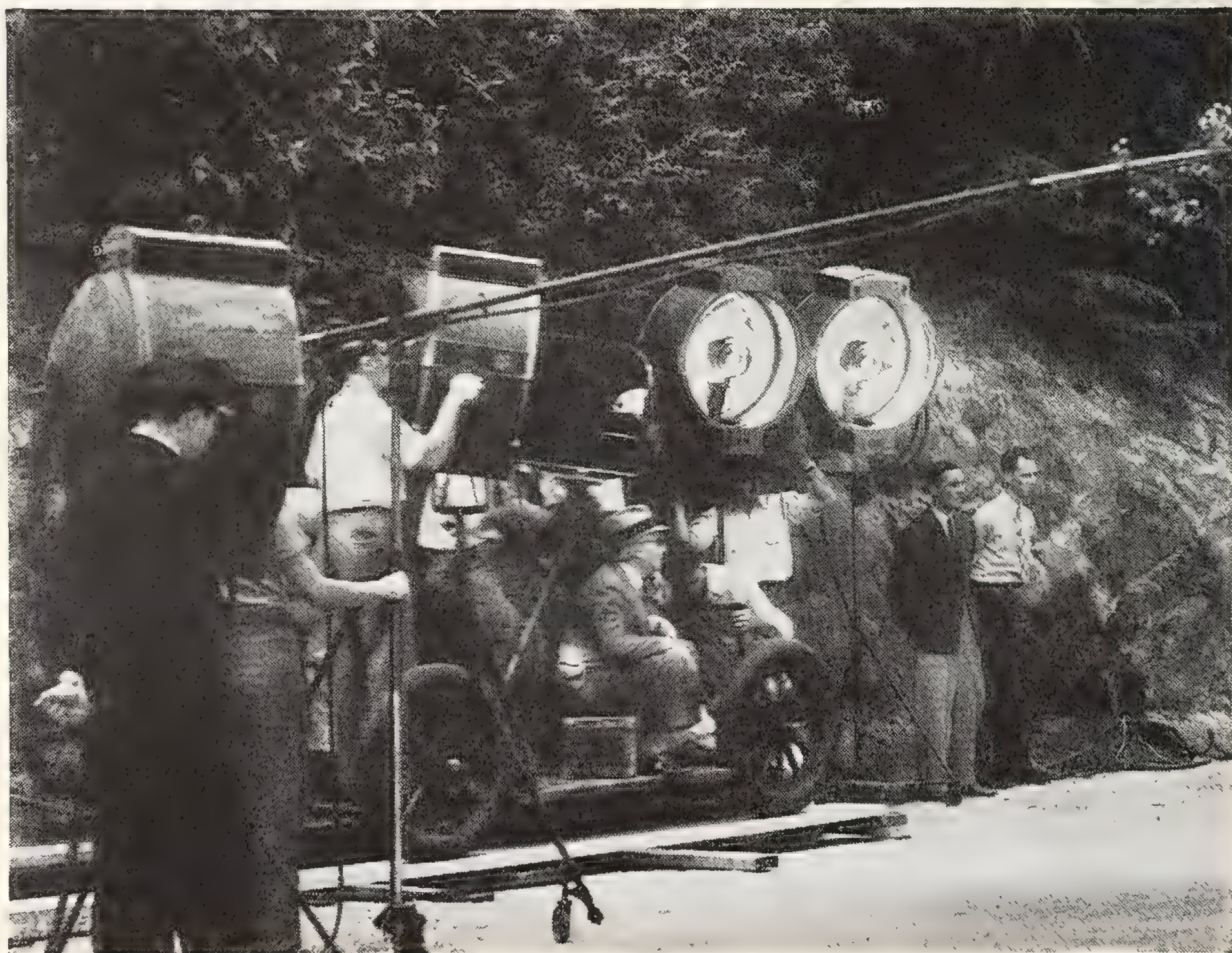
THEY laughed when Gene Raymond sat down to the typewriter—and Gene had the laugh on them. He rattled off a page in practically no time and using all his fingers, too. (Better than most of us can do.) Seems Gene's hobby is fooling with stories and plays at home.

The animal kingdom does its bit for the screen. Above, for laughs, Walt Disney's "Three Orphan Kittens." Right, Buck, hero of "Call of the Wild," proudly stands guard over the lovely Rochelle Hudson.

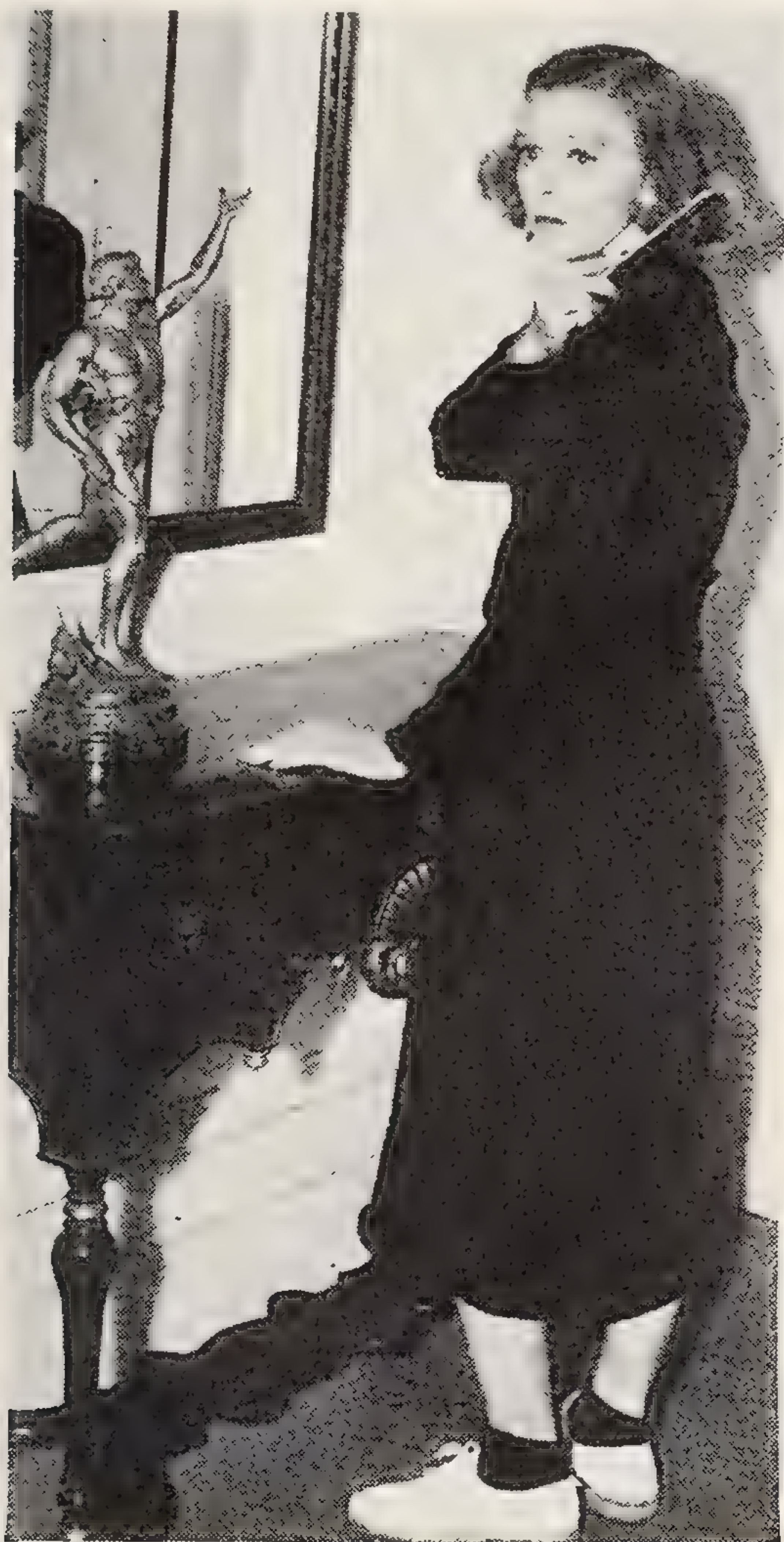
DOLORES DEL RIO is initiating something entirely new in screen individuality and prestige. You'll remember in her rôle in "In Caliente" she wore nothing but white, from bathing suits to negligees. Again in "Meet the Duchess" she carried out the one color scheme idea—this time, black. There are shimmering black satins, cellophanes, velvets and taffeta for evening. Duvetyn, crepe and woolens for the street, a black jersey bathing suit and chiffon and georgette negligees. And now you see, husbands, why your wives go pleasantly mad over a Del Rio picture.



Screen drama—finished and in the making! Above, Sylvia Sidney and Melvyn Douglas in a close-up. Right, Robert Taylor carries Irene Dunne from the scene of accident as John Stahl, seated left, directs a new film, "The Magnificent Obsession."



IF YOU did not hear the first performance of Demetrie Trobonesky on the radio, you will never have another chance, because it was also his last. Demetrie's other name is Erik Rhodes, who has amused you with Fred Astaire in "Top Hat," and he sang for the same reason love-sick blades write poetry in the spring. Seems he composed a song for his reported fiancée, Katherine DeMille, and couldn't get up to Big Bear, where she was week-ending, to sing it to her. Erick was desolated. He hit upon the idea of looking up an old newspaper pal who has a chatter program with incidental music, and asked to sing his song.



While a Hollywood wife is taken for a ride in a wheelbarrow by her own husband, Allen Jenkins, above, a star puts crimps in her bob—left, Margaret Sullavan caught by the candid camera, curling her tresses.

"WITHIN three years—five at the most—black and white motion pictures will be as antiquated as black hose on a well-dressed woman." Thus spake Robert Edmond Jones, dean of stage designers. And Mr. Jones should know what he is talking about. But Bobby, sheer black hose are *exactly* what the well-dressed woman is wearing! Just the other day I saw Claudette Colbert wearing them with a very smart black ensemble. Also Glenda Farrell and Myrna Loy. Tsk, tsk, you'll have to think up a better simile than that next time, R. E. J.

THOSE in the know would have us believe that Jean Harlow and Bill Powell are in the "just good friends" stage now. Jean has been stepping about lately at the Trocadero with J. Walter Reuben, the director of her new picture "Riff Raff," and Mr. Reuben being young and handsome and very eligible they make a most attractive couple. And Bill has been turning up at parties, including Kay Francis' house warming, *sans* girl friend.

The extras on the "Riff Raff" set assure me that the director is very much that way about our Jean. It seems that when Jean blows up in her lines Mr. Reuben will smile sweetly and say, "My mistake, I'm sorry; will you please do it just once more, Miss Harlow?" But when Spencer Tracy or any one else goes up in his lines Mr. Reuben snaps, "Do it again, Tracy."

(Continued on page 90)



There's fun as well as work in acting for the screen. Above, Jean Muir and Pat O'Brien in what surely doesn't look like it's hard to take. Left, further details of the action scene being played by Robert Taylor as the rescuer of Irene Dunne.

Hollywood Figure

WE MIGHT call this article "Don't go to extremes!" for that's the dangerous thing about diet and exercise. You must use moderation in both.

The girl who has gone along eating whatever appealed to her, hopping into the car to go three blocks, huddling over the radiator when she felt chilly, curling up in a knot to read, leaning against a wall or a piece of furniture when she had to stand, suddenly gets a look at herself.

She bulges in the wrong places, her shoulders are stooped, her chest caves in, her face looks drawn.

Or, she has a pronounced hip-spread, her neck looks short because of a double chin and hunched shoulders, she seems almost as broad as she is long. No wonder she is horrified! And therein lies the danger.

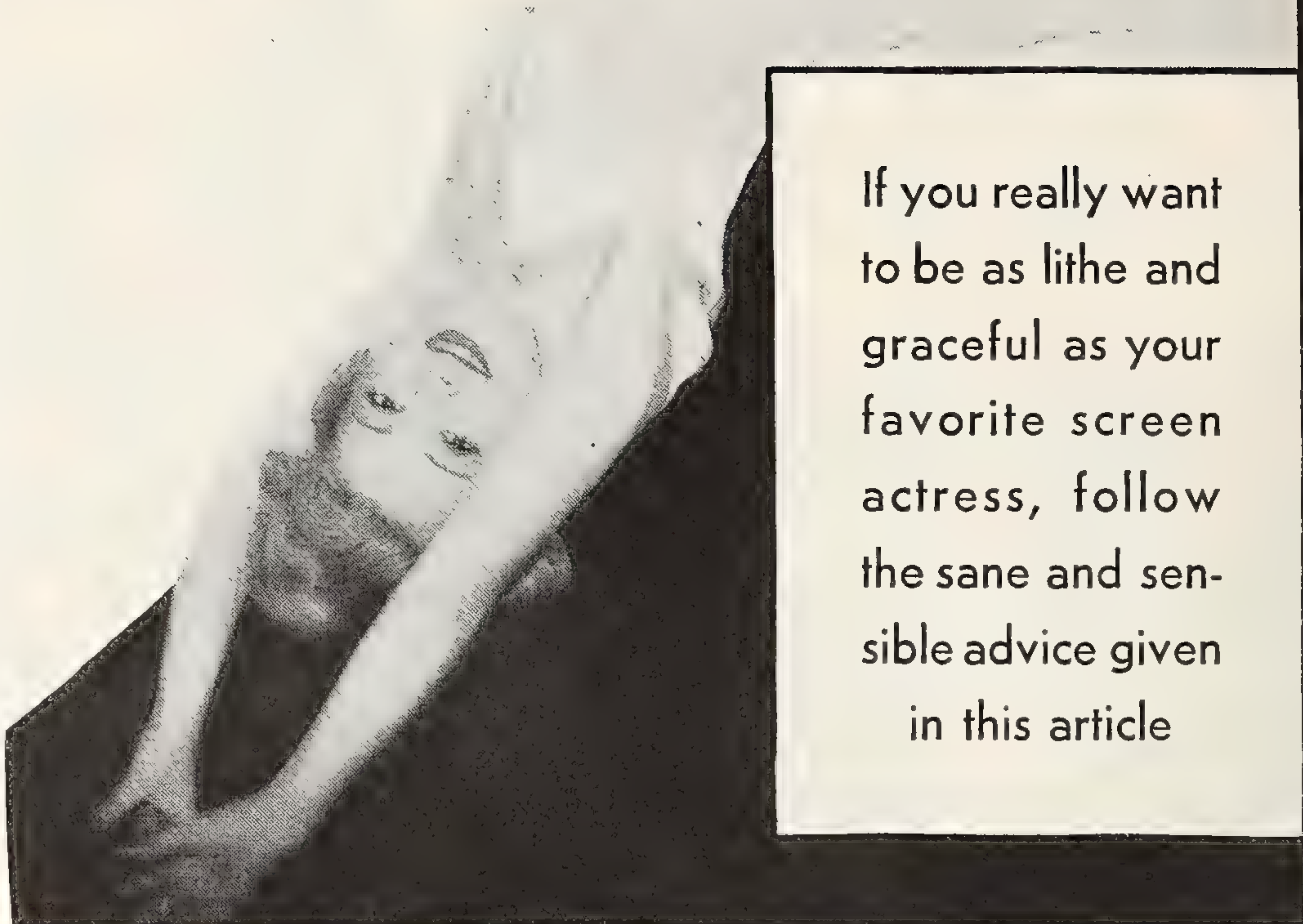
She immediately rushes to extremes. She starves herself. She exhausts herself with too much exercise, or she goes at her chosen routine so strenuously that she builds up a set of unsightly muscles.

Alice White, who posed for the illustrations for you this month, is a good example of a girl, naturally inclined to be plump, who has learned how to keep off the pounds without losing energy.

"I was as round as a ball when I was a child," Alice told me, when we were talking over her method of keeping fit. "I was always eating. I remember I used to go around with a bag of candy in one hand, a bag of peanuts or cakes in the other, nibbling first from the right bag, then from the left, and getting fatter by the minute. My family didn't approve of it, but they couldn't do anything with me. I liked to eat and so I ate.

"When I was twelve years old, they sent me to a girls' camp for the summer with the idea that I would be trained down and put in condition. I hated all sports and all exercise, so I refused to have anything to do with them. I sat around in camp, reading or sewing or taking naps, and eating, eating all the time. Living outdoors gave me an even bigger appetite, or else I ate because I had nothing else to do. The other girls were out riding, hiking, swimming, dancing or playing games.

"By the end of the summer, the rest of the campers were brown and strong and healthy, and I was so fat



If you really want to be as lithe and graceful as your favorite screen actress, follow the sane and sensible advice given in this article

Alice White is just as slim, gay, and graceful as when she was the foremost "flapper" on the screen. Alice keeps up to the minute in health and figure by faithfully following the stretching exercises advised in this article.

that when I got off the train my family didn't know me. My eyes were almost closed with rolls of fat and I could have rolled easier than walking!

"Even after that I didn't wake up to the necessity of slimming down until I came to Hollywood. Then after school one day, someone I knew suggested that I meet Betty Compson, who was one of the big stars on the screen at the time. I was all thrilled. I thought her the most beautiful creature I'd ever laid my eyes on and we had a nice time.

"At length Betty said: 'You're a cute kid, and you might do well in pictures, but you'll have to take off at least ten pounds before anyone will look at you.'

"With that incentive, I made up my mind to lose. I had massage—I still have massage—and I went on a diet. I didn't go in for the eighteen day diet so popular about that time, or any of the strange 'no food with my meals' affairs. I merely cut out desserts and sweets, ate Melba toast instead of bread, and took plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables and salads.

"For a time I had to experiment with exercises, for I am the type that overdevelops easily. I tried swimming, only to discover that my arms and shoulders got out of proportion—you see, I'm so tiny, (only four feet, eleven inches tall), that a muscle sticks out on me where it wouldn't be noticed on a larger girl.

"I tried dancing, skating, bicycling, in turn, and developed huge thigh muscles (Continued on page 82)



James Davis coaches Alice White in the exercises recommended for reducing and keeping fit. Read the article and try these stretching exercises yourself.

How Hollywood Wives Handle Gossip Rumors

Continued from page 13

of the high voltage love interest that is part of their husband's business. Or perhaps it is all because actors get paid for making love to other women, so no one is supposed to mind if a romantic rumor is cooked up about him out of office hours—not even his wife. It's all in the good-old game of sex appeal!

But even though the fact has been pretty well established that the average actor's wife has to "take it," or leave him, I've been wondering just how they go about handling the delicate domestic problem of greeting Harold Hero at the door the evening of his latest rumor?

Would you be ultra smart and pretend you hadn't heard it?

Or would you play safe by bringing it up deliberately and laughing it off?

Or would you yawn over it as just part of the actor routine?

You'll look around a long time in Hollywood before you'll find a more popular wife than Mrs. Clark Gable. But this was not always the case. When Clark was first getting his glamor wings, Mrs. Gable, in the background, was particularly resented by all the young fluffs who would have liked to annex the romantic menace for their own. But now I think it's pretty safe to say that Rhea Gable has more friends in Hollywood than her famous husband, and one of the greatest secrets of her success is the way she handles the rumor problem.

She is responsible for one of the cutest wife stories to ever go the rounds.

It happened several years ago when Hollywood was so busy romancing Clark Gable and Joan Crawford that the busybodies could hardly get their own pictures turned out on schedule. Apparently everyone in town had heard the "hot" rumor, but Clark. Joan was terribly upset about it and even went so far as to give out fan stories denying the whole thing as absurd. But Clark, apparently, didn't read fan stories.

Anyway, after it had been going on for about six weeks, Clark blew into the publicity department one day, so excited he was nearly exploding.

"I hear I'm head over heels in love with Joan," he glowered, indignantly, "and what's more Rhea says that the next time I fall in love with Joan someone ought to tell me while its going on—because it's all over now!" The morning gossip column says so!"

On another occasion, Clark was at the breakfast table reading the latest figures on the income tax, and Mrs. Gable, as is the feminine custom in Hollywood, was reading aloud from the chatter columns.

She began, in parrot fashion: "Who is the male star who has so completely overcome his once violent dislike for a certain blonde star that he just can't let her out of his sight on their new picture?"

"Who is it?" inquired Clark in that pre-occupied politeness which husbands lend to their wife's early morning "repeats."

"That's you and——" (naming his current co-star).

"You don't say!"

"Uh-huh," replied Mrs. Gable, turning the page. "Look here, it says that Southern California has lost their star quarterback for the season. Now aren't you sorry you bet on them?"

And that's the way the rumor problem is handled in the Gable menage, just as little items of interest along with the other local happenings.

Mrs. Robert Montgomery is one who

thoroughly believes in the humor treatment for rumors. When Bob's supposed infatuation with "Miss X" was not only the chief topic of conversation in Hollywood, but was being blared in almost every Hollywood periodical in the country, Betty Montgomery called him one day at the studio.

"Hello," she said with a giggle in her voice, "this is Mrs. M."

"Well, doggone!" said Bob, "and here I was expecting it would be Miss X!"

When Bob and Betty went to parties they'd give a duet on the finer points of his "romance." Bob would start to tell the story but it was Betty who would supply the details.

Bob would say: "So one night my car broke down right in front of Miss X's house and what did I do but go right up to the door and let myself in with a key—"

"It wasn't that way at all," Betty would correct. "Don't you remember, your car broke down, and then the maid stuck her head out the window and yelled, 'Is that you, Mr. Montgomery?' and threw down the key to you?"

"And the next thing you knew we were down in Palm Springs together—"

"Santa Barbara," from Betty.

"All right," from Bob, "you tell it!" And Betty would tell it, and the way she told it did more to laugh this rumor into the discard than any hot and indignant denial from Bob could ever have done.

Since Gary Cooper keeps Sandra Cooper as aloof from interviewers as Garbo keeps herself, it is impossible to get a direct reaction in Sandra's own words as to how she would handle "rumor trouble." But if you can believe the Los Angeles newspaper reporters, Sandra never reads a newspaper or a gossip column, so she never has any rumors to handle.

Not so long ago when Gary and his ex-girl friend, Lupe, accidentally and unfortunately got booked on the same plane for passage East, the papers were full of

a little drama which took place at an Eastern airport.

The photographers had rallied 'round to ask Lupe if she would pose in a picture with Gary. "Sure," said Lupe, who is always game for anything. But Gary would have none of it. And did Lupe burn? The reporters got so much fun out of the scrap that they called Mrs. Cooper and asked her whether she thought Gary should, or should not have refused to have his picture taken with Lupe?

"You saw the story in the evening paper?" they prodded, gently.

"Sorry," came the cool, society tones of Mrs. Cooper, "I never read the papers."

"But this is what happened: Gary and Lupe got off this plane—"

Suddenly the reporter realized he was talking into blank space. If Mrs. Cooper doesn't read the papers, she apparently isn't going to "listen" to them, either.

Dixie Lee Crosby is the only Hollywood wife I have encountered who will come right out and admit that rumors "burn" her. In fact, Dixie fairly sizzled when the columnists turned on the heat and went out of their way to rumor that all was not well in the Crosby menage.

"Of course I don't get angry with Bing," she explained. "Why should I? Bing and I knew better than anyone else how we are getting along. But it certainly burns me to be made the victim of a senseless rumor just because things are a little slow in Hollywood and the gossips have to have something to mull over. No, I don't ignore rumors! Bing and I were in New York when we first got wind that the Los Angeles papers were rumor-ing our separation. And I got on the long distance phone right away to deny it. Why should happily married people ignore dangerous rumors? I believe in denials, loud ones, too! It's dangerous not to stop them. The first thing you know people really begin to believe them. Even your friends hesitate to call you up because they've read 'where you and Bing are having trouble.'"

If Dixie is the "fightingest" lady about rumors, Mrs. John Boles may go to the head of the class as the wife who is the most genuinely pleased about them!

"To be perfectly frank," laughed Marcelite, "Johnny doesn't supply enough rumors around Hollywood! I know when we first came here, I really had to hound him to play more ardent love scenes with his leading ladies. Maybe it is because I've always been a matinee idol hero-worshipper, myself, that I like to see my screen heroes play their love scenes as though they really meant them. Actors should have romantic reputations. It's part of their business. And I don't care what they say, I think any woman in the world would be bored with a man that didn't interest other women."

The first time Marcelite ever read a rumor about John, it wasn't as daring as she might have hoped, but it served its purpose. The chatter writers had noticed John Boles lunching in the studio commissary with his leading lady!

When John came home that night, Marcelite met him at the door with the item outlined in red pencil, in her hand.

"Why, Mr. Boles, you devil!" she kidded.

"If you don't cut that out," warned Mr. Boles, sheepishly, "I'll clunk you over the head with a rolling pin!"

Which is certainly the reverse of the funny paper technique!



Snow falls on Anita Louise, but the blonde beauty is ready for it and smiles a cheery welcome.

Eleanor Powell graces our niche of fame this month because the letter writers wished it so, and for the very good reason that Eleanor won top honors in her first important film.



Salutes and Snubs

"BESTS" OF THE SEASON TO DATE?

My screen superlatives of 1935:

Best Picture: "David Copperfield." Greatest Personal Triumph: Nelson Eddy in "Naughty Marietta." Best Musical: "Roberta." Most Exciting Newcomers: Luise Rainer, Charles Boyer, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda, Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell. Best Performances: Victor McLaglen in "The Informer" and Katharine Hepburn in "Alice Adams."

K. L. Crosby,
Springdale, Pa.

THE KATZ PLEA FOR KITTENS

Watching the entrancing capers of my small, somersaulting puss, Young-Franchot-Tone, as graceful as Hepburn, sturdy as his namesake, and intelligent to boot, I wonder kittens are not substituted for dogs, (with all due respect for Asta, Buck, *et al*), in comic sequences now and then.

Mrs. I. Katz,
23 Ellsworth Ave.,
Brockton, Mass.

AH, THERE, ELEANOR!

A new star graces the heavens. The rhythmic tapping of dancing feet fills the air. A shadow hovers and floats away.

Whence cometh the song I hear? Ah, there she is! Eleanor Powell!

Thomas Nathan Pappas,
921 South Grand Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE NEW JEAN ARTHUR

A battery of Salutes to Jean Arthur, the Girl Who Came Back—and How! The little mouse-face of a few years ago didn't compare with the sparkling Jean of today. That unique childish voice and refreshing personality should take her straight to stardom.

Bobby Rabet,
3818 Whitman,
Seattle, Wash.

Tell Us What You Think! Your letters are welcome

Here's the department that affords opportunity to have your thoughts and ideas spread on the record for all to read. You'll get a thrill seeing your own opinion expressed in your own words, over your own name if your letter is published.

Write your letter in fifty words or less, and address it to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

MERLE'S FASCINATING FOOTSTEPS

Not the best "still" of the month, but certainly the best walk—Merle Oberon as *Kitty* in "The Dark Angel" leaving Alan after her confession of love. After seeing this twice, I wanted to learn to walk all over again.

Mary Wonderly,
8214 Fulton St.,
Toledo, O.

MORRIS MAKES GOOD

When I saw Chester Morris at the San Diego Exposition and asked him for an autograph, I discovered he is as grand off the screen as on. He isn't conceited, and he's considerate of his public.

Priscilla Denny,
544-37th St.,
Oakland, Calif.

FREE ADVICE TO CONNIE

In the November SCREENLAND article, "Connie and Dolores Talk About Each Other," I agree with La Bennett—that Del Rio looked lovelier with long hair. But so too did Connie, especially in her old picture, "The Goose Hangs High."

Mrs. R. E. Harr,
704 Arch St.,
Meadville, Pa.

WHEN JOE E. COMES TO TOWN

I live in a small town, and when "Bright Lights" had its showing here, was that theatre packed! In less than 48 hours everyone who had seen the picture was telling everybody else about the B-B-Big Pussey Cat and Little Mouse. May I lead in 3 B-B-Big Cheers?

Olive-Barbara Anderson,
114 W. Cameron St.,
Hanford, Calif.

WE THINK YOU'RE RIGHT!

Edward Arnold's superb performance in "Diamond Jim" made me long to see him in other stories of that era. What a wonderful Grover Cleveland he would be in a story similar to Paul Leicester Ford's "The Honorable Peter Stirling."

Annie Campbell Jones,
220 North Mount Vernon St.,
Prescott, Ariz.

STANDS PAT WITH PATSY

Patsy Kelly's pert charm has jolted bit parts with Benny, Jolson, Davies and others into leads. In her quaint, complaining way, Patsy reduces stars to stoogedom, and so I think she's a star all by herself.

Beatrice Lewis,
6657 Reynolds St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

AUTHOR-EXTRAS

I wonder how many filmgoers noticed that Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht appeared in that provocative play "The Scoundrel"? They were a couple of bums in the flophouse scene, and I thought the presence of the authors added a deliciously piquant touch.

Gerda Browne,
9859 51st Ave., S.W.,
Seattle, Wash.

EUREKA! A NEW STAR

When I saw "Escapade," with Luise Rainer, before my very eyes a comet flashed across the screen and a new star was born—a star who enthalls and captivates. For the first time in my life I felt like shouting *Bravo!*

Jayne A. Hale,
530 Clave Ave.,
Scranton, Pa.

Who's Afraid of the Little Black Cat?

Continued from page 56

Incidentally, although he's outgrown the gangliness, his general appearance even now is such that Fox visualizes him as Honest Abe in his log-cabin days and is already researching on a picture for him to be called "Young Lincoln." Henry, actually thirty, only looks twenty-two or three; but don't let your chromo of the Great Emancipator fool you about Henry. Even Lincoln's best friends certainly wouldn't tell him that he was a matinee idol.

Henry's ice-man days were also his college days—and his gas station, telephone trouble-shooter, and insurance salesman days as well. By night he was a window-trimmer, Boy Scout instructor, and amateur actor. The amateur part is not a reflection on his ability, either, because he seems to have had a lot of that even then. He just didn't get paid.

Henry hasn't always wanted to be an actor. He has always wanted merely to get along. Although his forbears founded the town of Fonda in New York State Henry's own parents have never been wealthy, and for some time past both his mother and his father were invalids. It is the greatest regret of Henry's life that his mother never lived to see her son's success; she had always believed in his ability, always encouraged him to accomplish things through hard work and thereby make his achievements lasting; and she passed away just as he was upon the threshold of the triumph she had dreamed of for him.

By the same token Henry is eternally grateful to Winfield Sheehan for sending an advance print of "The Farmer Takes A Wife" to his father's bedside during the illness to which the elder Fonda recently succumbed.

"I didn't ask him to," he said simply, "I didn't have the nerve. But my father had been bedridden for quite a while before his death, and when Mr. Sheehan heard that his doctor had told me on the 'phone that dad was so anxious to see me make good on the screen, Mr. Sheehan rushed a print of the picture to Omaha immediately and had a projector taken right into my father's room—so dad saw his son actually in a picture with Janet Gaynor."

That's the way Henry put it—in a film with Janet Gaynor. That's the kind of a guy Henry is.

You wouldn't think that a youngster who so belies his age as Henry does would have gone through such a tough time as he has. Henry has known plenty of heartbreak in the days when he didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Before he crashed through to the smash hit in New York he was many times virtually starving—it was as bad as that.

In the beginning Henry didn't know just what it was he did want to do. His talents were so varied that he probably could have made the grade in any of them, and he hadn't found himself. After doing all kinds of odd jobs to work his way through high school and college—he matriculated at the University of Minnesota after graduating from the Omaha Central High—he felt the urge successively for painting, writing, and the stage.

He has been a stage scene-painter and has a trunk full of original plays. He was never satisfied with anything he did; as a matter of fact he isn't yet.

"I never have been able to finish anything which had the perfection I visualized for it," he said, "so I simply put my work away until I am able to satisfy myself. And," he added with the artist's dream of the impossible, "I hope that will be never."

Henry's going on the stage as an actor was largely an accident, even as an amateur. He had returned to Omaha from college in 1925 when the Omaha Playhouse was casting "You and I." The director saw Henry one day and out of a clear sky asked him to play the juvenile. Henry was pretty busy with his odd jobs besides painting a masterpiece, writing a play and sculpturing a couple of monuments in his spare time,



Anna Lee, English lovely seen in Gaumont-British films, framed becomingly in silver and black.

and he really didn't want to bother. The plaudits at the Playhouse were merely honorary. However, he did; and so pleased with its bargain was the Playhouse that it invited him the next year to play the title rôle in "Merton of the Movies," also taking his pay in applause. He did that too, meanwhile dunning his fellow townsmen as an employe of the Retail Credit Company for his bread and butter.

The following year, however, Henry was really bitten by the stage bug because the Playhouse directors offered him the job of assistant stage director—on salary.

Thereafter Henry played in a vaudeville sketch which he wrote for George Billings, the two of them lasting for three months in one-night stands of the Middle West. Henry believes that Lincoln did have a lot to do with that because Billings was a famous Lincoln impersonator and the sketch was about Honest Abe. Henry thereupon became a real professional—and here began the precarious period of his career, when hot dogs tasted like terrapin to him—and intermittently secured engagements with summer stock companies, repertoire road companies and so on. Among these were

the National Children's Theatre in Washington, D. C., and the University Players in Baltimore.

In the summer of 1934 he found himself in a summer theatre in the town of Mt. Kisco, New York, where he designed the scenery and played small parts. And it was there that fate chose to find him on a summer day.

June Walker saw him playing the rôle of the tutor in "The Swan" that day. Miss Walker had already been engaged to play the feminine lead in "The Farmer Takes A Wife," then preparing for Broadway, and she ran to Marc Connelly, the playwright, to tell him that she had discovered the ideal young canal-barge skipper to play opposite her. She introduced him to Max Gordon, the producer, and Henry got the job.

Winnie Sheehan went to New York to see the play and saw Henry in it; and Henry saw the little black kitten. Thus fate moves in wondrous ways her queer miracles to perform—and thus Henry came to Hollywood.

Henry likes Hollywood, and asks why shouldn't he? In New York they didn't hand him even ham and eggs on a platter, much less whole pictures.

"It's sure funny, though," he said, "here I play 'The Farmer' and that's all about a canal boatman who wants to get close to the soil. Then I play 'Way Down East,' and that's all about a farmer who hates the farm and wants to beat it for the city. Wouldn't it be a kick if people saw those two pictures on a double bill and saw the same guy both loving and hating himself as a farmer? They'd think I ought to make up my mind."

Since coming to Hollywood he actually has gone on the farm—to the extent of renting a farmhouse in Brentwood, anyhow. He did live in an apartment for a while but he acquired a police pup which tore the place to shreds one evening while Henry was away, so Henry decided he'd better have more territory for the pup to expand in.

When he moved from the apartment, though, he wasn't allowed to take the black cat with him. The rest of the residents had grown so fond of her that they all signed a petition to ask him to let her stay.

Henry passes that—but he does wish he could get a haircut. He hasn't had one since last September, he says, and it bothers him. Although so homespun in his pictures he's quite the natty dresser off-screen.

Originally brought out for only the one picture, Henry looks like a fixture from now on. When the executives saw "The Farmer" they immediately saw Henry as a perfect running-mate for Janet Gaynor, freely prophesying that the team would be as popular as Janet and Charlie Farrell once were; but fate is at her queer tricks again. Janet left the picture, and Rochelle Hudson was put into "Way Down East" in her place; and now that Fox sees the rushes of Rochelle they're just as enthusiastic about her work as they are about Henry's.

And so, although Rochelle has been in a lot of pictures, of course, there are two new stars in one of the year's important productions.

Maybe Henry, in that unspoiled, boyish way of his, summed the whole thing up when he said: "That little black cat didn't have a thing to say about what was going to happen to it—I just up and took it, you see. And maybe it's the same way with all of us, eh?"

Forever Yours

Continued from page 15

she was given plenty of time for self-expression. Tom wasn't selfish—he was too sure of himself to own or admit smallnesses. He shared many of his big moments on the screen with the untutored leading lady who had asked only to be an extra.

On the screen? Tom shared also quite a bit of his time off the screen with Karen. She was a refreshing experience, a constant source of amusement to him. He had long been more than a trifle fed up with the type of girl who crossed his path.

"I didn't know that anybody could be so naïve and live," he told Monte Feinberg, who grunted, "She'll get over it—" in answer.

Yes, Tom certainly took Karen Kent under his wing! He helped her in her choice of frocks and a dwelling, he taught her to whistle for a taxi and to drive a car. During the evenings he took her places and introduced her to people she should know (and a few she shouldn't), and instructed her in the neater phrases of the American language. But he was casual in his teaching—so casual that he didn't realize how much he *was* teaching the girl.

One evening at a popular dancing rendezvous Karen spoke abruptly, from the depths of her heart. She and Tom had been talking of the scene that they had shot during the day—they talked a lot of shop, by and large—and of the sequence that was due for shooting tomorrow. And during a brief pause, Karen said—

"Thees is more unreal to me than the picture we aire making. Much more unreal."

Tom said, "How come?" He nodded grimly to a columnist at the next table—a columnist who had been hinting that he and Karen were that way about each other. "Try and explain her sky-rocket rise!" the columnist had written, in italics.

Karen crumbled a bit of bread with fingers that were as tense as little twigs.

"You," she said, "have geeven me the world. Music and clothes and food and an apartment."

"As a matter of record," Tom chuckled, "I'm keeping you, in a synthetic manner! Well, Karen, take it while the taking's good. You've got it coming to you—a taste of luxury."

Karen said, slowly, "France, since the war. You cannot understand the meagerness of eet. I was young when the armistice had arriv'—and yet, already, I had seen most of my people swept away—and our productive small farm made barren. I thought the job of nurse-maid was heaven. It meant a surety of the creature comforts. I can scarcely believe that it was but a stone of stepping—"

Tom said, "I've known poverty, myself. Months, years of one-night stands in cheap vaudeville houses—I'd rather die than live it over. It taught me to walk alone and expect a ripe tomato in the puss instead of a pat on the back, but it took a heap out of me. Everything tender and soft—"

Karen murmured, "You are the most tender, most patient person in the world. To me you are like God."

Tom chuckled, "The cherubim are tuning up their banjoes. How about giving God a dance?"

When Karen's initial picture, as leading lady to Tom Kildare, was released, she attracted an unusual amount of attention. She was different from the average run of movie material, and she got more notice than the average run. In your picture

colony beauty is a drug on the market—the professional reviewers were unanimous in saying that Karen stood out because she wasn't attractive rather than because she was.

"The Kent girl is a comer," was the verdict, "or is she? Who knows whether she has been invested with the Kildare magic or whether she has talent? Watch her—that's our advice—and time will tell."

Watch her and time will tell! We who did the watching from nearby were conscious of amazing marks of progress in Karen Kent. Perhaps it was because, as an actress, she hadn't anything to unlearn. However, it wasn't only her acting that showed daily signs of improvement. It was her appearance, her manner, her poise. Her feet and hands, of course, couldn't get any smaller—feet and hands seldom do! But her shoes, after the release of the second Kildare picture, were being made by a genius in optical illusion, and her nails were shaped and tinted thrice weekly by a special manicurist. Her tall body still seemed to unfold when she was called into action, but the unfolding was no longer awkward—it had become rare and beautiful.

"There's a springlike quality about her," said Monte Feinberg, once. "I missed it—oh, I'll admit a mistake—on that day Tom hired her. No, not wire springs, you dopes—I'm talking of the season. I might've known you wouldn't get me!"

Oddly enough, despite the kidding, his listeners did get him. There was something in the way Karen moved that was suggestive of the budding and blooming of an early flower. The angles of the girl



There's many a fox gave his pelt to make the cloak Ethel Merman wears here. But what a beautiful destiny awaited each and every one!

were growing into gracious curves. No, not curves, for she'd never be plump. Rather call them gracious planes. And she had learned to brush the unruly hair until its tumultuous curls might have been made of pale, undulating metal.

By the end of her third picture the fans as well as the reviewers had begun to express themselves about Karen, and in no small fashion—through letters, through (much more vital!) the box-office. When she was forced to hire a part-time secretary to answer her mail, Tom Kildare suggested a celebration.

"Am I a picker, or am I?" he exulted. "And are the drinks on me?"

Karen said, "They're on me. If you call by for me at my house at seven, they weel be ready."

Tom said, "A regular hostess. And I knew her when she didn't possess a cocktail shaker!"

"Wear your best clothes, Tom. And I'll wear the flowered cheefon you helped me choose. Thees dinner is going to be an—how do you call eet?—an occasion. I have a question to ask of you."

"Thank fortune," said Tom, "it's not leap year!" He quite failed to notice the flush that slanted in a warm, sultry tide, from Karen's chin to the line where her hair touched her forehead.

They had cocktails, poured from a frosted silver shaker, in the living room of Karen's modest bungalow. The fashion in which that room was furnished, the very air of it, reflected Karen. The furniture was of dark oak, carved, dimly polished, reminiscent of the peasant cottage in which she had been born. There was very little color—white, taupe, a trifle of beige, a flash of blue.

Tom, sipping his cocktail appreciatively, said:

"Somehow when I'm in your house I see what they're getting at. The critics, that is. You *are* different, sort of. There isn't another joint like this in town."

Karen said, "It's very simple."

Tom's tone was gay as he poured clear amber fluid from the shaker.

"Well, I've put you over," he said, "and that's that, simple or no. What are you going to do for me in return, kid? Or don't you believe in returns?"

Karen answered in her throaty voice. It was lower than its wont.

"It's as I said before," she told him, "you have geeven me ever'thin'. Clothes and food and a home. You've geeven me a glimpse of the high places. But, Tom—what can I do for you? How can I make a return? You have no wants, no desires."

Tom said, very casually, "This is a swell drinkie, Karen. You can tend bar if you ever stop being an actress. At that," he grinned, "you could marry me, you know. Fancy the headlines—Cinderella goes parson shopping with the pumpkin that took her to the party! Karen Kildare isn't a bad name, either. The alliteration is as smooth as smooth"—he laughed in a boisterous manner, as if he had uttered the supreme joke.

Perhaps it was the laughter that made Karen stiffen into such an icy silence. Perhaps it was more than the laughter. It might have been a bruised spot, inside herself, that made her so deathly still. She hesitated for the space of half a hundred pulse-beats before she said—

"Why do you talk so loose, Tom? You don't want to marry me. You aire not in love with me."

Tom replied with a frankness that was as unconsciously cruel as it was disarming.

"Maybe I'm not, but I'm darn' fond of you. I'm like that sculptor in the legend who made a statue come to life. If you could've seen yourself a few months ago, you'd know what I feel when I see you, now."

Karen murmured, "I do know what you feel."

Tom went on.

"You're an understanding person, Karen. I don't have to explain to you that I'm a confirmed bachelor and that I wouldn't know love if it walked up and bit me. But I'm not kidding when I say that you've done a long mile in record speed, and that I'm proud of you!"

Cocktails didn't mean much to Karen, but she gulped one down before she replied. It was as if she were sparring with the minutes. She spoke abruptly as she set aside her glass.

"Tom dear," she said, "let's cut out thees non-sense. I said I had a question to ask of you tonight. That thees was to be an occasion."

"And I," grinned Tom, "said, 'Thank fortune, it's not leap year!'"

Karen continued. "Associated Artists," she said, "have come to me with an offer. They want me to make pictures for them; it's their idea that I break away from the slapstick, that I have the straight parts. What do you theenk, Tom? Is it a bet? Is it the hour for us to—separate?"

Tom's scant proposal was quite forgotten—by him. He was the serious business man, now, who had put over a goodly number of serious deals. He said, thoughtfully:

"It would certainly give you a new thrill, doing big drama. You've come a long way, as I remarked a minute ago, but you can't go much farther as the receiving end of my gags. And then, too, there's another angle. In all honesty, you're coping more than your share of the applause. I don't mean this in a hoggish sense, but my leading lady can't be permitted to stand in my light—I'm the star. What I should have is a pretty kid, cut to pattern, to supply background instead of foreground. The dumb bunny type."

Karen swallowed hard. She said, "Let's forget about the celebration we were going to have, Tom. Let's talk about you and me and the future. I theenk I know the very girl for you. Remember that plump blonde, with deemples, who fell off the dock, backwards, in the sequence we finished a week past? Who had such pretty legs?"

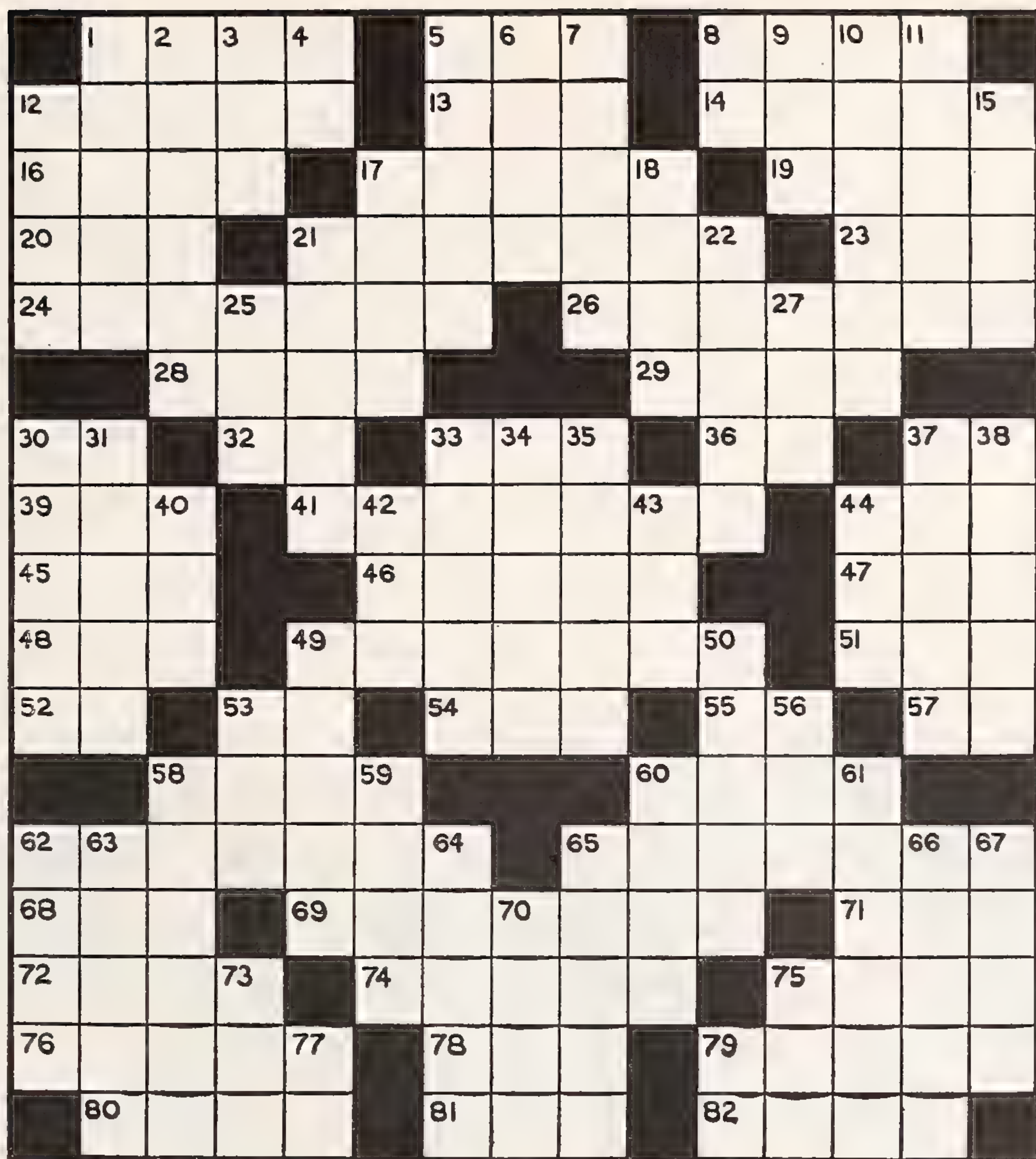
Tom said, "I remember. A right cute kid, and she won't get fat for a couple of years."

Karen said, "As for me, I geeve notice, now. Thees picture weel be my final one for you. I weel sign with Associated Artists no later than tomorrow. And"—her voice shook, ever so slightly—"thank you, Tom."

Tom Kildare was vaguely embarrassed. He didn't know why. He wanted to take Karen in his arms and comfort her as if she were a child—and yet she wasn't in the least childish, and why should she require comfort? Hadn't she been announcing the break of a lifetime? He said, gruffly—

"You won't sign with Associated Artists or anybody else, young lady, until I've had a look-see at the contract. You immigrant gals need a beeg strong man"—he was imitating Karen's accent—"to look out for your interests. Now in the case of salary"—he began to erupt advice and Karen, listening to him, felt that he might have been her lawyer, or her father, or both. Her heart was made of lead, but she managed to nod agreement and to smile at decent intervals.

(To be continued)



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS

1. Star of "I Live My Life"
5. What every actor hopes he is not
8. Featured actor in "The Glass Key"
12. Co-star of "China Seas"
13. I love you, in Latin
14. Fragrant root used on hair and in perfume
16. Possessive pronoun
17. Co-featured in "Special Agent"
19. Shelter for animals (as doves)
20. Ever, contraction
21. Reformed bad man in "The Arizonian"
23. Definite article
24. Chief requirement for good pictures
26. Featured actress in "The Informer"
28. Poverty
29. Expires
30. Public notice (abbrev.)
32. Doctor's title (abbrev.)
33. To deface
36. Note of the scale
37. Exclamation
39. To grab
41. Bashfulness
44. Malt drink
45. Clinging vine
46. Star of "Sweet Adeline"
47. Nothing
48. Bind
49. The wife in "Private Worlds"
51. Playing card
52. While
53. Exist
54. Dined
55. Belonging to
57. Printer's measure
58. Ungentlemanly persons
60. Irish Rose's boy friend
62. Star of "The Flame Within"
65. "Curly Top"
68. Trouble, fuss
69. Heiress in "The Flame Within"
71. Eggs
72. Mislaid
74. Shine
75. Mast
76. Gathered into a ring

78. Knave of clubs
79. Tendency or direction
80. Looked at
81. Cunning
82. Demetrius in "Midsummer Nights Dream"

DOWN

1. The wife the farmer takes
2. Wife in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"
3. Whose wife is Ruby Keeler?
4. Compass point (abbrev.)
5. Rabbits
6. Lady thief in "The Black Sheep"
7. Division of a year
8. International language
9. Kind of light used in making movies
10. Foams
11. Tax of one-tenth of income
12. Proceeds
15. Fortune-teller
17. Reared, brought up
18. Came up to the mark
21. Docks
22. These grow at your finger tips
25. Is your face—?
27. Afternoon refreshment
30. Ingénue in "Lady Tubbs"
31. Featured actress in "Special Agent"
33. Her most famous film was "The Thin Man"
34. Concerning
35. Famous silent film actress who died
37. Actress half of small-time team in "George White's Scandals"
38. Actress who married Fred Perry
40. Incidental
42. Hurry
43. Background for a movie

44. Collection (suffix)
49. To darken
50. Featured actress in "Woman in Red"
53. Evil
56. Evergreen tree
58. Star of "Mississippi"
59. Hidden obstruction
60. Exclamation to attract attention
61. Runs off to get married
62. Circle of light
63. To worship
64. Swallows hastily
65. Shabby
66. Featured actress in "Men Without Names"
67. Measure of length
70. Genuine
73. Golf term
75. Theatre term for standing room only
77. Minister's title (abbrev.)
79. Nick name of famous president of U. S.

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

M	O	R	A	N	S	O	B	H	O	L	D
C	A	R	O	L	E	H	E	R	A	R	I
A	R	I	S	E	M	I	R	I	A	M	M
P	L	E	A	T	A	R	N	S	M	E	T
E	L	M	O	R	L	E	Y	B	A	A	
A	N	B	E	L	I	E	D	F	O	N	D
M	E	S	A	L	O	Y	J	O	L	T	E
A	R	L	E	N	C	O	R	A	L		
S	H	I	N	E	D	C	A	L	N	E	A
H	A	L	E	D	R	O	U	S	E	D	S
R	E	S	N	E	L	S	O	N	M	T	
A	D	D	H	O	B	E	N	J	O	A	N
B	I	S	E	R	I	E	S	M	A	R	I
I	N	T	O	M	A	R	H	O	W	A	R
E	G	O	S	A	N	T	A	I	S	L	E

The Girl in the Spotlight

Continued from page 21

became less strenuous, Claudette began to pay more and more attention to the nice looking young doctor who was so calm, so quiet, and so terribly efficient. Hmm—not bad, said Claudette when she saw him without that reflector thing on his eye and a sharp instrument in his hand; and so when he suggested golf and lunch one day Claudette quickly accepted and called off all previous engagements.

The first date, however, was a bit disastrous. Claudette, as usual, was late arriving at the club, had a little trouble with her stance, and shot a hundred and fifty! No more, no less. The doctor, I may add, is an expert golfer. "Claudette," he said, when the game was finished, "you have

forget the horror on Gregory LaCava's face the day he took her to Hollywood's smartest bar and Miss Colbert ordered a strawberry ice cream soda.

It is very natural and very fitting that Claudette should fall in love with a doctor. Ever since she was a shy little French girl peeping out from behind the curtains at the noisy kids down on Lexington Avenue in New York, and in those days Claudette looked just like the Dionne quintuplets, especially like Yvonne who won't eat her spinach, Claudette has had great love and respect for the Family Doctor. Although his arrival probably meant sticking out her tongue, a dose of castor oil, and to bed with a hot water bottle, nevertheless

ship), and to save his life he can't remember what she looked like, did, or said. Claudette takes great offense at this and it can start an argument any time. It was the only Colbert play he ever saw. He never saw her in a picture until after he fell in love with her. So it couldn't have been the glamor of the theatre that attracted the doctor to our favorite movie star; no, I fear me love was born amid sinuses. His chief draw-backs are that he has a passionate love for penny candy, right out of the slot machine, and will often go in for punning, very bad punning. His "It Marx no difference to me" practically broke up the Colbert-Pressman romance only last week.

Yes, it's good to see someone so happy. With that new home nearly finished and marriage right around the corner Claudette fairly floats through the air these days, not like the man on the flying trapeze, but like Mr. Reinhardt's *Titania*. She's as enthusiastic as a child and so thrilled that it is contagious. "Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam . . . Like wrecks of a dissolving dream." (There I go with Shelley again. I don't know what it means but it sounds awfully pretty.) Of course this isn't the first time Claudette has been in love. She loved Norman Foster when she married him seven years ago, but as the years passed Claudette and Norman fell out of love just as naturally and normally as they fell in love. Theirs was that hectic, feverish, confusing first love of two slightly mad young people who are in love with love, and at the same time in love with a career. It was a love born of the theatre, of thrilling first nights, and applause and a kiss in the wings, and it was a love that in the due course of time died of the theatre, for the greater part of their married life Claudette spent in the East making pictures and Norman spent three thousand miles away in Hollywood. Four years of this and then one day they discovered that they really no longer cared, in fact that they hadn't cared for a long time. It is sad when that first romantic ardor cools, but it is as natural as day and night.

There were many reasons why that first love couldn't last, and so many reasons why this second love will endure forever. Seven years ago Claudette was trying awfully hard to find her own particular niche in the scheme of things. She knew she wanted to be a great actress, she knew she could never be *the* great actress, but some place near the top she knew there was a spot for her, and she wanted to arrive no matter how tough the climbing, no matter how painful the heart aches and disappointments along the way. When she started in pictures she did everything that anyone suggested that would help her career, she posed for this and that, she signed releases and endorsements galore, she played in every picture that came her way, hoping against hope that some day one of those rôles would lead her to her own particular spot. She didn't have much choice about her pictures in those days, she took every lemon thrown at her, and there were some mighty sour ones in the bunch. Many times it looked as if Claudette's contract would not be renewed and that she would have to return to the stage. Not knowing which way to turn, fearing that she would be a flop and sink into that awful abyss of oblivion, Claudette led a confused and muddled life, and you can readily see that marital happiness didn't have much chance to survive amid



Even the black cats had fun when Claudette Colbert's birthday fell on Friday the 13th this year. Here's the star cutting herself a piece of birthday cake as Director Wesley Ruggles and her mother look on.

great form." (Yeah, sez I, for Travis Banton's creations, but not for the greens.) And to this day the good doctor will tell you that Claudette has "great form," though Claudette has wisely kept away from the golf courses ever since. Well, what with Claudette being an hour late and her golf being poor there was no time for a leisurely lunch at the club with attentive waiters, tinkly glass and soft music, so Dr. Pressman had to take her to a drive-in place—yes, one of those hamburger joints. Now the only thing that Claudette is fussy about is food—it's got to be cooked just so and served just so, and she definitely doesn't go for hamburgers à la paws. So she was being about as dainty with her hamburger as a Great Dane with a ball when sq-u-i-sh, all over the doctor's nice white pants, which he had bought especially for the occasion, went Claudette's tomato followed by a wisp of lettuce and mayonnaise. The hamburger, strange to say, remained anchored. Well, all I've got to say is that the doctor must have been very much in love or that first date would have been the last.

The next date he took her to the movies and bought her a strawberry ice cream soda, and Claudette must have been very much in love by then for she suddenly decided that strawberry ice cream sodas were the best thing on earth. I'll never

his coming was an Event that was to be looked forward to like the Easter bunny, or the Thanksgiving turkey. She could ask him all kinds of questions and he would answer them, and a beautiful friendship existed between the little girl and the elderly physician. As she grew older her great interest in science and medical research continued. With her long strong fingers she can perform miracles today in the way of bandages, and she automatically becomes First Aid to the injured actors and workers on her sets. If Claudette hadn't become a great actress she would have made a great nurse. "Private Worlds" was right down her alley. One of Dr. Pressman's pet jokes is to threaten to expose Claudette to the medical profession for practicing without a license.

Dr. Joel Pressman was born in Philadelphia and is thirty-four years old. (Note to Dr. Pressman: I am going to make this as painless as possible, Jack, on account I know how your pals at the Cedars will kid you about it.) He is a graduate of the University of Virginia and of the Harvard Medical School, did interne duty at Bellevue in New York, and started practicing in Los Angeles where he has rapidly become one of the few famous bronchoscopists in the country. He saw Claudette first when she was starring in "The Barker" on Broadway, (that was during his intern-

the chaos. There was no time for home or home life then. Every morning at eight Claudette must be at the studio and often they worked her way into the night, for during those hectic years no one but Garbo went home at five o'clock. On her days off there were publicity pictures, and interviews, and press parties, and fittings, and rehearsals, and everything, everything, but rest and peace. It was all breathlessly mad, and hopelessly confusing.

But out of this chaos came serenity. Claudette today is an established star. She makes only four pictures a year and that gives her ample time to enjoy her home and friends, and to lead what we please to call the normal life. She no longer has to fear being a failure, she no longer goes into nervous break-downs after her pictures for fear that she has flopped so badly that no one will ever want to see her again. She knows that the studio is back of her, that she is one of its most precious properties. She no longer has to lie awake nights wondering how she can make a "name" for herself. She has made her "name" and she has found her own particular niche. In other words, Claudette has her Career Under Control. She can now relax and enjoy the good things of life.

Two years ago when she separated from Norman, Claudette told me "An artist should never marry. It isn't fair to her and it certainly isn't fair to him." We

spoke of this again just the other day and it seems that Miss Colbert has changed her mind. "You can't be happy with ambitions alone," she said. "Just imagine going home from the studio at night and finding nothing there but a lot of old moth-eaten ambitions sitting around your fireside. Can you think of anything more dreadful? I'm afraid it's a husband I want to find sitting around my fireside when I get home."

That's right, ambitions can get to be an awful bore. But on the other hand, says Claudette, an ambitious young actress who wants a career should not take on a home or husband until she has the career under control. There is nothing so deadly to love as that muddling, floundering period in a young actress' life. A man, hell-bent on a career, can always marry and drag the little woman right along to the top with him. But not so a woman.

Claudette and Dr. Pressman will make a go of it. Both have passed the age of confusion. Both are well established in their own fields. Both have their careers under control.

Second only to her approaching marriage Claudette is getting a tremendous kick these days out of that home in Holmby Hills which is just about due for a housewarming. I saw this home coming on shortly after "It Happened One Night" when one evening at dinner Claudette jabbed a chicken joint rather despondently

and remarked, "All we ever have is roast or chicken. It's just like living in a hotel. Why don't we have stews and sauerkraut and frankfurters sometimes?" Up until then Miss Colbert had been too engrossed in her career to give a thought to anything as homey as Irish stew. And so with the house—the more time she had to relax, the more she longed for a home of her own. This house has been a long time in the building but that's because she intends spending the rest of her life in it and she wants it just so.

The third time the living-room was torn out and started over again Daisy Lukas, one of Claudette's best friends, remarked, "I think we should all chip in and give Claudette a new living-room for her Christmas present." I did think once of giving her an oak tree, but good heavens, I discovered that the things cost four hundred dollars. Just imagine, and the woods are full of them. Fortunately, Claudette didn't share my opinion of Nature for she bought three of them, and several pittis porum, and best of all a magnolia tree, simply full of buds. There's a bit of the Old South in Claudette; every year she plans a trip to New Orleans or Charleston, and so she simply couldn't resist that magnolia tree. It's going to be her pet, I know. Any minute now you will see Lil' Missy Claudette with magnolias in her hair coyly kissing Colonel Pressman out under the oaks, yes, suh!

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Betty Lee. The Felix Knight letters from the fans are getting me snowed under and I may send out an S.O.S. Felix, as you know, made his film entrance as *Tom-Tom* in "Babes in Toyland." He came to the screen via opera and the radio. But this will break your tender hearts—he flew to Yuma, Arizona, in October and became the husband of Alice Moore, the 20-year-old daughter of Alice Joyce and Tom Moore of the old silent screen days. Alice Moore Knight has signed a contract with M-G-M, so watch for her.

Jo. Been reading my column for years and have never written before—not scared, are you? Peggy Shannon's most recent picture was "The Case of the Lucky Legs." Rochelle Hudson is 20 years old and Lona Andre is 19. Janet Gaynor was born October 6, 1907. She played with Warner Baxter in "One More Spring," and you saw her with Henry Fonda in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Henry Fonda is Margaret Sullavan's ex-husband. Katharine Hepburn was born on May 12, 1908. She is 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Her most recent starring success was in "Alice Adams" from Booth Tarkington's novel. Opposite her was Fred MacMurray. The next Hepburn will be "Sylvia Scarlett," with Cary Grant and Brian Aherne.

Marguerite H. If we who are in constant touch with the screen stars, do not have their home addresses, how in the world can you fans get them? Sorry to disappoint you but if you'll address their studios, they'll get your letters and like 'em. The latest Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell film is "Shipmates Forever." Appearing with them were Lewis Stone and two screen-promising young men, Nick Foran and Ross Alexander. This is the Annapolis musical movie—sort of sequel to "Flirtation Walk."

Tarsan, Jr. Heap big muscle, huh? Buster Crabbe was born in Oakland, Cal., on February 27, 1911. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 188 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He attended the University of California. He was married in April of 1933 to Adah Virginia Held. One of Buster's latest films, "Wanderer of the Wastelands," is with Gail Patrick and Jean Jagger. "Nevada" is his next picture, now in production.

Prunes. It's all right as long as you are not signed "raspberry." The two blondes in Loretta Young's probation class in "White Parade" were Astrid Allwyn and Joyce Compton, and the fat girl was June Gittelson as *Pudgy Stebbins*.



Mary Garden discovered him! Above, Stanley Morner, tenor, has been signed for films by M-G-M.

Tip-Top. You are not the only daffy-down-dilly about Anita Louise. Of course I know she gets prettier with each new picture. She was born in New York City on January 9, 1917, and is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, and has beautiful blue eyes and blonde hair. She was educated in New York City, Europe, and in Hollywood, and made her debut in films at the ripe old age of four years. Anita is *Titania* in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Jane Withers Fan. You are going to see and hear a lot more from your little favorite for in addition to "Ginger," Jane appeared in "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and "This is the Life," and is under contract to do Booth Tarkington's "Gentle Julia." Cora Sue Collins isn't idle, either, for she has played in "Little Men," "Anna Karenina," with Garbo, and in "Harmony Lane."

Tired of Divorces. You have been reading old stuff about Clark Gable, for he is not divorced from his second wife. He has been married to Rhea Langham since 1929. He has two step-children. His first wife was Josephine Dillon. The Leslie Howards are still married. They have two children. Their daughter Leslie is ten and the son, Ronald, is sixteen.

Jane Ellen A. How all you girls rave over Nelson Eddy and why shouldn't you? This news will please you, for he is to co-star with Jeanette MacDonald in "Rose Marie." Nelson has blue eyes and blond hair, almost yellow, is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and is 34 years old. Now hold your breath—he is *not* married! He was well-known on the concert stage, in opera, and through his radio work, before he appeared in "Dancing Lady," Joan Crawford's picture, and in "Naughty Marietta" with Jeanette MacDonald.

Confessions of a Gag-Man

Continued from page 29

basketful of Spanish onions had just gone past them; suddenly his face screwed up into one of those delirious smiles, (eyelids lowered modestly and mouth grimacing from ear to ear). Brother! I defy the grouchiest man in the world to witness that brilliantly goofy smile of Stan's without having to have his tonsils repaired the following day!

But when Babe and Stan walked into the gag conference room and parked their camera derbies on the hat rack, we were confronted by two strangely different men. There seems to be a prevailing impression

claim: "How about having Stan and Babe coming in late to the club meeting and stumbling their way through the audience until they reach the lecture platform?"

The idea sounds funny—but will it *act* funny? Chairs are hastily set up in rows resembling the actual club-room scene. With the aid of fellow gag-men seated here and there, Stan "reacts the crime" step by step in the manner of a sober-faced surveyor pacing off approximate measurements for a new dam site. Stan repeats the procedure several times and then nods, "Okay, let's use it!" And so

the night, stars whose names are registered on the cottages along "Millionaire's Alley," especially those whose own homes are at a great distance, welcome the convenience of tucking themselves into a soft bed within the shadows of the studio.

And what swell neighbors you'd have! To the right of you would be the cottage of Freddie March and to your immediate left would be neighbor Wally Beery. Or just a few doors down the street you could borrow lawn-mowers or sugar from Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins or Mary Pickford. You could, that is—if you could ever find them in! But ironically enough, stars who have earned the right to occupy these cottages seldom have the time to enjoy their comforts.

Each summer when Eddie Cantor makes his annual move into the studio his cottage takes on the semblance of a gag-man's inferno. Gags written on green sheets of paper, gags on yellow paper, scenario gags, radio gags, gags about Rubinoff and Parkyakarkus, gags for song lyrics, gags for magazine articles or a new book, all are taken care of and filed for future reference by Eddie's two eldest daughters, Majorie and Natalie.

The phone in Cantor's studio bungalow rings constantly. "Would Mr. Cantor be so kind as to play at our benefit?" "Would Mr. Cantor be so kind as to invest in one of our new Hispano-Sweetsixteens?" "Ask Mr. Cantor how he would feel if he woke up dead tomorrow and hadn't invested in one of our new insurance policies?"

Cantor can do only fifteen different things at the same time so the hundred and one other requests for his time each day must be rejected. I had been talking over a few gags with Cantor one afternoon when his phone started to ring. His daughter-secretaries had just stepped out to buy lunch and maybe a couple of new hats. The phone continued to ring. Finally Cantor jerked up the receiver and with perfect imitation of one of those tired-voiced phone operators answered: "Mistah Cantoar's office—helloooo!" The muffled squeaking continued over the other end of the line. A pained look came over Eddie's face. Obviously the party at the other end of the line was a pest. "I'm verra sorryyyyy—but Mistah Cantoar is in an important conference—won't you call back in another month or two?"

Like all successful people, Cantor is an intense worker. His mind never seems to be at rest. And like all top comedians, Cantor has that all-important "sixth sense" which enables him to judge what the "most" people will laugh at, coupled with a sagacious showmanship.

He keeps his mind sharp and alert to the changing moods of humor by scanning, with the aid of his two daughters, every local or foreign publication put out in the name of humor. Cantor has perhaps one of the largest joke collections and humor libraries ever assembled by one man.

He is always two steps ahead of the best gag-man on the studio lot. As in the case of Stan Laurel, no gag or script is okay until Cantor gives it a final checking. And when Eddie Cantor scribbles that final "okedoak" across a script, you'll hear the gag-men blissfully sigh in unison. They're *sure* the script is good now and they know that the picture will make a lot of money because Cantor has a way all his own, about knowing what "most" of the people will laugh at.



Mutual admiration in the great open spaces! Dick Foran, Alma Lloyd, and a fine horse, are bringing new life to the western screen plays.

that screen funny men are "that way" naturally and continue with their goofities twenty-four hours of the day. Nothing could be further from the actual truth. Screen comedians are extremely sane business men. Their business is to make you laugh. Each mannerism from the exact angle a comedian points his feet to the way he puckers his mouth in talking is the result of thorough premeditation. Through years of research and observation they have thoroughly mastered the complex scale of human emotions. Comedians have trained themselves to turn their camera personalities "on" and "off" at will.

Hollywood's best gag-men are the comedians. Stan Laurel was one of Hal Roach's most brilliant gag-men before he became successful as an actor. Any of the gag conferences for a new Laurel and Hardy picture will find sober-faced Stan in the middle of the perspiring studio brain trust.

There can be no "wrong" stories or gags in Laurel and Hardy scenarios because Stan Laurel has usually had a hand in either the start or the finish, of every gag or idea thought of. Laurel will test the practicability of each new gag by "walking through it," which is a gag-man's jargon for "acting a gag out in the exact manner it would appear on the screen." A gag-man who hitherto has probably been portraying an exact likeness of a man in the last stages of sleeping sickness, will suddenly bolt up out of his chair and ex-

claim: "How about having Stan and Babe coming in late to the club meeting and stumbling their way through the audience until they reach the lecture platform?"

That, my friends, is how comedies and comedians are born! Skullduggery, endless plotting and research, tearing down and building up, all tirelessly done step by step. Probably not at all in keeping with the illusions you have on your favorite screen comedians, whose antics belie premeditation, so spontaneous do they appear.

Later in Hollywood I had the pleasant thrill of doing gag work for the "Number One man" among present day comedians—Eddie Cantor. This may sound like a belated fit of colossibus braggadocio on the part of a former employee, but if you'll check up on your Hollywood "Who gets how much money for what picture" Bluebook, you'll agree with me that Cantor is the king of comedian's row.

Imagine then, the thrill of a young gag writer, barely old enough to have read half way through his required encyclopedia of Joe Miller, working with Cantor on the Sam Goldwyn lot.

The inner sanctum of the United Artists lot contains a row of luxuriously furnished star bungalows where the sacred idols of the cinema heavens are reverently protected.

Here during the course of a picture, you can, if your name happens to be Eddie Cantor, or any other name with the equivalent box-office appeal, enjoy the confining comforts of a regular home without leaving the studio grounds. Following camera sessions that last well into

The Littlest Rebel

Continued from page 23

war meant more than just being lonely. It meant terror. Soldiers swarming along the roads in front of the house leaving havoc in their wake. Sometimes it was a band of soldiers in blue and sometimes it was the Confederates shouting their rebel cry as the dust flew under their horses' hoofs. But whoever it was they left a mark to remember them by.

Virgie became a "soldier" too, mustering together a troop of pickaninnies and drilling them on the wide lawn, brandishing her sling-shot as if it were a gun and shouting orders in the sharp staccato she had heard the officers use.

Then her father came home again. Not as she had always pictured him coming, flinging the doors open wide and that great voice of his booming through the house. He came at night, furtively under cover of the darkness, as a hunted man comes. A man who could find no rest even under his own roof, a man who started at every noise.

It was from the lips of the Yankees who swept up the path one day that Virgie first heard the words "Rebel spy." And they were talking about her father!

Her little pickaninny army gathered about her as she drew back her sling-shot and aimed a rebellious pebble at the back of their Colonel's neck.

Colonel Morrison wheeled his horse around and his brusque command came sharply. Then he laughed at the sight of the small girl standing with belligerent feet wide apart.

"The littlest Rebel!" The name came affectionately from his lips but Virgie refused to be appeased. He was her enemy and her small mouth closed stubbornly over the smile threatening to break through in spite of herself.

Virgie knew afterwards what being a spy really meant. It meant talk about her father hiding in the woods and being



There was happiness again for Virgie and her father where there had been desolation.

coached on what to say when Morrison's men came back again, and the fear in her mother's eyes as her father started away in the darkness and the sudden anguished cry as she ran after him.

It meant men in hated blue uniforms swarming through the house and being dragged from the closet she was hiding in and seeing her mother come back breathless and with that new agony in her eyes clutching at her heart as she ran up the stairs to help her.

A soldier caught at her mother's wrist and in jerking away from him she lost

"Just think of it as beautiful," Captain Cary told Virgie. "Your mother will never be ill again, or discouraged, or frightened." Virgie held his words around her like a warm, comforting cloak.

her balance and fell. Virgie's cries followed her down the long flight of stairs and brought Morrison running into the house.

It was he who reached her first and he was all tenderness to the woman stumbling back to consciousness. But afterwards the child knew his voice could be different. Harsh and frightening as he ordered the offending soldier lashed.

Virgie was beginning to be sorry he was her enemy. For all his bigness and that great strength of his, Colonel Morrison was so kind and so curiously gentle. When he was leaving she aimed her sling-shot at him again but somehow she couldn't help that betraying dimple of hers from coming out of hiding and so she put her weapon away and waved goodbye.

For awhile there was quiet on the Cary estate. Something almost like happiness, with her mother moving about the house again and the letter coming in her father's handwriting that told them all he had reached the Confederate lines safely.

So quiet, that the suddenness of the battle that broke round them seemed to come with added fury. It was a night of storm, and thunder screamed an echo to the shells breaking around them. The slaves had scurried into the woods for safety and only Uncle Billy was there to look out for them.

Virgie flinched when a cannonade of shots shattered the windows of the drawing-room and sent the crystal candelabra crashing to the floor. Another onslaught and the old Staffordshire china in the dining-room was a splintered mass of wreckage.

They had to leave and Virgie choked back her tears as Uncle Billy caught her in his arms and stumbled through the meadow grass to the slave quarters down in the hollow, and her mother cried softly as she kept pace with them.





Lincoln's slow smile played again as he signed the order that would spare the lives of two men.

The old slave cabin was a poor shelter from the wind and the rain, and Uncle Billy's eyes followed his mistress anxiously as she shivered in her drenched clothes. All through the night they sat, and Virgie pressed her small fist against her mouth at the sound of each new volley.

Then with daylight the firing ceased and a more frightening quiet closed in around them. A quiet that gave them time to think again and that made Virgie and Uncle Billy hear the racking insistence of Mrs. Cary's cough; that made them see for the first time how ill she looked, with her eyelids drooping over her anguished eyes.

All that day Uncle Billy nursed his young mistress and Virgie sat beside her on the low bed and tried to warm her cold hands in her own.

At nightfall came Mrs. Cary's stricken cry and her despairing voice calling her husband's name, and Uncle Billy shuffled slowly to the window and stood looking out into the darkness.

"I'll get young Captain for her, he thought, and a tear trickled down his cheek as he remembered it was he who had brought her bridegroom to her on her bridal day and how proud he had been of them as he drove their wedding carriage. She had been so beautiful then, with stars dancing in her eyes, and her laugh had come so easily.

There was one chance in ten thousand of getting through the Union lines—but Uncle Billy took it, and with morning he came back again miraculously bringing his master with him.

So little time was left to them! A kiss, their last one, and a whispered endearment. Even before her father looked at her with eyes suddenly bereft, Virgie knew what had happened.

"Just think of it as beautiful," Captain Cary said, and Virgie held his words around her like a warm, comforting cloak. "She will never be ill again, or discouraged, or frightened."

Never frightened again! Virgie was frightened as she clung to her father's hand looking down on that new grave. But she wasn't frightened any more when they went back to their own house and her father told her she must be a soldier now too, for he was taking her through the Union lines to her Aunt's home in Richmond.

Things happened so quickly. The ominous sound of hoof beats and her father pulling himself through the secret trap-door into the attic; and then the door flung open and Colonel Morrison standing there and his eyes no longer twinkling or kind as he demanded she tell where her father was.

It was the first time Virgie had ever lied. But she lied now to save her father's life. Desperately and doggedly, so that the Colonel knew she was lying.

He threatened her in a voice harsh with the desperateness of his choice, but Virgie stood her ground. And then he repeated the threat again in the same loud voice that could be heard in every corner of the house.

It happened as he expected it would happen, the trap-door opening defiantly and Captain Cary coming erectly towards him.

"I knew that would bring you out." Somehow the Colonel could not bring himself to meet the other man's eyes. "I really had no intention of hurting her."

For all the sick heaviness of her heart the child had never been so proud of her father before. His words were so simple, so bravely simple. He had come to bury his dead, he said it so quietly, and to take his child to Richmond.

Morrison was moved and a shame new to him colored his face with crimson.

"If you get that child to Richmond it's all right with me," he said quietly. "I don't think my country expects me to make war on babies."

Hurriedly he wrote an order ensuring passage through the Northern lines, and gave Cary his own coat to wear. It would mean death for Morrison as a traitor if he were found out, but at that moment he was neither a soldier nor a patriot—only a father whose own little daughter up North had a dimple to match Virgie's own and whose hair was as curly and whose eyes as blue.

It was a reckless plan doomed to failure, and Cary was stopped at the Union lines and Morrison recalled to face court martial with him.

Death for both of them! That was the verdict. Death for the Southern spy and the Northern traitor alike. How could those level-eyed men sitting in judgment on them know either the desperation or the humanness that lay below the surface? Only they themselves knew that, and Virgie and Uncle Billy.

But Uncle Billy thought of another man who might know. A giant of a man who paced the floor in the White House in Washington. A man whose eyes knew a world's suffering, whose heart was wise beyond the wisdom of other men. Abraham Lincoln—their enemy, of course, but an enemy whose weapons were tolerance and understanding.

It was days before Uncle Billy, with Virgie beside him, could traverse the miles that lay between them and the President, but it was their only chance. And so they went, the old black man and the child, and sometimes they travelled in ox-carts when a friendly farmer gave them a lift; and sometimes they danced and sang for the money that would bring them a little further along the road.

And then Washington, and Abraham Lincoln looking down on a little girl who forced the dimple to her smile again. He had always wanted a little girl but his family were all boys. And one of those boys had died in his arms a few short months before. Never had that great heart of his been so vulnerable, so achingly eager to help a child as it was now. But there was his oath of allegiance to remember and his duty to his country.

He sat down and his sombre sweet smile came as he pulled Virgie on his knee, and then they were sharing an apple and somehow they both found they could laugh again.

Then the President remembered why the child was there and put all the lightness away from him as he asked a question.

"What did you see as you were crossing the Union lines?"

"Nothing." Virgie's small hand clung the tighter to his. "'Cause father promised the Colonel he was in honor bound not to see anything."

Lincoln's slow smile came again as he wrote the command that would bring life again to two men.

"You have had enough trouble." The huge hand trembled on the curly head pressed against his cheek. "Now you can go home and join your father."

There was happiness again where there had been desolation. And other things for Virgie to learn, kinder lessons that taught her sorrow passes and wars are ended, and that when the last battle has been fought men destined to be enemies can become friends.

For a day came when the war was over, and another day that brought Colonel Morrison riding up to their door as a friend.

Virgie laughed as the Northerner mounted his horse in leaving, and the dimple danced and her curls bobbed as she raised her sling-shot again—and aimed!

Only it was different this time. Both Virgie and Morrison knew that. A joke shared between friends, and a gay farewell from the Littlest Rebel.

THE END



And now, perhaps, you'd like to take a peep behind the scenes to see how Shirley Temple looked as she enacted the character of the girl you've just read about in this story of "The Littlest Rebel."

I Found Kay Francis

Continued from page 51

me out to the Kay Francis set? Yes, the entire publicity department, down to the last man, would only be too happy to escort me to the Kay Francis set. Mercy, I was nearly bowled over by such attention, such eagerness, but I soon understood the reason for it all—alas, it was not my first lesson in charm taking effect, it was merely that Kay Francis was taking a bath on the set that morning, and breathes there a man with soul so dead, and so forth and so forth. The word certainly must have gotten around for when I arrived on the "Stranded" set with a body of publicity men interested in their art there were layers and layers of men; I do believe every prop boy had six assistants. Baths, I gather, are bright spots in a studio routine.

Did you ever wonder how movie stars take those baths that look so startling, so daring, on the screen? Now, I bet you did, Aunt Hattie. Well, I'll tell you. When we arrived on the stage the property boy was making doubly sure that the supply of warm water in the tanks was sufficient to provide eight or nine "takes." Kay Francis, all wrapped up in a yellow bath robe, her hair tucked securely in a white rubber cap, was pacing back and forth across the set, completely oblivious of the greatly augmented company which waited expectantly, and silently, for her to take her bath.

The bath, it developed, was to be a shower. (Pshaw, said the publicity department. They like tubs better.) The shower stall was an enclosed rectangle the walls of which were opaque glass except for oval openings on each side five feet above the floor. It was through one of these "windows" that the bath was to be photographed. When all was ready Director Frank Borzage waved his hand, water spurted from the tank, and Kay loosened her robe and moved toward the glass door.

"Are you sure," she demanded, "that there is plenty of warm water? I don't want it to suddenly turn cold on me the way it did once before."

The property boy assured her that everything was okay, so Kay swung the concealing glass door open until it stood between herself and everybody else, dropped her robe to the floor and stepped inside. A few seconds later her head and wet shoulders were framed in the oval window on which the cameras focussed. Kay lathered her neck and shoulders in the most approved manner and started speaking her lines, (remember in "Stranded" where she talked to Patricia Ellis while taking a shower?), but she didn't get far when she let out a terrific shriek. The director jumped, dozens of men got ready to spring to her assistance, and the mixer popped out of the monitor booth like a frightened rabbit. "Soap," wailed Kay, "I've got soap in my eyes." There was great commotion while her maid, Ida, the wardrobe woman, the script girl and the hairdresser made a circle about Kay while she regained her composure and got the suds out of her eyes. Then she, very unenthusiastically, resumed her bath, the men resumed their fascinated silence, the director resumed his chair, and the mixer resumed his duties of mixing shower noises and voices.

But it was not long before there was another shriek of anguish from the improvised shower room. It seems that someone must have double-crossed Kay, for the water from the tank was running as cold as a mountain stream. I don't blame Kay for being annoyed for there is nothing so dis-

heartening as a cold shower when you are not expecting a cold shower. I decided that this was neither the time nor the place to interview Miss Francis about romance and Delmar Daves. A wet movie star can be just as cross as a wet hen. So I checked out.

Oh yes, I forgot to tell you, Aunt Hattie. Kay had on a bathing suit with the yellow robe. And now you know how movie stars bathe for the cinema.

Well, much water passed under the bridge, and out of Mr. Warner Brothers' tank, before I had occasion to interview Kay Francis again. Shortly after "Stranded" she packed up and went to



Kay Francis, little Sybil Jayson and Jessie Ralph before the cameras. Mervyn LeRoy directs.

Europe on an extended leave of absence, and there was much talk about her getting herself engaged to Maurice Chevalier who was in Paris at the time and to the Italian nobleman who had spent so much on trans-Atlantic telephone calls. London, Paris, Rome and waltz-mad Vienna all got ready to do things up gay for the delightfully intoxicating Miss Francis, whom, the Europeans declared far more Continental than the Parisiennes themselves. The princes started polishing up their titles and the dukes aired out their moldy castles and the Best Families invited Kay for a weekend at Tumbling Downs, or for a little cruise on the Mediterranean. Now Kay likes bridge and backgammon and tennis, and she likes to sun herself on the deck of a luxurious yacht; she likes long, leisurely European dinners with smart scintillating conversation; she likes gold braid and uniforms and the fuss they make over royalty in England; she likes dressing up like a million dollars and going to the opera in Paris—in fact, Kay is quite a sophisticate at heart. But what did she do last summer in Europe? Why, she hardly got there before she turned around and came right back to Hollywood, with still several months to go on her vacation. Was Hollywood surprised! Ever since she has been in pictures Kay has spent her vacations in New York and Europe and has never shown her face in Hollywood until the cameras started turning on her next picture.

Well, according to Kay, she didn't have any fun in Europe this last time because she was sick, and she hurried home to Hollywood because she was sick. And Kay is probably telling the truth. But, old romanticist that I am, I prefer to believe that Delmar Daves had something to do with her spending her real vacation in Hollywood and the mountains nearby.

He certainly met her at the train, as the photographers well noted (there's some talk that he met her at the boat in New York), and every place that Kay has made a public appearance since there has always been Delmar Daves. He was one of the exclusive few invited to her housewarming in October, and he was with her just the other night at the Hollywood preview of "I found Stella Parish." It is an old Hollywood custom that a star always takes the person she likes best to her previews, and the person whose opinion of her picture she values above all others. Well, draw your own conclusions, I'm drawing mine all right.

The second and last time I met Kay was a couple of weeks ago, and it was at her home and I wasn't invited to see her take a bath this time, but sat downstairs and waited and admired her living room—her entire house has just been done over by Tommy Douglas, who is not only a good actor but a good decorator. When she joined me she wore brown tailored pajamas and her hair had just been shampooed and set and was quite wet. Water, it seems, would always enter into my contacts with Miss Francis. And so for that matter would Delmar Daves. For just as you suspected, your Auntie Maggie was there to pry into Miss Francis' romance. I didn't do so well. Kay was gracious, indeed quite charming. But she didn't give. May it be said to her glory that she did not hand me any hooey about "We are just good friends" or "I hardly know the person." No, what she said was, "I never discuss my personal affairs," and that was that, terse, dignified, and to the point. And after all, you do have to admire her for taking that stand. I never have any respect for movie stars, male or female, who give out those interviews about "the women (or men) in my life." Cheap, I calls it.

But Kay was perfectly willing to talk about anything else, and proceeded so to do. She flitted, with me puffing along behind, from recipes, to diets, to figures, to charm, to superstitions, to Europe, to *Stella Parish*, to men in general, to clothes, to operations, to old sherry—and there I stopped and had a glass and went home.

"I never diet," Kay told me. "Maybe I will have to some day, but thank heavens I don't have to now. I suppose the reason I don't get fat is because I never over-eat, for I certainly eat anything and everything. In fact the things I like best would never be found on a reducing diet, but I go in for them just the same. I adore little thin hot cakes with maple syrup, and onion soup filled with cheese, and hot fudge sundaes, and corn on the cob, and popcorn and limburger cheese. Oh, any kind of cheese, the smellier the better. No diet-harassed hostess ever has any trouble with me. I eat everything except white bread and potatoes. I don't drink coffee. Oh, I'm a cinch for any hostess. But perhaps she would not be so flattered if she could see me when I come home, for I usually raid the frigidaire for bits of chicken and cheese and anchovy knickknacks." (Oh, oh, she was driving me mad with envy—

one good ice-box raid and I gain four pounds! Oh, the injustice of it all.)

But Kay prattled on, not knowing how near I was to slitting her throat. "My favorite dish is lamb chops. And I make a mushroom sauce for them that is divine. It's made of fresh mushrooms and cream and flour and Worcestershire sauce and Libeig's seasoning and English mustard and salt and pepper and much tasting to see that it's all right. Ummm, it's good!" To save myself from the electric chair I decided to change the subject as quickly as possible.

Kay thinks the "ten most attractive male players on the screen" are Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, Jimmy Cagney, Maurice Chevalier, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Jackie Cooper, Clark Gable and William Powell. She leans towards the "man of the world" type, except for Cagney and Jackie Cooper. She likes Jackie because he makes her cry. "Jimmie Cagney," she said, "is really not my ideal type, but on the screen he fascinates me. But the man who really thrills me most on the screen is Ronnie Colman. Even after I made a picture with him, and that's the acid test you know, I still think that he is the most charming and exciting man in pictures.

"I can't stand men who tap their fingers on a bridge table when I am playing a hand. And it certainly annoys me to have a man keep me waiting, for that is a woman's privilege. I can't bear to see a man primping or admiring himself in a mirror for that, too, is woman's privilege.

I don't like the Show-Off or the Athletic Type, the man who makes a great flourish of over-tipping and the man who bores you to death telling you about his golf score and the number of cold tubs he has had during the day. The kind of man I like—"and there I regret to say Miss Francis must have decided the conversation was getting a little personal for she hastily skipped to superstitions.

She swears she isn't the least bit superstitious but just the same 12 and 13 are her lucky numbers. She was born on Friday the thirteenth, and her most successful pictures have had twelve letters in their titles. She has a pair of pearl ear-rings she wears in several scenes in every picture, but of course she isn't superstitious, no, of course not. The ear-rings are only imitation pearls and they were part of the "props" of her first picture, and when she left Paramount for Warner Brothers she asked permission of the studio to take them with her. "I have a feeling about those cheap ear-rings that might be called superstition—if I were superstitious," she said. "I feel lost if I go on a set without them. Yet, just as soon as I finish a picture, I put them away and never think of them until I start work again." When she isn't working she doesn't wear jewelry at all. She particularly dislikes diamonds.

The really remarkable thing about Kay is that with all her glamor and prestige in Hollywood she has the most simple and unassuming menage. Kay may not have yachts and race horses and beautiful estates but she probably has more gilt edge bonds

and good securities than any of her confreres. It's most unusual to find so much good common sense in such a pretty head. Of course a great many of the Hollywood meanies who just must have their nasty cracks to enjoy life call Kay "stingy" and "Hetty Green." But Kay, quite unconcerned, continues to live comfortably but not luxuriously, and continues to be one of the most sought after women in Hollywood.

Kay must have been born with a flair for the "social graces." When she finished school she took a secretarial course, even mastered short hand, but instead of going into a business office she secured positions as social secretary with Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Mrs. Minturn Pinchot, and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Those contacts helped her acquire a poise and dignity that is most helpful to an actress. Working with these society leaders she gained confidence and self-reliance, which qualities finally inspired the courage to resign her secretarial duties and fight for a career in the theatre. So no wonder our Kay developed into a sophisticate at quite an early age—how could she help it dashing madly back and forth to Europe with Vanderbilts. But with all the excitement of knowing rich people and romping over Europe, and the ensuing excitement of the theatre and the screen, Kay has never once let any of it go to her head: she has always kept her mental feet right on the ground. So it is really little wonder after all that Hollywood's world sophisticate comes home from her exciting travels and finds romance right under her nose.

Up Pops the Past

Continued from page 33

best, but did not expect to land such a fine rôle. Miss Merkel, meet the new Mrs. General Pickett! If this keeps up I will be getting famous—ha!

January 20: I've been busy and days fly. Finished Mrs. General Pickett and today I became a model! First time I ever did anything in this line. Well, I earned \$10 and just for two hours' work, too. Posed for a figure to be made by a Mr. Kessler for a lobby in some hotel. My costume was mostly a flowing one—it practically flowed everywhere—at one time (when a breeze came along) it came near flowing right out the open window, to my great perturbation!

February 8: Something happened today—got a brand new job! Started out early to try and find some posing or acting to do. Heard that Bernarr MacFadden was looking for one more young girl to pose in a series of pictures for one of his romance magazines. During the afternoon I strayed into his outer office and soon found myself in the inner one. It appears that I am hired for the part. And that's news, isn't it? O Una, what is this strange and mighty power you have over men!!! Seriously, tho, I do seem to be lucky about landing new jobs, don't you think so, lil' book? This group of pictures is to illustrate a story concerning "the little country girl who comes to the great be-e-g city and is betrayed. Odd to think I'll soon be doing this unusual sort of posing. But stranger things have happened. I'll do my level best to earn my money.

February 9: Began my first posing at MacFadden's. Got \$25 for posing as "Betrayed Girl with Ch-e-e-ild!" I was quite the embarrassed young thing posing with a strange young man and holding—er—er—his young hopeful in my arms. However, guess outwardly I didn't show any nervous signs, as I was told to return again tomorrow.

February 10: Today witnessed the second MacFadden pose—"Betrayed Girl WITHOUT Child"—ahem—only \$15. Seems like a babe in arms is worth an even ten-spot!

February 15: Still being "betrayed—for Mr. MacFadden and, incidentally, for the \$15! A most annoying thing occurred today, too. It was raining and I was plenty tired from posing. I started for home with suitcases containing my modeling clothes that went to make up the little country miss, and an umbrella. Just came

up from the subway and opened the umbrella when lo and behold, one of the suitcases flew wide open and out hopped all my country garments—funny little hats, shoes, etc., including even my—er—er little country "unmentionables," onto the wet pavement! My face was, I know, decidedly red as laughing bystanders helped me gather up the odd collection. Wonder if they all thought those were really my Sunday best?

February 20: Noticed today an artist advertising for a model needed to finish a picture. I went to his studio and rang the bell. He came to the door very excited and exclaimed: "Whata you want, lady?" I told him and he promptly grabbed both my hands and gave them a piercing look and then fairly pulled me into the house. "I will give you \$5 just to draw the hands!" he cried. Then he explained that he was almost frantic because the woman he had painted did not return the last day to finish posing and consequently, he needed some hands the "worst way"! "You have the mighty nice shaped hands!" he beamed to me, "and I greatly enjoy to paint them." I was terribly flattered and believe me, diary, I ate most royally tonight!

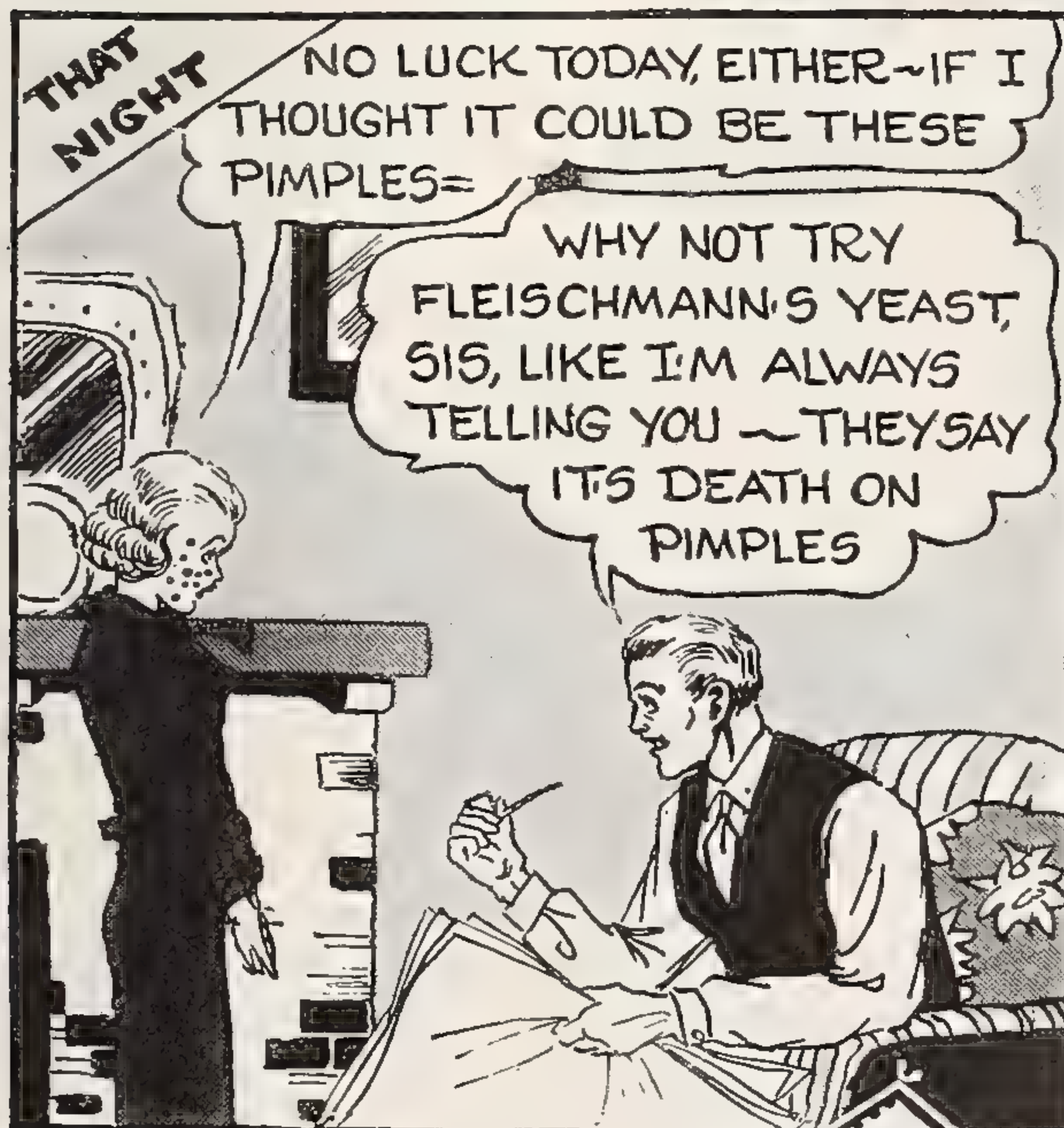
March 3: Posed for another Italian artist today. This time it was also for my hands. However, this man refused to pay me, saying fiercely, "My dear young woman, you should be lucky and a whole lot thankful to do it for nothing—for art's sake alone!" "Art's sweet sake is all right," I replied, "but it doesn't pay your carfares or take care of your groceries!" "Bah!" he hissed, looking daggers at me, "the true artist does not think of those things—the mere material things. No, no—the mind is on a mucha de higher plane!" I wanted to laugh but didn't—and I wanted to argue further but didn't. I knew it wouldn't do any good. He'd simply made up his mind that he was not going to pay



Fanny Brice and Ann Pennington, who play themselves as they were on the stage, in the new picture, "The Great Ziegfeld."



Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job



Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin - and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.



clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood



Take your
Laxative the
CHOCOLATE way

**Ex-Lax is so pleasant
to take . . . so gentle—
so effective**

YOU can, if you want to, swallow some nasty-tasting stuff while your whole self rebels against it. You can strain your system with some violent harsh cathartic. But . . . why?

Why—when you can take a laxative that tastes like a piece of delicious chocolate. And enjoy the mildest, most pleasant and painless relief from that dreaded old enemy to health and loveliness...*constipation*.

More women take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. And so do more men, and children, too. It's America's favorite laxative.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at all drug stores.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

**When Nature forgets —
remember**

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P.O. Box 170 816
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

me. So, this is a day lost except for the experience.

May 27: Posed for a dancing picture to be used by a pianist. Only a tiny little thing to do, but received \$40 for this. Guess I'll buy me a couple of skyscrapers!

June 9: Went to Connecticut to spend a couple of months with my aunt.

September 13: Back in N. Y. and glad! Posed today in some gorgeous gowns for some fashion plates. Must have been worth hundreds of dollars. \$5 was the fruit of my labor.

October 2: Hello, diary, old deah! Had quite a time today. A rather well-known party, Mr. — no, guess I'd better not mention his name even here, for if he ever found out I had, he probably would try to "queer" me with all his artist friends and that'd be the end of Una as a model. So, suppose we just refer to him as Mr. G? Well, I heard through a friend that he needed a girl to pose for some illustrated magazine yarns. I ventured forth and presently was in his studio. Mr. G. turned out to be the very suave, man-about-the-big-city-type. He smilingly motioned me to remove my coat, hat, and jacket. Then he looked at me with a smirk and drawled: "Now, little gal, suppose you show me just how cute you look in a lil' bear skin an' also how nicely itty bitty girlsie can make love? You see, precious, I'm an affectionate soul and I must have my little inspirations!" He got his little inspiration all right. As he came toward me I clinched my fist hard and landed right on his jaw! He went down pronto and I mean he *went down*. I grabbed my belongings and beat it up the street. Angry? I sure was, but as I write this I am amused, too. I never knew I packed such a wallop!

December 7: How time passes. I started work today in something very much a novelty—a talking film. Imagine! What funny things these picture people won't think of next! Director Lee De Forrest worked hard all day and night on his new venture and for my work I received \$30. He asked me to talk into a little instrument so he could tell what my voice really sounded like. I recited a poem—and evidently it pleased him for I am due for a part.

December 14: Just ended five days' work in the above-mentioned film and got \$100. Gosh, if this keeps up I'll have to open up a bank account or something! But I am awfully glad I seem to be getting ahead. Goodness knows, I've tried hard. Don't think this picture will be popular, tho. People go to see moving pictures move and not talk—(or rather, try to talk—some of the talking in this didn't turn out so terrific).

January 1: Here it is 1927! Greetings, diary, with this thought: "Your greatest problem is yourself. You are also your greatest treasure."

June 6: Whew! What a terribly hot day. I feel like a poor little egg must feel when it's being fried! Well, I have four days' work in a film in which Cornelius Keefe has the lead.

June 10: Whoops, I'm rich! Just got my check for \$160 for the above-mentioned work. Incidentally, this picture cost \$10,000 to make and they think it'll bring in over \$100,000. Hope it does.

June 14: I have, it seems, developed Kleig Eyes. Have to rest for the balance of the summer and wear dark glasses. Do my eyes ache? Rather! You won't see me for a spell, little book. Sorry, but can't be helped.

January 1: Another year—1928. Haven't been doing you justice, diary o' mine, but really I have been busy. Today was Mom's and Dad's silver anniversary—25 years married. Seems a mighty long time these days! Such a nice party they had and so

many beautiful silver presents. I was remembered too—someone sent me some magnificent red roses. Wonder who it was?

February 21: My first speaking part on the stage. Opened tonight and the first thing I did was break a mirror. I would! Charlotte Walker is our leading lady. Haven't done any modeling in an age. Guess my posing days are over. My one ambition now is to be an actress.

February 23: Opened show in New York City at Maxine Elliott Theatre and played for two weeks. At least, we're booked that long. I have two lines to utter—but just give me time. I'm rarin' to go!

April 15: Another play, "The Poor Nut," written by a chap named Elliott Nugent, is opening and I have a part—nope, I'm not the poor nut! \$3 per night for three weeks is mine. Nugent, Connie Keefe and Norman Foster are in the cast.

July 20: "Pigs" by John Golden started a run today. He has hired me as an understudy.

July 23: One of the leads in "Pigs" taken sick! Sorry, of course, but her loss is really my gain. I jump in, being given the lead!

July 30: Having a great time (and being paid for it!) playing in the above piece. It's due to run for several weeks, so I'm sitting pretty!

October 27: Am in a new show, "Coquette," and Helen Hayes, a most fascinating little actress is leading lady. She is so kind to me. Took me in her dressing-room today and showed me just how to make up so I'll look my best. Also showed me many of her treasures and pictures she has collected. I think this may be the start of a real friendship. I do so hope it is!

July 20 (1929): "Coquette" is still running—what a show! Closes, I believe, in August. Helen Hayes has turned out to be a real pal. She is so sweet and lovely—not at all like some actresses I could name.

September 14: Strolling up Broadway today I ran into a couple of old friends just in from Hollywood after playing a number of smallish rôles in pictures. It gave me an idea. How would it be if I went to Hollywood? Could I make a successful début in films or would I fail? I wish I knew! I started out playing in films and ended up by modeling and doing stage work. Who knows but Fate now has it up her sleeve for me to go back to the films this time becoming a real actress? I think I'd like that.

January 2 (1930): Can't write much this time as I'm leaving N.Y.C. in about a couple of hours for California—and Hollywood! I am going to be in D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln" and will play the part of *Ann Rutledge*, a wonderful rôle. This will be the second Lincoln film I've been in. Well, so long Broadway—California, here I come!

January 9: Here I am in the world's most-publicized city. It's a bit different from what I pictured it, but I like it out here and really I think I am going to like it a whole lot more as time goes on.

March 20: A funny thing happened today. Was sitting in a chair most comfortably when it started to shake and a voice whispered in my ear, "Come on and stretch, sister, we've got to hurry up this scene!" It was a prop man speaking and before I could say "boo" he had yanked the chair right out from under me and—ker-plunk! down sat Una on the floor like a ton of bricks! I let out a gasp of astonishment and indignation and turned at the prop man. The moment he saw my face he was all embarrassed apologies. "Aw, gee," he aw-gee'd, "I sure am sorry about this, Miss Merkel. I thought it was just your stand-in for this scene that was sit-

ting there airing herself!" Now, I'm wondering if that's the way all the poor little stand-ins are treated! If so, I'm glad I'm not one.

January 1 (1931): Welcome, New Year! May every man and woman find some good kind of opportunity in front of him or her this year and be earnest enough to avail himself or herself of it! Went to a party with the folks tonite and had a fairish time. I am tired, tho, and that bed of mine does look tempting—so—good-night!

October 4: Got a new job. I'm going to be in "Private Lives" with Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery. Believe I am due to play Bob's bride. I like both of them immensely so expect I will have a fine time during this film.

November 23: Just signed a wonderful new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer today! They told me that I did so well with my rôle in "Private Lives" that they wanted me under their thumb so to speak—wasn't that a dandy break?

December 1: Well, I'm growing to love this place called Hollywood more each day—all 'cept the rain! Me-no-likee that! Speaking of rain reminds me of an interesting experience that happened not so long ago. One night on my way home from the store I noticed a sign at the side of the road—it was "Road Closed." I didn't think it meant much—probably that the way was a trifle rough or something, so I kept right on going. I knew mother was waiting for things for a dinner party and it was now nearly six P.M. I decided to chance the road ahead, not knowing how long the detour would be. Lo and behold, I soon found my car stuck fast in a sloppy old mud bank! A lovely-faced lady presently came to the gate of a nearby estate and asked if she could do anything for me. I said if I could only call a garage and have a man sent out to get my car on safe ground. "I'll do that for you right away," she replied. "Oh, don't you trouble," I begged. "Let me do the calling." "Indeed, my dear," she smiled, "it's no trouble at all. Besides, if you take a step out of your car your feet will take a very muddy bath!" She went into her home and called up, soon returning with the information that a man was being sent right away. She remained at the gate, and I again thanked her and told her she shouldn't wait out in the cool air any longer. "Oh, I wouldn't dream of leaving you out here all alone," she retorted, "I shall remain until I see you safely on your way." Finally, she asked me about my work, saying she had seen me once or twice on the New York stage. Then suddenly it came to me who she was—I knew this sweet-faced soul was none other than the renowned Mrs. Leslie Carter! I was so thrilled and happy to have met her—to know that I had talked with America's great stage star.

December 12: Stayed home tonite, sitting before the fireplace and thinking of a certain young man! He's fine in every way. I wonder—if he's thinking of me right now?? He should be, shouldn't he? Sort of returning the favor as it were! I had a fine program on the radio tonight—songs from Old Kentucky—made me just the "wee-est" bit homesick for a moment. Naturally would, having first seen the light of day from Covington, Kentucky.

December 31: Poor Dad's arm is bothering him tonight. Just before starting for Hollywood, he was injured in an accident. Fractured his arm in 7 places. Still bothers him every so often. Strange—but a death or an accident generally occurs previous to a stage opening of mine or the beginning of a new picture. Opening night of my first stage show my grandmother was taken sick and soon passed on. Just before the opening of my second show my



NOW-NO BAD BREATH
behind her Sparkling Smile!

AND THEY USED TO PITY HER AT PARTIES

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, MISS ALLEN, I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE!

WHY MUST SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAVE SUCH A BREATH!

POOR PEGGY—ANOTHER PARTY SPOILED

HE WAS HORRID TO ME—I HATE HIM! AND WHY DO YOU TALK ABOUT MY TEETH—YOU KNOW HOW CAREFULLY I BRUSH THEM!

JUST THE SAME, THEY SAY BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. IT WON'T HURT TO ASK DR. MOORE.

YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED-TEETH. USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM—ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE...AND MAKES THE TEETH BRIGHTER, TOO!

I'LL TRY IT, DOCTOR. I'LL GET SOME COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TODAY.

IT'S WONDERFUL HOW NICE AND CLEAN COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL, MOTHER!

..YOU SHOULD SEE PEGGY NOW

COME ON, PEGGY... JUST ONE DANCE!

GO 'WAY .THIS IS MINE!

THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S. I'LL NEVER BE CARELESS AGAIN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund **TWICE** what you paid.



COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢

aunt dropped dead. The day I started on a recent film here in Hollywood, I received a wire telling me that an old friend of my modeling days in New York had just passed away. He had been ill three days. These were all tremendous shocks to me, but I have to be true to that old stage code and "carry on." In closing this particular year, will you permit me, dear diary, to record two thoughts that have just flashed thru my mind? "God grant I may always be worthy of all the gifts and blessings He has sent me." "Life is the gift of nature, but beautiful living is the gift of wisdom."

January 1 (1932): Surprise, *big* surprise! Una Merkel is no more! Or, rather, Una is now also the proud Mrs. Ronald L. Burla! Yes, I am at last a married lady, married to the certain one I have been dreaming about these past weeks. Well, my New Year's Day marriage proved an old Hollywood superstition, for I appeared in a bridal veil in "Private Lives" and see what happened. "A bride in a play brings a wedding day" was right! I am very much in love and certainly as happy as I have any right to be or as I ever expect to be.

February 4: Started a new picture, "Huddle." Been answering fan mail tonight. Occasionally, I get such interesting letters that I feel as if I ought to reply personally. A most intriguing fan is periodically sending me pieces of a fine set of china! They started to arrive right after my marriage. Nope, hubby's not jealous—he knows how fans are 'cause he's one himself. Evidently, this particular fan of mine is quite wealthy—and if the china keeps pouring in some day I will have a magnificent set.

May 18: Have been working in "Red Headed Woman" with Jean Harlow—working hard, too, has been little Una. Well, that's what I'm paid to do.

August 2: My next rôle is going to be in "They Call It Sin." I'm quite enthused over the part and hope the film turns out big at the box-office.

November 15: Have been hard at work on my rôle in "Whistling In the Dark." Am absolutely tired tonite—too much so to even record another word!

December 25: I think today was the merriest Christmas I've ever spent. I don't think I deserve so many lovely things. One gift in particular I was so thrilled and happy to receive—a gorgeous beaded necklace with a tiny cross attached and it was mailed me from the Sisters at the convent in Kentucky where I attended in my growing-up days. They had heard, they wrote, about my success on the screen and sent gift in "loving appreciation and remembrance of a good little girl who made good in the world." I'll treasure it always and wear it every chance I get. Think of those dear convent Sisters remembering me all these years! Weren't they sweet?

February 27 (1933): Ten minutes ago I completed "Clear All Wires" and now for "Midnight Mary." Mustn't forget to record the Marlene Dietrich party I attended. Was given by the Frank Morgans and didn't turn out such a unqualified success, at least as far as the costume business went. The lady guests were all asked to appear in trousers and shirts and stiff collars. Connie Cummings, myself, and a couple of others were anxious to oblige, so we kept faith with the instructions and weren't at all comfy. Then we discovered the majority of girls present sadly lacked their pants, so to say! Mostly, they wore mannish suits (with skirts) or just plain dresses. Well, Connie, myself and two others did our part anyhow. Then someone at the party had to pipe up and say that every girl in the room would probably quit her trousers the first time anyone made reference to her as "That gal

with the shiny seat!" Probably the truth.

March 10: Just a note to record our earthquake. I was talking to mother-in-law via phone when things first began to happen. "Excuse me," I cried, "but something must be the matter with me for I'm shaking like a leaf!" But the matter wasn't with me (even tho my knees were shaking merrily), 'twas with old mother earth! Everything was doing the shimmy—it was a *real* earthquake!

April 9: Hubby and I attended our first beer party—maybe not our last, tho! Scores of film folk were there. Saw Dottie Jordan, looking—as usual—pretty as a picture. She has an odd little habit of tapping dishes with the silverware. She is cute, I think.

April 20: Have been playing in "Salt Water" at Universal—M-G-M loaned me to 'em. The other day an unusual event happened. Ah, woe is I! 'Twas my hands that sent poor, strapping, six-foot Warren Hymer to the studio hospital for a number of stitches in his scalp, received under fire! It was this way: the action required me to suddenly hit Warren with a water pitcher in this film. The pitcher was of the "breakaway" variety, supposed to break like an egg shell when brought in contact with a solid surface. However, somebody must have used too much cement or something in making the pesky ole thing and as a result, profuse bleeding and seven stitches in the hospital was the price poor Mr. Hymer had to pay. Now everyone is taking great delight in teasing me and asking why I don't pick on someone near my own size!

* * *

P.S.: Well, fans, we've come to the end of my efforts for the time being and I hope nobody is fervently breathing sighs of relief! Some day—if you all want me to—I might write up more excerpts from my more recent diaries. Shall I?

Colman Talks!

Continued from page 13

a tough thing to make her part vital. Yet she has done just that.

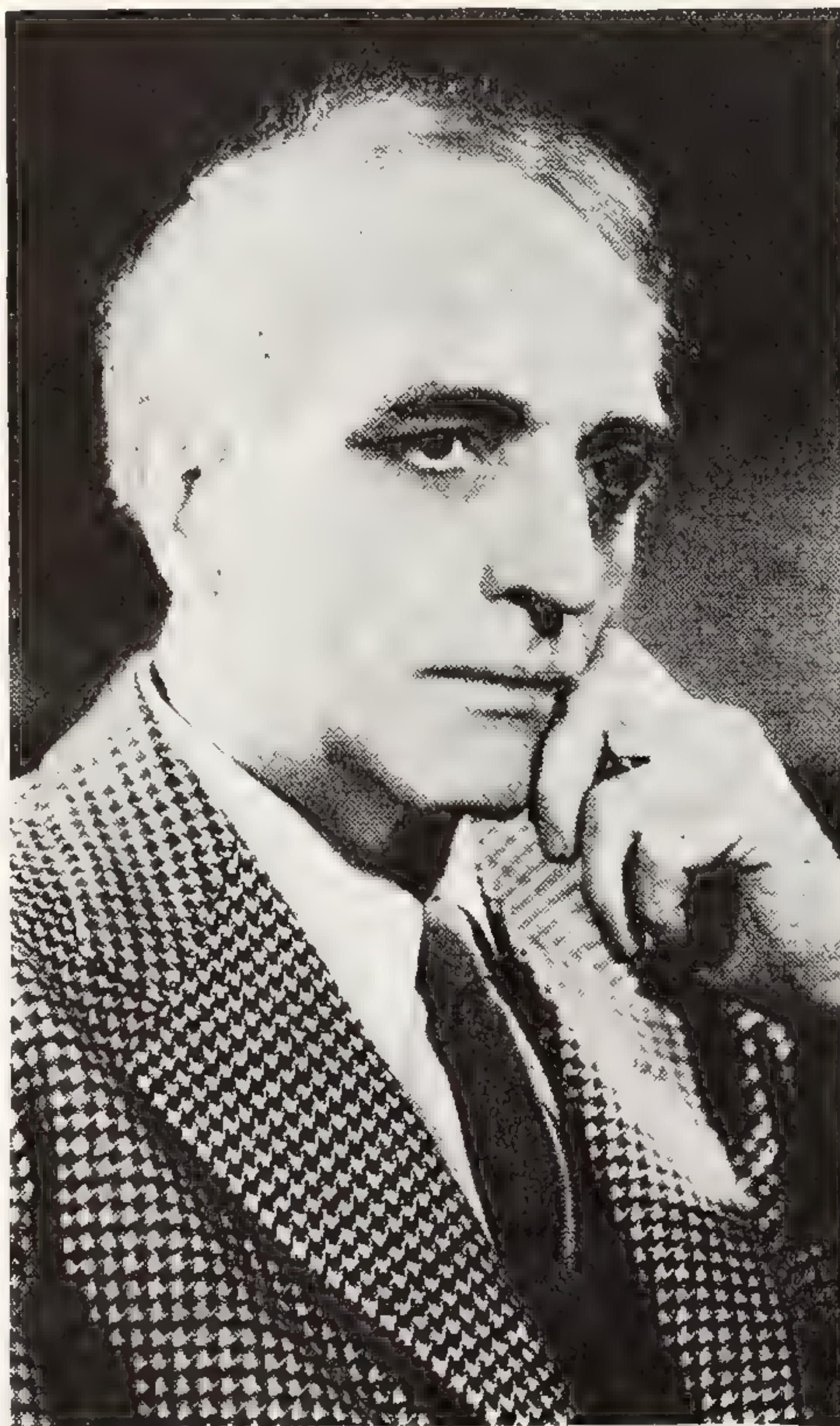
"She stands out in her simple sweetness, in competition to the melodramatic action. The mob scenes, the furore of the revolutionary fanatic, the tragic finale for the hero—I believe you will leave the theatre equally impressed with the Victorian girl mixed up in all the excitement. You'll react to her because she *isn't* blatantly bewitching.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised if this picture pushes her over into the star group. She has applied herself so diligently she deserves it.

"Have you heard how she happens to be here in Hollywood?" Without pausing for an answer, Colman continued. "She is an excellent model for girls who have film dreams. She didn't bother her head with fantastic schemes. She didn't fill her head with any kind of nonsense. Instead, she simply went to work.

"And she had nothing but her own wish to succeed when she started to act in school plays. Oh, her parents applauded her, naturally. But you know how most families are. They're indulgent of your ambitions and nine times out of ten chalk up all your ardor to just youthful pep.

"If you are born into a family that's connected with the stage or screen you have a head start. You grow up absorbing the peculiar ways of this profession. But if you hail from an average community the first steps are tremendous ones.



Fritz Leiber, eminent Shakespearean actor who makes his film début in "A Tale of Two Cities."

"Miss Allan's father and mother are refined folk. Her father's a doctor, and she has two sisters and three brothers. She was the baby. They lived in Skegness, a tiny English town up on the coast of Lincolnshire.

"It was almost the school-teaching business for her. In fact, she did teach for the better half of a year. But she says she had a gay heart during that interlude because she'd cinched her chance to get away to study acting in London. The Old Vic, which is the most famous theatre in England, awards a year's training to a limited number of promising novices. The performances she gave in her school shows put her across!

"I admire Miss Allan because she invariably does what's at hand—as splendidly as she can. She didn't just sit and trust to a miracle, nor lazy through any of the groundwork that's essential to sound progress in any line. As soon as she finished the course at the Old Vic she went looking for a job. Something that augured experience. She didn't press for big money for she realized that would follow when she merited it.

"Then for two seasons she trouped up and down England. With a Shakespearean outfit while still in her 'teens, mind you. Many girls think Shakespeare is too medieval for a second thought. They'd rather be in a Broadway musical show, near to night life and rich playboys, than learning their craft by mastering his won-

derful speeches. They fancy they can eat their cake and have it, too."

When Ronald Colman made that remark I recalled that his own niche in Hollywood had a prelude of genuine striving. He can sympathize sincerely, for he himself has had a struggle in every sense of the word. We have become accustomed to him as a gallant figure in our entertainment world, and maybe you have forgotten the fight he had to wage to rate his opportunity. *He* hasn't!

He came to America when he was down to his last few dollars. The post-War upset had severely crimped the British theatre. There seemed to be no ray of light in his native country, and he embarked with that same hope for a new deal that has stirred many a person into pulling up stakes and crossing the ocean.

For a memorable month he lodged in a drab rooming-house in New York. When he was literally broke his luck finally turned. He persuaded a stage director that he could handle a Broadway rôle and from then on he has been increasingly successful.

But this is incidental. He was still telling me about Elizabeth.

"She landed a part with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, her first London engagement. Her romance had its inception shortly afterwards. The Marshalls had a hunch she and William O'Bryen, a prominent actors' agent, would click. They introduced the two, and O'Bryen's professional interest eventually evolved into a personal one. After two seasons of booking her jobs, he had her sold on him. So they married."

By now we had completed our ice cream finale and were lingering over coffee and cigarettes. Heretofore I hadn't given Elizabeth Allan an extraordinary amount of thought. But if she can rate such a sterling public recommendation from Ronald Colman she must be truly Someone.

"How would you describe her if you were I?"

He wasn't at a loss. Rather, he was quite explicit.

"I imagine," he said, "that your initial impression would be that she's terribly sedate and shy. Her unassuming way and apparent frailty would deceive you. You'd want to be certain everything was just so. You'd stand or sit very straight and wonder if you were being dignified enough. You'd probably be afraid to be frank."

"But after a while you'd learn what a marvelous sense of humor she has. And how regular she is. Despite that poise she has a knack for saying amusing things. You'd wind up proffering her a hamburger!"

"She has less to say about herself than any actress I've ever met. She's well-read and one of her gifts is an ability to read people like books. She can give you the most expert character analyses—and without ever being catty."

"She's invariably punctual. You don't have to remind her of an appointment, no matter how long ahead you've made it."

"I have never seen her in the same attire twice, so I gather she is fond of clothes. In the daytime she always wears sports things. Then in the evening she'll astonish you by showing up in frills. She is especially aware of colors and combines them with a fine talent."

"I think a girl has to have a great deal of drive to get ahead in business. Personally. I also believe a woman is foolish to sacrifice everything else for mere fame and money. As a man is, too, for that matter. Miss Allan has too nice an appreciation of life and too active a sense of humor to be one-hundred-per-cent puppet."

"She is personally popular here in Hollywood because she is co-operative and good company. People want her as a guest because she's fun. She's not an egoist."



YOUR THROAT STAYS COOL!

If overheated rooms make you hot and stuffy, switch to the cigarette that's mildly mentholated to cool and refresh. Each KOOL puff is like letting fresh air into a smoke-choked room. KOOLS are cork-tipped to save lips—and each pack carries a coupon good for many handsome articles of merchandise. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Write today for illustrated Premium List No. 10... and switch from hot smokes to KOOL!

SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME PREMIUMS

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



RALEIGH CIGARETTES... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Quickly...

correct these figure faults



Perfolastic Not Only Confines...it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction — Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS...or no cost!

■ You do not risk one penny... simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results... as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing — and at just the spots where surplus fat accumulates.

NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce, but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the massage-like action of this "live" material. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

SEND NOW FOR FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks — safely! You cannot lose. Mail the coupon now!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 731, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

Obviously she has a fellow-feeling for whomever she's with. They told me at M-G-M that she wasn't the giddy, temperamental sort. They can depend on her. And for that reason alone she's receiving extra recognition from her employers.

"Did I state that she was adept at sports? She has the appearance of a Dickens heroine all right, and you might presume she'd swoon at the least exertion. Contrarily, she isn't helpless or passive. She adores the outdoors. Have you watched her wallop a tennis ball? She rides with supreme ease, and swims as well.

"I approve of her habit of using just a suggestion of make-up. I admire, too, her adaptability. Now that she is working here she has acquired Americanisms, without losing her ties to England and the ones she loves there."

The Lady Talks Back

Continued from page 19

at the Trocadero or the Vendome or Hollywood's grand parties. He avoids premieres and previews where there'll be street crowds. Very few people even here are familiar with his actual self because they never have a chance to pin him down. He generally doesn't tarry long enough to allow chumminess.

"But when you are fortunate enough to be accepted into his circle of friends you quickly find that he is delightfully human. He can be the life of the party—if he knows all the guests well. Then he lets down that barrier that's instinctive towards strangers. Ronnie really isn't shy at all.

"Why, he doesn't like to be alone and usually he has some friends around. He's fond of reading, but he isn't the type to lock himself in a room for hours. He'd choose companionship to books any time.

"I think he is the wisest man in Hollywood because he has not been influenced by the fast furious pace of the town. He lives a normal life—a more natural life than any actor I've met here. He simply declines to be on a superficial rush. And by refusing to participate in every phase of the town he has time for himself.

"Consequently, he is happy. Ronnie is doing the kind of work he enjoys and his 'aloofness' is but a barricade against all the nonsense and high-powered interference that complicates the average player's days. He isn't lonely. He remains out of the local spotlight so he will not be bombarded with gossip and intrigue."

According to Elizabeth, Ronald Colman has no desire to "get-away-from-it-all."

"Once he did have that yen. That's what he was endeavoring to do in Europe during my first year here. When he returned the urge to 'escape' had apparently died. Ruth Chatterton saw him abroad, when he was trying to be idle. She said she never knew him to be so miserable!

"He was originally on the stage, as of course you know, but he expresses no longing to get back to it. Pictures satisfy him. Of course, he wants good ones. When he is ready to play a rôle he attacks it with the zeal of an honor student. Ronnie delves into the history of the story's period. He goes over the plot again and again to determine the author's precise intent.

"He isn't spoiled, and when he comes onto the set there is no special fuss. He arrives promptly and demands no extra privileges. Between 'takes' of scenes he doesn't retire majestically in lonely grandeur, but talks to one and all. There is a strained atmosphere when some stars are working—but never on a Colman set.

It was time for us to bid each other goodbye. I had come to pit my skill at probing against Ronald Colman's flair for being politely impersonal. And again I'd been foiled. He'd spent the entire noon giving me a build-up of someone else.

He rose and shook hands. "Sorry I have to be running on, old boy!" His grin was suave as he added something about hoping I'd got a story.

Well, I think the joke is on him. When Ronald Colman waxes loquacious about a woman, *that's* news. It gave me an idea, also. If he contends that his leading lady in "A Tale of Two Cities" is so exceptional, then she must be. Why shouldn't she be able to divulge some fascinating facts about this elusive idol?

I am making a date with her and I'll urge her to talk back about him!



Goes modern! Miriam Hopkins is to be seen as a girl of today in her new starring vehicle.

He might be a prosperous lawyer or doctor, judging by his conduct. He is completely unconscious of his great vogue.

"I am positive he'll not be the kind who'll hang desperately onto fame. There are celebrities who cling to their youth with a pitiful resoluteness. They have come to believe they aren't just human beings. Ronnie hasn't a trace of that conceit. And here's another strange thing, remembering he's a star. He doesn't want to be gushed over. He wants to be taken for granted, liked—but in a sane style, for the performances he delivers.

"He is very sincere. When he is fond of a person he shows it subtly. He doesn't make a spectacular display of his regard.

"I'd say the reason he has been at the top so long is because he hasn't lost his head, because he's intelligent. He is as careful as he possibly can be about his parts. He's cautious about publicity; the silly sensational stuff is quietly sidetracked. And, of course, he's a hard worker. He never allows pleasure to intrude when it shouldn't. His secret is ability plus conscientious application of the technique he's learned.

"Another notable thing about Ronnie is that he has no 'yes' entourage. As he has accumulated fame and wealth he hasn't acquired a pseudo-royal court. He's not hemmed in by flatterers, fenced off from reality.

"He likes straightforwardness and abhors affected people. He has no inclination for extravagances. He has no chauffeur, as a sample of the simplicity he wants. Ronnie drives his roadster himself.

"His home-life is that of a sophisticated but conservative bachelor. He entertains moderately. Recently he purchased a new place in Beverly. So far none of us have seen it. He'll likely have a dinner for ten or twelve of us soon.

"Tennis is his mania. He indulges every day and his favorite stunt is to invite a group over in the afternoon to play on his court. Then they stay on for supper.

"Ronnie may seem excessively mysterious to Americans, but to his fellow Englishmen his characteristics are only natural. He hates 'scenes.' He is insensible to what doesn't particularly attract him. He's not forward and doesn't care for those who are.

"Actually, he's of Scottish blood. Perhaps that's why he has never been a stock-market plunger! He resisted the get-rich-quick salesmen a few years ago and so doesn't have to moan over gambles that didn't win.

"He is endowed with an appealing humor without being the village wit. Music stirs him deeply and he regrets that he cannot play the organ. He doesn't enjoy dancing, but he does want to take in all of the major sports events. I mean, the tennis matches, the inter-collegiate football games, and the boxing frays. We went over to Pomona once to watch the circus rehearse, so you can see he's open for larks!

"Frequently I've wondered if he has been hurt by someone in the past. He never confesses. The essence of courtesy, a genial companion, he can also be silent for hours. His friends are given to copying him, rather than he their ways. Although he's well-dressed on all occasions, he isn't fussy about his clothes. Often he walks into a shop and picks out ready-made things.

"He seems to have a definite philosophy and it might be summed up as 'Don't Wail!' He calmly secures what he wants, but never is bitter or unkind in his references to others. His chief fear is of being tied down."

I asked Elizabeth, then, what she presumed about his romantic side. Having a husband of her own, her relationship with Ronald Colman is strictly one of friendship, of course. Still, she must have observed a little how he behaves.

"He's *still* a puzzle in that regard!" she exclaimed. "He hardly ever has single dates, almost always accompanying some of the crowd—the Barthelmesses, the Clive Brooks, Bill Powell, Herbert Marshall, and a few others who get along well together. Ronnie is as handsome in person as on the screen and women here are keen about him. But if he has had any heart interests since I've known him he's been superbly discreet."

Since newcomers seldom crash through into Colman's circle I wondered how Elizabeth managed the feat.

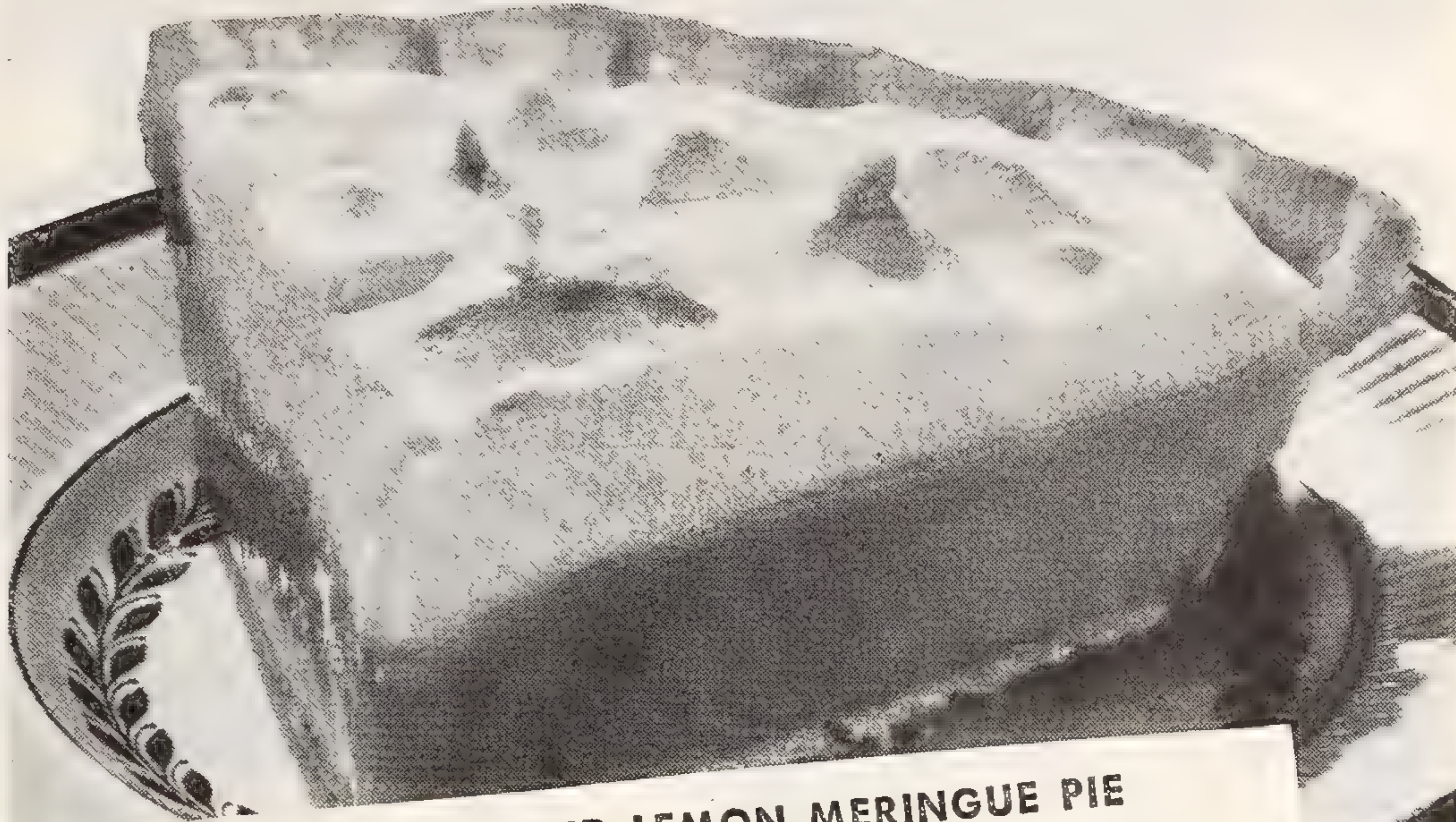
"Luckily we had many mutual friends. So when I was introduced to him he wasn't thinking of me as a stranger. It was 'Liz' and Ronnie from the start. But it's odd that I've come to know him. I was always a fan of his and I was seemingly as distant from him as could be! Ten years ago, by merest chance, I met his sister. I was a school-girl in a village in the north of England. She was married to a doctor and they came to the seashore. They stayed with us for awhile. I was all agog.

"But then I hadn't the faintest idea of becoming an actress or of getting to Hollywood. Or of acting *opposite* Mr. Colman. But life's funny. It's continually amazing us, don't you think? I won that dramatic scholarship. Went on the stage. Then on the screen and on to Hollywood."

Elizabeth pinched herself. "Yes," she sighed reassuringly, "here I am, and talking about Ronald Colman as a friend."

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling

WITHOUT COOKING!



EAGLE BRAND LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or
¼ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind or lemon extract, and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book.) Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill.

• Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie the old way again! • But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc., Dept. SU-16, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Print name and address plainly)

This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.



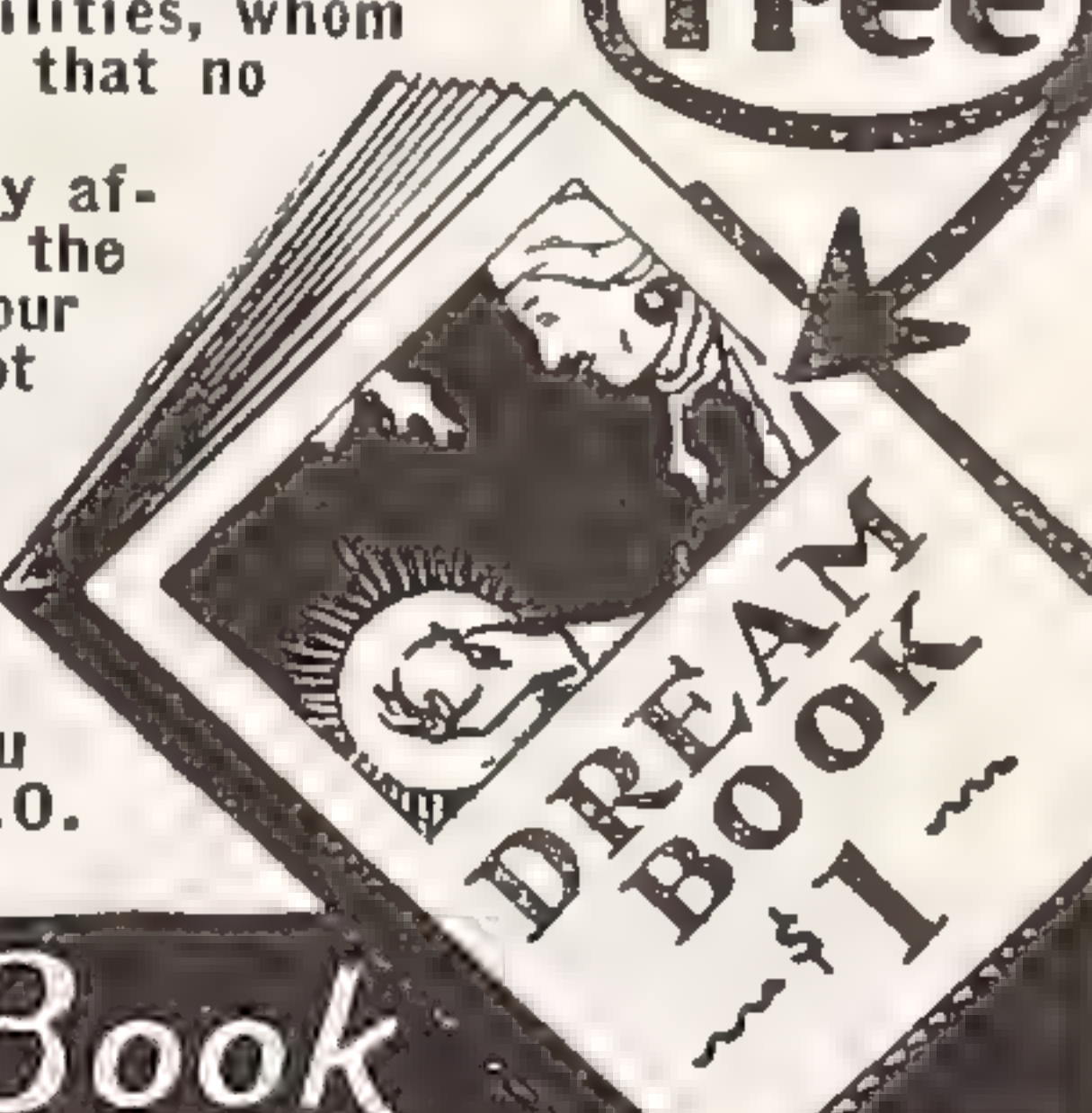


Ask the Stars!

Do you want to know about your chances in life, about love, marriage, children, travel, inheritance, lucky days, lucky colors, best traits, hidden abilities, whom you should marry? Have you questions that no one can answer? Let me tell you how your star of destiny affects your future, and how astrology, the science of reading the stars, answers your questions and personal problems. Do not delay, but send me your exact birth date at once, together with 25c (coin or stamps) for a horoscope and information that may astonish you.

FREE—My private 40,000 word Lucky Dream Book will be included free if you send at once. Keystone Service, P.O. Drawer 7439, Phila., Pa. Studio H-7.

Free



FREE Lucky Dream Book

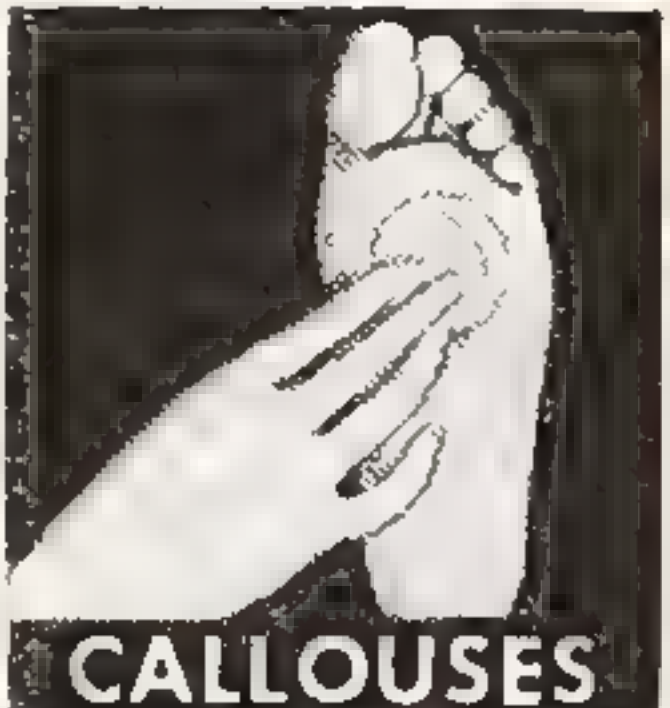
CORNS



Don't cut your corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning, or use caustic liquids or harsh plasters which so often cause acid burn. Be safe and sure—use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing pads relieve pain instantly and stop the cause—shoe pressure and friction. Separate *Medicated Disks* are included in every box for quickly loosening and removing corns or callouses. Get this famous double-acting treatment today at your drug, shoe or dept. store.

New **DE LUXE**, flesh color . 35¢
STANDARD WHITE, now . . 25¢

Made by the makers of Dr. Scholl's
 Foot Comfort Remedies and Appli-
 cances for all foot troubles.



**Dr. Scholl's
 Zino-pads**
 Put one on-the pain is gone!

BE AN ARTIST

WE CAN TEACH
 YOU DRAWING in
 your own home during your
 spare time. Thirty-five years of
 successful teaching proves our ability.
 Artists receive large salaries.

Write today for Art Year Book
SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART

Dept. 716, 10 E. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.



**NOW! SELECT the
 PERFUMES**

1) Ecstasy	4) Gardenia
2) Christmas Breath	5) Magnolia
3) Morning Dew	6) Jasmine

These rare perfumes: \$12.00 an ounce.
 Trial bottles for 10c each (silver or
 stamps) to cover cost of postage and
 handling. (Limit of 5 trials
 to each customer). Just a
 drop a week!

**10c
 EACH TRIAL**

**LEROI GRANDE, 117 W. DENNY,
 PARFUMEUR SEATTLE, WASH.**



Write for **FREE SAMPLE**
GARFIELD TEA CO.,
 Dept. 58, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cleanse Internally

and feel the difference!

Why let constipation hold
 you back? Feel your best,
 look your best—cleanse in-
 ternally the easy tea-cup
 way. **GARFIELD TEA** is
 not a miracle worker, but a
 week of this "internal beauty
 treatment" will astonish you.
 Begin tonight. (At your
 drug store)

GARFIELD TEA

Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 62



Some dazzling hey, hey, by Rita Rio, stage dancer, and the Goldwyn girls, all putting lots of eye-appeal in Eddie Cantor's new picture.

that looked terrible. That *was* discouraging.

"Then at last I discovered stretching exercises. These keep me limbered up and slender but don't put on big muscle tissue."

This series of cat-stretching exercises I am giving you will do these things for you.

You can use a big table for the exercises if you have one available, otherwise get down on the floor.

Lie face down on the floor, legs stiff and straight, toes pressed firmly against the floor, palms flat on floor, about shoulder level.

(1). Stretching every muscle in your body, pull your head and shoulders and the upper part of your body upwards. You should especially feel the pull in the lower ribs and the small of the back.

(2). Let your body down until the chest rests on the floor.

(3). Press down with both hands and pull forward with chest, lifting the head and shoulders slightly.

Here is another good stretching exercise:

Lie flat on the floor with feet fastened together at the ankles and clamped under the rung of a chair to keep them on the ground. If you have a partner, the partner can hold your ankles down firmly. Reach back with the hands as far as possible and seize something firm, such as a table leg, banister, bedpost, or immovable piece of furniture, and stretch and stretch until you feel the pull everywhere in your body.

Next, repeat this stretching face down on the floor.

Now, turn on the left side and repeat stretching; again turn on the right side and repeat.

When this routine is completed, return to first position, untie your ankles and push away the chair, or have your partner release you. Now throw back your arms and grasp the original support; bring up both legs and try to reach whatever support you are grasping with your toes.

Before this I've often recommended watching the family cat and imitating her. Practice the "cat walk" if you're feeling under par. Get down on all fours and walk around the room on your hands and

feet, trying to keep your knees as straight as possible, stiff-legged. In this position, the intestinal tract is pushed up into the chest. It is an excellent health exercise.

Every mail brings letters from girls who worry about being short and want to know how to gain inches. Here is an exercise which worked for one Hollywood player. Whether it actually added inches or whether it was that she learned to hold herself so that she had the full benefit of her real height, I'm not prepared to state.

Do this every morning:

Feet flat on the floor, face the wall and raise arms over head. Stretch up as far as you can. Start easily. Don't try to over-stretch; but each morning see if you can't reach a higher mark. You might make a small mark with your fingernail if they won't let you use a pencil.

This reminds me of a bear story. When I was in Alaska, the bears used the trees in much this same way: the first bear would come along and stretch up as far and as high as he could, leaving a mark there with his claws. Then a second bear would come along and do the same thing. Whichever bear was smallest had to leave those parts, because the biggest bear was boss. It's just animal nature to try to show how big you are!

Girls who long to reduce complain that they can't do without sweets. If you have a craving for candy and are still several pounds on the wrong side of the scales, try this: Take figs, dates and honey and blend them to a thick paste. Cut in squares and keep on hand for your sweet tooth.

Miriam Hopkins makes it a habit to get weighed each morning. If the scale shows that the pounds are creeping up, she omits dinner that day, drinking a glass of milk or a cup of soup instead. Of course, she doesn't do this often.

"My legs are too large!" is an ever-recurring wail in the letters you send me. Perhaps you are so built that big bones prevent your having the very slim leg of your neighbor. But if it's merely excess fat, try this:

Get a pair of long flannel gym trousers that fasten at the ankles and waist and are fleece-lined. Wear these, and either do the bicycle exercises on the floor or ride a bicycle on the road, tearing along as directed in earlier issues.

So many of the girls who take screen tests at this studio fail because they are round-shouldered. The younger set will have to conquer this fault if they hope to have a Hollywood figure.

Exercises for this defect mainly depend upon your own will power. If you are determined to rid yourself of round shoulders, you can do it, but it means eternal watchfulness. You can't afford to slump or relax one minute. When you are standing or walking, keep your eyes on a level; never let your head drop down and consciously keep your shoulders in proper position. When sitting at a table, pull your chair up to it and sit well back in the chair.

The trouble with most of you is that you let yourselves get lazy. You work hard to slim yourselves down to the correct measurements, but the instant you get there, you let go.

"I'm only a hundred and five," I hear girls say in the studio commissary. "I'm going to order chocolate cake and whipped cream today."

You must learn to discipline yourself.

Walk after a heavy meal, if you are overweight.

Rest for half an hour before and after a meal, if you would like to gain. Do you know how to rest? Don't lie down in a lighted room, cramped up in a ball with a book, or try to rest on a couch with the whole family chattering to you. Go off by yourself to a darkened room, stretch out flat without a pillow and relax. Don't talk, don't read, don't think if you can help it!

According to my observation of the girls who come to Paramount Studios, and from the letters you write me from all parts of the world, I believe that the chief complaint of all woman is that fat will accumulate on the hips and abdomen.

In every issue of SCREENLAND I have tried to give some exercise to vary the excellent one of rolling the pounds off and that of bending down to touch the toes with the fingers—both standbys of generations.

Here are some exercises for general reduction that may appeal to you: (1). Sit on the floor and draw the knees up so that the heels are almost touching the thighs. Spread the knees far apart. Grasp the toes with a firm hold. Then swing the feet up over the head, rocking backwards and forwards and bringing the feet down to the floor if possible. Now rock back to the starting position and

kick the heels down, trying to touch the thighs.

(2). Place a soft rug on the floor to lie on and lie down on your back. Swing the feet up over the head, trying to touch the floor with the toes. As your feet bring your hips upward, place your hands under the hips to act as a brace, elbows resting against the floor. After you get into position and the feet are steady and well balanced, kick both legs up and down. As the knees return to the starting position, bring them as near the shoulders as possible.

Begin by doing these exercises once or twice and work up to ten times.

Double chins are apt to be thought of as something dowagers have to worry about, but let me break it to you that young girls are often too fleshy under the jaws. On the stage they just put some rouge on and imagine the roll under the chin isn't seen, but the screen can't be fooled.

Quite often the defect is a question of correct posture and disappears when the girl learns to hold her head up. But if it's really an extra fold, you must do something about it.

Here is a good resistance exercise to strengthen the neck muscles:

With fingers firmly placed behind the neck, use the neck muscles to pull the head upward and back. When the head reaches a position between the shoulders with chin in the air, the forward movement is begun. Press strongly on the back of the head while the tensed neck muscles resist. The movement is continued until the chin rests on the chest.

Do this only a few times, twice a day for two weeks. Then gradually increase it. Vary it by lying down on a couch with the head projecting over the edge. In this position, the weight of the head takes the place of resistance with the hands.

Additional exercises for making over your neck are these:

(A). Sit or stand erect. Thrust your chin forward vigorously as though you were pushing something with it. Relax and repeat quickly six to ten times.

(B). Stand erect with hands on hips. Turn your head as far left as you can, then lower it backward with chin up. Now slowly lower chin until it rests on your shoulder. Raise head up and back again and repeat slowly six to ten times. Now turn your head to the right and repeat the exercise with face in that direction.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 6

to $\frac{3}{4}$ beef or lamb, season the meat highly with poultry seasoning and onion, add egg, flour and milk.

"I never eat potatoes, bread or pastry," sighed Ann, giving a covetous glance at the cornucopia nearest her, which was spilling its strawberry and cream filling in a mouth-watering blob.

I must have will power or something, but I never touch those things! They tell me that if I'd worry more I might get very thin and so be able to eat more, but I'd have to find something to worry about first! Kaffebrod is something like coffee cake and you can buy it anywhere. But Kraemmerhuse is something special."

Kraemmerhuse

These are cornucopias filled with whipped cream topped with strawberry jam. For the pastry Mrs. Lake uses:

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour
Whites of 8 eggs

First melt the butter, mix flour and sugar together and stir in while the butter is warm. Lastly, beat in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Have your pastry sheet hot, and brush well with butter. Drop the thin batter on with a teaspoon. It must be paper thin and spread in oblongs. Bake in a hot oven, very fast, until light brown. Shut off oven, leaving sheet inside. Remove pastries, one at a time, flute with a knife and roll into shape. Cool, on a cakeboard which is exposed to the air.

"Yes, they are good," agreed Ann, enviously, as I lifted a forkful, "but you haven't tasted anything until you've eaten one of Mother's holiday cakes. We have them all through the holiday season and



Is THERE some one for whose benefit you'd like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamp-lit living-room? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamplight—make up your face as usual (omitting all eye make-up to start with). Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with LASHTINT. And shade the same eyelid with a little SHALETTE. Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, clearer, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, darker lashes. That's eye beauty! You'll never neglect it—or KURLASH—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. (\$1 at good stores.)



LASHTINT, the liquid mascara, may be applied while the lashes are being curled. Touch the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of KURLASH. LASHTINT will darken the tips delicately and it doesn't crack, stiffen, wash or weep off—in black, brown, or blue, \$1.

Another clever trick is to rub KURLASH on the lashes before you curl them, so they'll be silken and full of dancing rainbows. KURLASH is a scientific formula for eyelash luxuriance. 50c and \$1.



• Have you tried TWISSORS—the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient—25c.

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. S-1.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Be An ARTIST



**Make \$50 to \$100 a Week
Learn at Home This
Amazingly Simple Way**

More and more trained Artists are needed each year. 28,531 magazines, advertisers, newspapers, printing houses, etc., pay good money for art work. Our simple, proven, personalized method makes it fun to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing quickly, AT HOME, in spare time.

Big Artist's Outfit Given

Drawing board, paints, brushes and all materials you need to learn and earn come with very first lessons. Actual fun learning to draw this new way. Be an artist and make big money!

FREE BOOK

Our big Free Book describes latest developments and wonderful opportunities in this fascinating field and gives full details of this quick, simple method. Tells all about our students—their successes—what they say—actual reproductions of their work—and how many earned big money even while learning. Mail coupon below or postcard today. State age. (No salesman will call.)

\$125 a Week!

—that's what our graduate, Miss L. F. of Brighton, Ontario is making—selling her work to Montreal stores!

\$3000 for W.R.K.—of Newark, N. J. He writes that just two contracts brought him that neat sum!

\$3380 a Year—that's what our graduate R. K. K. of Michigan, is drawing as Art Director of a big engraving concern!

Free Book shows how

Washington School of Art, Studio 171
1115—15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Please send me, without obligation, your Free Book, "Art for Pleasure and Profit".

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Skin Help

When surface pimples
spoil looks or eczema
torments you

Send for
FREE SAMPLE
Poslam Co.
STATION G
NEW YORK

POSLAM

WORKS FAST

EARN AT HOME

Addressing envelopes & Mailing Circulars for Mail Dealers, in spare time. Earn from \$10 to \$20 weekly. Experience not necessary. Send 3c stamp for application and full details. Write today.

THE WILSON COMPANY
Dept. S. Long Beach, California

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

STAMMER

Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 35 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 500, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES

BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET. UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 604 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

BUNIONS Reduced Quickly



BUMP GOES DOWN!
Pain stops almost instantly. Then blessed relief! **Fairyfoot** helps reduce painful, ugly bunions. Foot soon appears more natural. **Fairyfoot** is easy to use, entirely harmless. Used on over two million feet since 1897. Write for FREE trial treatment. **Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago**
1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 3811 **FREE PROOF!**

eat them with a sweetish sort of port wine.

"Oh yes, there's another special dish we're all fond of at holiday-time! We serve it at ten o'clock supper Christmas Eve, or any night when we're having a party around that time. It's hot cooked rice with cinnamon and melted butter, and we serve it with hot coffee or wine.

"I don't know how to cook, but I plan all my own meals because I always know what I want.

"Last year at holiday-time was the first year we'd all been together for so long! My sister Bonnie composes music, and sister Marion writes the words for her songs; I play the piano and Mother the violin and we all sing—and so do all our guests—or else!

"When the George Murphys or the Paul Kellys are over, we usually wind up playing hearts—I've always loathed cards and wouldn't play bridge on a bet—but hearts are a lot of fun."

Ann has a big play-room downstairs where her guests can frolic. Frolicking is one of those things that hold no interest for their hostess.

"My mother is the one in this family who loves to play," she commented. "She was born young and she gets younger every year. Marion and Bonnie and I are ever so much older. She's the eternal ingénue, with a perfectly grand sense of humor. You'd never believe how youthful she is, to look at her. She's a large, motherly-looking person with a broad sweet face, but she's a baby underneath. She won't associate with anyone of her own age. 'They are much too elderly for me!' she'll say, and she'll trot out with one of my sisters' boy friends.

"Indeed, I'm not fooling! She goes out partying with my sisters and their friends, or if one of the girls can't keep a date, Mother keeps it for her. And the boys are delighted to take her because she always has such a marvelous time."

The patio outside Ann's living room is her special pride and joy because she did it all herself. It has a brick floor. When Ann took the house, the bricks were an ordinary red.

"That certainly won't do!" cried the girl who always knows what she wants, "I'll settle that!" She flew for a paint-brush. In no time the bricks were a cool, soft green. The table and chairs she painted white. The touch of color is frequently changed, for it consists of flowers.

"I don't like the living room as it is," complained Ann, surveying it from the French doors that lead out to the patio. (There's a magenta rug on the floor, magenta drapes at the windows, gay chintz-covered chairs with twin chesterfields facing each other across the hearth, a low coffee table between. A staircase rises from one side of the room; on its

landing, some four steps up, an inviting bookcase.)

"I'm gradually doing over the entire house, and I'll soon get to this," she nodded a purposeful head. "The first thing I shall do away with are the glass curtains, the somber drapes and this awful rug. Yes, and I don't like the lamps, either! Probably there isn't anything I *do* like!"

The rice holiday pudding mentioned above connotes a special blessing.

"In earlier days, Danish families used to serve it in a very big dish, with a great lump of butter in the middle and cinnamon sprinkled over all," I was informed. "Then, in order to receive the blessing, each member of the family, or their friends present, took a spoon and ate from the dish together, taking a spoonful of rice, dipping it in the melting butter and eating it that way. Now, of course, separate portions are served, and I suppose few people think of the blessing.

"In Denmark, and among Scandinavian people who have settled in villages here, the legend of the blessing in this dish still exists. If a woman is ill—no matter whether she has a broken leg, scarlet fever, or the mumps!—she can be helped if a neighbor brings her the rice. The neighbor spends a whole morning cooking the rice in the finest cream, then she puts it on the best plate she owns and wraps it in her finest embroidered cloth and brings it to the sufferer. She sits by the bed while her patient eats the rice, and then departs satisfied that she has done her duty in offering health to the sick. It will do you good, they believe—and you eat it, no matter if the doctor has said you mustn't have starch!"

Mrs. Lake also gave me the recipe for her famous holiday cakes. They are called "Kleiner" and are supposed to be eaten, as Ann told me, with a sweetish sort of port wine—or coffee.

Kleiner

(Danish Christmas Cakes)

4 eggs, beaten well with a cup of sugar
¼ lb. nut margarine

(Mrs. Lake always uses margarine for these delicacies because they are fried in deep fat and butter is not satisfactory.)

2 tablespoons cream

4 cups sifted flour

A little cardamon

Grated rind of ½ lemon

Roll the batter out very thin, cut in 6 inch strips. In each strip make a hole in the middle and pull the ends through the middle, so that result is rather like a figure eight. Drop these figure eights into deep fat, very hot, and fry until they are light brown. Dry them on butcher paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve with coffee or wine.

Freddie's New Adventures

Continued from page 57

yet. So I try to think about him, in case of being too disappointed if he should turn into a dream.

But when they first told me, I could hardly contain myself, and ran up to Cis in the dressingroom and cried: "I have a horse, I have a horse"—only it was slightly premature, but I didn't know it at the time. And then, strangely enough, I burst into tears. And Cis said: "But why are you crying?" And I didn't know, except that I was so happy, which is a queer reason for crying, when you come to think of it.

Then Cis said: "But, Freddie, what can

I do with a horse? You'll be wanting me to take an elephant next." So I assured her that an elephant is the last animal I'd ask her to have, which seemed to relieve her. And I promised her my five cents a day—that's my allowance—to board him, and his name would be Thundercloud. But she still looked a little dubious—you see, she doesn't love horses quite as much as I do—in fact, she really doesn't know much about them, do you, Cis darling, except that they have four legs, and she doesn't like me to ride one unless he practically promises to amble along at about two miles an hour and bring me back with my bones

in good condition. That's a lot to promise.

That's where my friend, Roly Leigh, comes in very handy, because he generally champions my cause, and Cis has great respect for his judgment. Roly very seldom says no to anything, but when he does say no in a strange way, I can tell he means it and I never argue. That's one thing about Roly, I know just how far I can go with him. But being a gentleman, he realizes the importance of things like guns and knives and animals and the rougher side of life. When we're trying to persuade Cis about something, he'll sort of look at her out of the corner of his eye and say: "I think we've got her halfway. There's a light in her eye that tells me she's giving in." Well, of course, I didn't have Roly there to help me about the horse, so I had to depend on myself alone. So I watched anxiously, and presently I saw this giving-in light appear in Cis's eye, and she said: "But it must be a brown horse." And I threw my arms



Villainy works for Cupid! The fear motive drives Ann Sothorn into Eddie Lowe's arms. Good work!

around her, because that meant I could have him. But whether I will or not is the burning question.

I have a beautiful dog, though—a spaniel that Constance Collier gave me. That's how I named him Concol—Con for Constance, you see, and Col for Collier. He's a very sensitive dog and rather nervous, and you must never spank that sort of dog, even when he's naughty, because it hurts his feelings so dreadfully, poor little fellow, and you'll find it difficult to soothe the injury away. You must just talk gently to him and reason with him, and that helps him to control his emotional statsttics. Because now when Concol wants to go out, even at night, he patters over to Cis and puts his paws on her bed and licks her hand very lovingly so as not to startle her, but just to suggest what he wants. I hope he's happy with us, but sometimes when he looks up at me, his eyes are so sad that I can't help putting my arms around him and asking him what makes him so sorrowful. Only of course he never answers. But Cis says dogs' eyes are just made that way, and he really likes us.

Perhaps you remember my telling you last time about the *David Copperfield* preview. Well, I recalled noticing on that occasion that many of the ladies wore flowers pinned to their dresses, so when I heard we were going to the *Anna Karenina* preview, I saw that Cis must have flowers too. I saved up all my nickels for a month and consulted Roly, and he advised me to give them into his keeping

and he would buy the corsage. Cis invited Roly and his friend to dinner, and Roly gave me the box secretly, which was very beautiful and had a lovely bunch of pansies tied in the ribbon. Then at the last moment, I realized that I hadn't provided for Roly and his friend, so I hastily scrambled around and found a package of cards—of course, they'd been unfortunately used but were still quite shiny—and I took three cigarettes from Cis's box and marched in with my booty.

I put the cards at Roly's place and the cigarettes at his friend's and then, just as I was about to present the flowers, Gladys walked in who waits on our table. She had never met Roly and his friend, so I introduced them, and then to my horror I saw that Gladys was the only one who had nothing. But luckily my eyes fell on the pansies in the ribbon, and knowing that dear Cis wouldn't mind, I presented the pansies to Gladys and then gave the remainder of the box to Cis, which had two lovely gardenias and she pinned them to her dress for the preview.

Then quite recently I felt the need of money again for my uncle, who came down from Canada to see us. It was the first time I'd met him. He'd met me, of course, when I was young, only I was too young to remember his face. Well, this time I had nothing saved up because of insufficient warning, so when a man came around to the schoolroom selling neckties, I borrowed a dollar and two cents advance on my pay from my tutor, Miss Murphy—the two cents is the tax—and bought a necktie. And next time I saw my uncle I said: "I have a lovely present for you. It cost a dollar and two cents."

And then a most exciting thing happened. Because my uncle gave me two gold cuff links with FB on them—meaning Frederick Bartholomew, which is his name as well as mine and my grandfather's. And I could hardly speak when he gave them to me, because they were cherished mementums as well as gold cuff links with a little diamond in them. And I wore them to Roly Leigh's party, also my uncle's gold watch which he loaned me with a very lovely chain right across the waistcoat. I couldn't help being a little nervous in the car on the way to the party, and I said to Cis: "You know, Cis, I really ought not to have these valuables on. What if we were held up?" But we weren't.

My uncle really met us first at Yosemite on our way to San Francisco for a holiday and personal appearances. And when we went to Camp Curry to see the firefall, a rather curious thing happened. Do you know what the firefall is? Well, it's a sort of sacrament in memory of the Indians, who used to have it. They start burning a great big pile of pinewood for about two hours, and just as it gets redhot like coals—only it isn't coals, it's entirely logs—they push it over the edge and it falls a few thousand feet in a *sheer drop* before it hits again. That's at nine o'clock every evening, and meantime they sing beautiful cowboy songs. Well, it was quite dark before we got there, and I saw a man approaching, only it was too dark to see his face, and I said: "Is this the firefall?" And what d'you think he said? He said: "Is this David Copperfield?" though he couldn't see my face either, but he said he recognized my voice from the question. That was a curious thing, wasn't it?

And in San Francisco, I made personal appearances with *Anna Karenina*. I love personal appearances, because I like to meet all the people in the audience. I'll always remember San Francisco, because Cis generally stands in the wings where I can see her, but this time she stood in the theatre. And it seemed so strange not to see her in the wings, so when I came

BID THAT COLD BE GONE!

**Oust it Promptly with This
Fourfold Treatment!**

BEWARE of a cold—even a slight cold—and *any* cold! A cold can quickly take a serious turn.

What you want to do is treat it promptly and thoroughly. Don't be satisfied with mere palliatives. A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. That's common sense. A cold, moreover, calls for a cold treatment and not for a cure-all.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold. First of all, it is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for half a dozen other things as well. Secondly, it is internal medication and does four important things.

Fourfold Effect

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Bromo Quinine—and the few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense. Ask firmly for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and accept no substitute.



A Cold is an
Internal Infection
and Requires
Internal
Treatment



**GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO
QUININE**



LUSTROUS COLOR!

FLIGHT presents a superlative lipstick of unsurpassed indelibility... lustrous color, borne by a new emollient base which banishes forever all danger of dryness and irritation. You would expect to pay three times as much for the protection that only **Flight** can give.

A worthy companion to this unequalled lipstick is the **Flight** rouge compact—which can only be fully appreciated by being tried. Like the lipstick, it comes in all popular shades.

These, and over a score of other beauty requisites bearing the **Flight** label and guarantee are sold by thousands of good dealers everywhere—and all at the sensible price of 35c.



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

STOP that ITCH... IN ONE MINUTE...

Simply apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Quickly relieves the itching torture of eczema, eruptions, rashes and other skin afflictions. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless, and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness. **Artificial Ear Drum**
THE WAY COMPANY
755 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

WANTED!
ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS
for immediate consideration
M. M. M. PUBLISHERS
Dept. SU Studio Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE.

WANT A U.S. GOVERNMENT JOB?

START \$1260 to \$2100 Year
COUPON
Men-Women
Get ready
immediately.
Common educa-
tion usually
sufficient.
Mail Coupon
today sure.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,
Dept. D317, Rochester, N. Y.
Sirs: Rush to me without charge (1)
32 page book with list of many U. S.
Government Big Pay Jobs. (2) Tell me
how to get one of these jobs.
Name.....
Address.....

on the stage I wanted to know where she was. And I said to the people: "You know, my auntie's out there with you." But of course I couldn't see her, the theatre being dark and Cis rather small, though she imagines she's not and always thinks she must lose about two ounces. So she goes without breakfast and she goes without lunch and by dinner time she's so hungry that she eats it all up and nearly has mine as well.

But coming back to the theatre, I called: "Cis darling, where are you?" But she didn't answer, not even the second time. Then my uncle whispered from the wings: "She's all right Freddie." So I said: "Well, she may be a little bit bashful," and I blew her a kiss and went on with the personal appearance.

Then there's another personal appearance I shall never forget, because it made such a vivid impression on my mind, only perhaps I shouldn't call it a personal appearance, as it didn't happen in a theatre but the Hollywood Bowl where they play beautiful concerts. The end of the concert arrived, and three men walked out with the American flag, and then they played the *Star Spangled Banner*, which is the same to this country as *God Save the King* is to England. Then I went out to say a few words, and Dr. Schelling held me up to the microphone, as it was too tall for me. And suddenly I saw the star spangled banner floating over my head, and it seemed a sort of symptom of all the kindness people had rained on me in America, and I felt I loved it dearly.

So I said: "I feel so proud to be standing under the American flag—" though, come to think of it, I wasn't really stand-

ing at all on account of being too short and my legs were twined around the leg of the microphone, but that didn't occur to me at the time. So I said: "I feel so proud to be standing under the American flag. I love it almost as much as I love my Union Jack."

There are many American things I love, besides the star-spangled banner, only I can't give you a list because it would be far too long. Chewing gum is one and cowboys and various expressions like "Hot dog" and "Oh, boy" and "Scram." I adore "Scram." I don't know why. I like it. We don't have it in England.

That's one reason I particularly enjoy my new picture, *Professional Soldier*, because I'm a boy king and Victor McLagen kidnaps me and takes me to America, where I have a chance to play baseball and use numerous slang expressions. He thinks I'm a grownup king, and we're both equally surprised when we see each other, and I ask him: "Are you Dillinger?" I like that too. "Are you Dillinger?" But of course he isn't, but much nicer, and on seeing that I'm only a boy king, the nobler nature within him stirs and he becomes gentle instead of ferocious, and decides not to take me. But the boy king insists, because he likes the idea of being kidnapped. Quite a jolly story, isn't it?

Well, that's as far as I've gone in my life, so there's nothing more to relate. Only if you're putting it in a paper, will you put something in for me? Because I'd like to thank all my friends for all the letters they send me and the lovely mementums. And I'd like to tell them I'm very happy indeed and wish them the same.

Here's A Continental Close-Up of Charles Boyer

Continued from page 17

his English failed and with descriptive gestures he showed me what Ruth had taken up. It was aviation.

"Before starting the film we went with the director to Vienna, Budapest, the Tyrol and Venice. At Venice and Meyerling we lingered to absorb all the atmosphere we could for the film. Of course it's quite different from the Imperial days in which our film is laid. Still it was wonderfully interesting. Neither my wife nor I had been in that part of Europe so we had a sort of honeymoon trip. The wine gardens of Vienna are divine.

"When we started the film my wife went to the country with my mother. My mother speaks no English. When they returned I was surprised at Pat's flow of French. That is what necessity will do, yes? I'm working so hard I see very little of her so she goes with a lot of my French friends, consequently her French is improving constantly. She will soon insist on talking French with me, I fear!

"We saw Maurice Chevalier the other night at the Casino. He seems more popular than ever with the French. He was grand."

I happened to be at the Casino that same night and on watching Boyer and his wife I marked how he enjoyed the show and his pleasure at Maurice's success. Though Chevalier may have slipped in America he still has Paris at his feet.

All of this chatting was at odd times between scenes of Hapsburg splendor and been garden frolics. An orchestra continually played old Vienna waltzes and I lingered on charmed by it all. Soon it ended and with a bump we were in modern Paris.



Right after our Paris reporter interviewed Charles Boyer, the star and his wife sailed for New York. Above, their arrival. Hollywood next stop!

We went over to Boyer's house to see his lovely young wife, Pat Paterson. On entering I admired the apartment which occupies two floors overlooking Parc Monceau.

Miss Paterson's eyes brightened. "Yes, isn't it attractive? Charles had it all done up to surprise me on my arrival."

In the same house live the great French actor, Victor Francen, and his wife Mary Marquet, of the Comedie Francaise, National Theatre.

"I love Paris," continued Miss Paterson, "but I'm really anxious to get back to Hollywood. Back to work and my dogs! It's all right for Charles here, for he is working, but I'm itching to get back to work myself."

I asked her plans and she said she would free-lance, having broken her contract with Fox. "There is always one who must make

the sacrifice and I did that when I married Charles. He has to be in Paris each year and I couldn't be under contract and get off at exactly the same time he does, so I plan to arrange my work to fit in with his."

She is a radiantly lovely young creature with beautiful frank eyes and flashing teeth. I asked her for some snapshots of their trip and she laughingly told me how they took along two cameras vowing to snap all sorts of pictures. They returned to Paris with the cameras absolutely unused. Just enjoyed themselves and photographed the lovely scenes in their memories.

All well and good for them but I thought of the countless fans who would love to see some of the results. I determined to go to the station armed with a camera and snap them boarding their boat train—that is, if Boyer in his dash from the studio has a moment to pose on the top step!

Movie Bachelors at Home

Continued from page 31



Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant seen in their first screen appearance together, in "Sylvia Scarlett."

used the desk very much anyway, but—that it is decorative! Adding, that Randy loved to write when the spirit moved him but the spirit moved seldom.

Down the hall is a cozy combination den and bar that one easily surmises is a popular rendezvous. Both being backgammon experts they keep a table always set, ready to squeeze in a game or two between jumps. Randy says they are ever battling the element of time but can't keep up with it.

As we started upstairs, Cary suddenly exclaimed, "I'll bet the beds aren't made yet. Give me a minute—that's one of my accomplishments,"—but Randy and I convinced him that unmade beds were unimportant, so the procession moved onward and upward.

Opening the door into a large sunny room, Cary announced with a flourish, "We flash the best—first. This is our guest room, that is never used, worse luck!"

"Except by Fred Astaire," interposed Randy. "He insists on monopolizing it when he comes down for a swim and so far, it belongs exclusively to him."

Astaire certainly knows how to choose,

for the room is like a bower of Spring blossoms in its shades of pink, and the soft rose carpet is surely kinder to his dancing feet than the cement floor of the basement dressing-rooms.

The boys' bedrooms face the ocean. Cary's is decorated in yellow, all the way from golden to cream; while Randy's is most effective in white and red, and both are thoroughly masculine in simplicity. The dressing-rooms and baths follow the same decorative scheme of color.

Aside from the unmade beds, not a single thing was out of place. No loose ties or stray shoes were in sight, and a glimpse into the closets and dresser-drawers revealed perfect order.

"Perhaps being orderly is simply a case of the least resistance," observed Randy. "We're always in such a hurry and hate to waste time rummaging around for things. It is really easier to put them away when we take them off."

Standing at the window watching the waves splash against the beach, he went on, "I love the sound of the breakers at night, it lulls me to sleep. You see, my bed is only about a hundred feet from the ocean. Not that I need lulling—I'd probably sleep all day if someone didn't raise a commotion to wake me up."

Probably it is because these two are so temperamentally unlike that they live in perfect harmony, with never an argument between them. Cary is English and is impulsive, impetuous, and gay; Randy, from Virginia, is quiet and composed. He also is blessed with a gorgeous sense of humor.

Randy explained, with his slow smile, "There has ever been a bond between our people. Remember, the South was settled by the English; we have always understood each other."

There are, however, some amusing differences. For instance: Both have large wardrobes which they prize, but Randy carefully swathes his clothes in paper bags to insure against moths, while Cary contends the bags keep the moths in and so refuses to use them. He has a trick of leaving his closet door open a wee crack so there will be a circulation of air.

Cary prefers white flowers for house decorations. Randy doesn't care about the color just so there are plenty of them.

Being English, Cary craves meat; he doesn't care a rap about vegetables or sweets. Randy must have his vegetables and he likes desserts, to say nothing about a weakness for hot biscuits and fried



Here's a NEW ARLISS
for you... He's a happy-go-lucky rolling stone

GEORGE
ARLISS
as a lovable vagabond
MISTER
HOBO

COMING SOON to your
Favorite Theatre

DIRECTED BY MILTON ROSMER

A  Production



TIRED Eyes?

Murine cleanses and refreshes tired, irritated eyes.

For eye comfort use it daily.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

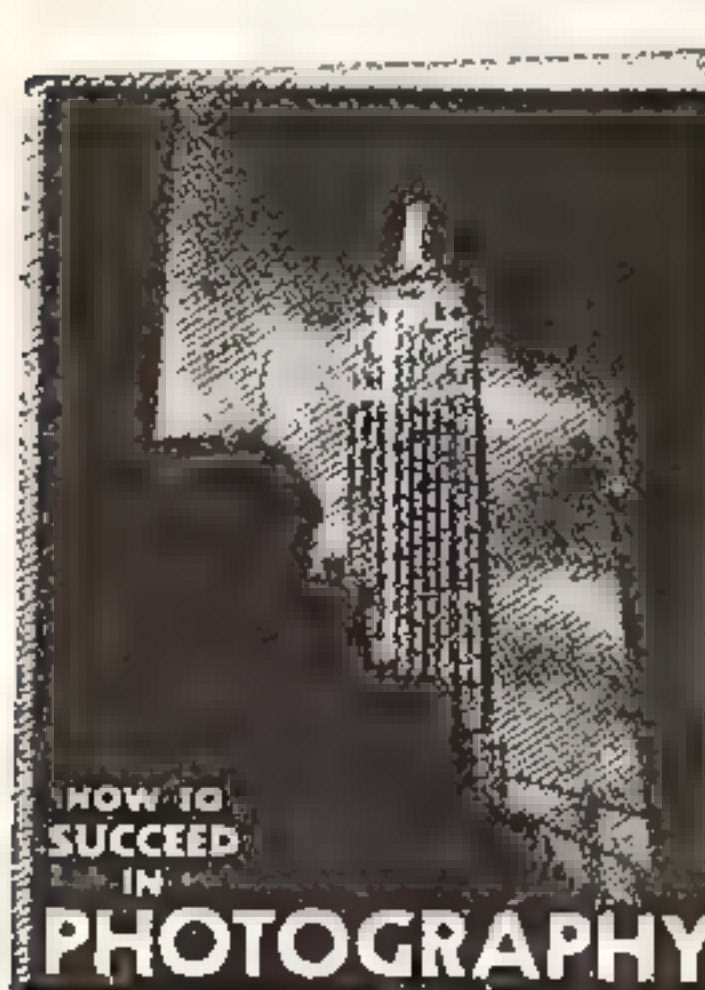
Valuable booklet, "A World of Comfort for Your Eyes." Murine Co., Dept. 15, Chicago.

Free

BACKACHES due to MOTHERHOOD

Having a baby puts a terrible strain on a woman's back muscles . . . frequently causes years of suffering. Allcock's Porous Plaster does wonders for such backaches. Draws the blood to the painful spot . . . shoulder, back, hips, arms, legs. Pain stops quickly. Allcock's is the original porous plaster . . . take nothing else. Lasts long, comes off easy. Also excellent for chest colds. 25¢ at druggists or write "Allcock, Ossining, N. Y."

ALLCOCK'S



50 Ways to make money in PHOTOGRAPHY

Fascinating, profitable occupation. COMMERCIAL, NEWS, PORTRAIT, MOTION PICTURE Photography. Personal Attendance and Home Study training. 25th year. Let us show you the wonderful opportunities for a successful career in this growing field. Free booklet.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
10 West 33 St. (Dept. 60) New York City

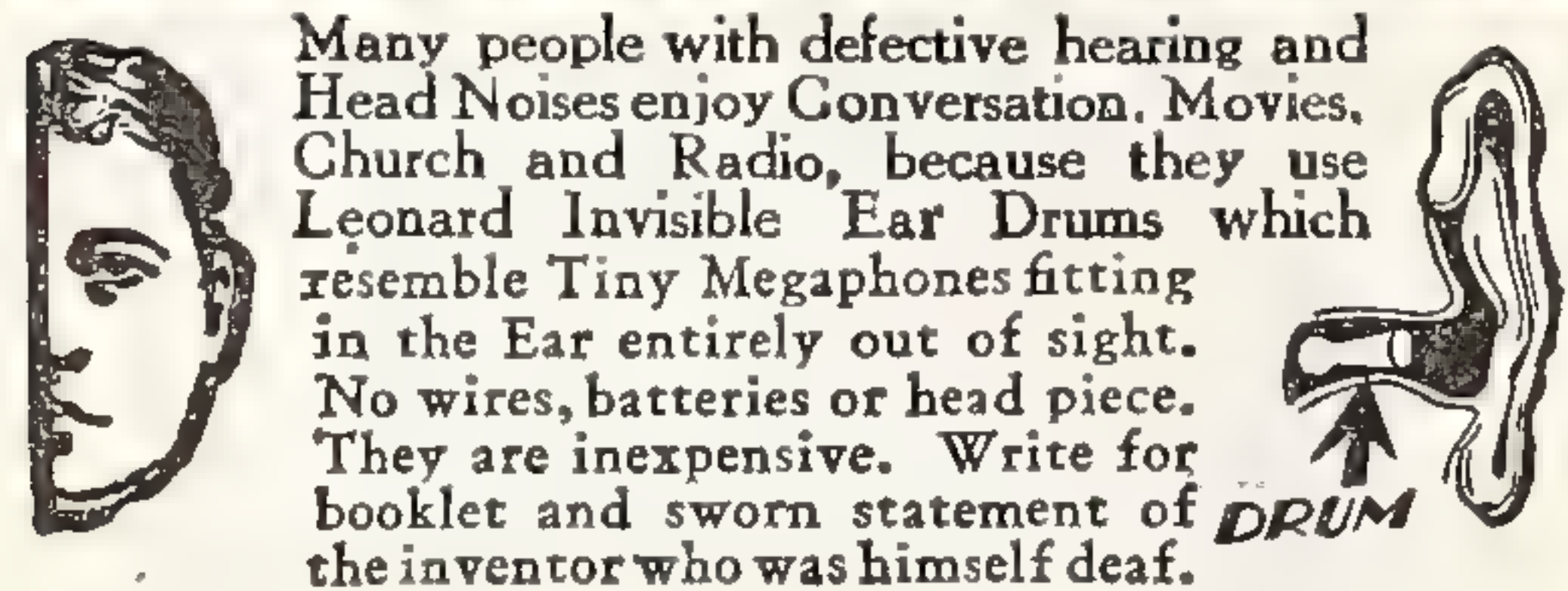
THIERS RAGE

From Romantic old Spain comes Rage Perfume with its lingering, haunting fragrance.

Obtain at the better perfume counters—or—send fifty cents for generous acquaintance size.

L. G. MacINTYRE, U. S. Distributors
100 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 178, 70 5th Ave., New York

NEW! A Clean Youthful Skin With Creme Sansavon

Amazing new discovery — "3 Purpose" Creme cleanses skin with water **WITHOUT SOAP!** Acts as mild astringent and powder base. Cleans, refreshes, and invigorates skin—leaves it glowing, beautiful—without usual greasy after effect!

SPECIAL TRIAL TUBE

Send 10c for generous Trial Tube and "startling facts" or 50c for full size tube today. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LETICIA WOOD, 2112 LaFontaine Ave., Dept. A-1, N. Y.

Be a Hotel Hostess



Enjoy Your Work! Good positions in hotels for women as Hostess, Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Train at home, in leisure time. One Lewis student writes: "Business Manager and Hostess in Fraternity House. Have attractive suite in addition to salary, thanks to Lewis Training." Free Book gives details about opportunities for both men and women in hotel and institutional field.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Station MA-4701, Washington, D. C.

chicken. So, the menus are tactfully arranged to suit everybody; and when roast beef or kidney pie is served, Randy dutifully eats his share, while Cary bravely downs his spinach. And the best of it is, they smile as they do it!

"We're both especially fond of artichokes," volunteered Randy, "only Cary likes them cold and I like them hot—"

"So," broke in Cary, "we compromise, and they usually reach the table lukewarm!"

Cary has tea at every meal and several times between. He insists the boiling water must be poured over the leaves and never should tea be steeped! It's coffee for Randy and he's an epicure, selecting his own blends, and his highly prized possession is a special coffee pot. They both drink milk, lots of it, and agree that for the sake of economy they really should trade Archibald in for a cow.

Being a theatrical household there are no set rules for meals. Breakfasts are on a sliding scale to meet the demands of studio calls, early starts for locations, and mornings when the boys are at home. But the menu never varies; it is orange juice, bacon and eggs, and toast.

Unless otherwise advised, the cook prepares dinner which may be served any time between six and nine o'clock. About five nights a week it isn't served at all.

"Sometimes when we are detained in town," said Cary, "we remember to phone and have the dinner put in the refrigerator, then when we come wandering in at some late hour, we have a feast."

"I wonder why meals out of a refrigerator and eaten in the kitchen always taste so good," speculated Randy.

"Probably," suggested Cary, "because we are still a bit primitive and sometimes like to side-step formality. Everybody loves kitchens; it's a kick-back from our childhood when we hung around them begging for cookies."

Their housekeeping is strictly on a budget basis. If they entertain very much or give a party, they have to chip in and make up for the added expense, or the cook puts them on a stew and succotash diet.

Though Randolph Scott and Cary Grant are two of Hollywood's most popular and sought-after bachelors, neither one seems to have any urgent romantic interest at the moment. Perhaps their careers keep them too busy for they are both booming.

Now that Cary has finished "Sylvia Scarlett" with Katherine Hepburn at RKO studio, in which the tall, dark an' handsome plays a real character rôle, much to his delight, he is hastening to England. He's signed to make "The Curious Quest," to be filmed in London and Vienna. He considers this a lucky break because he'll be able to spend Christmas with his father and brother in the home town of Bristol, England. He'll be back in Hollywood early in the year to make "Roaring Girl," with Claudette Colbert, and a picture with Kitty Carlisle.

Since hanging up his lariat and sombrero, following half a dozen ridin' and ropin' Western thrillers, to become a dressed-up Romeo in "Roberta," Randy has been going strong. Now, after several excellent films, including "So Red the Rose," where he appears as a romantic figure of chivalry, this handsome young Southerner is again with Fred Astaire in "Follow the Fleet," which pleases him, as they are boon companions.

Then comes the triumph of his career; he returns to his home studio, Paramount, to do "The Copperhead," the play made famous by Lionel Barrymore. This will virtually be a starring part.

Yes, very definitely, Randolph and Cary are shooting straight to the stars!

Wife Wins Fight with Kidney Acids



Sleeps Fine, Feels 10 Years Younger—Uses Guaranteed Cystex Test

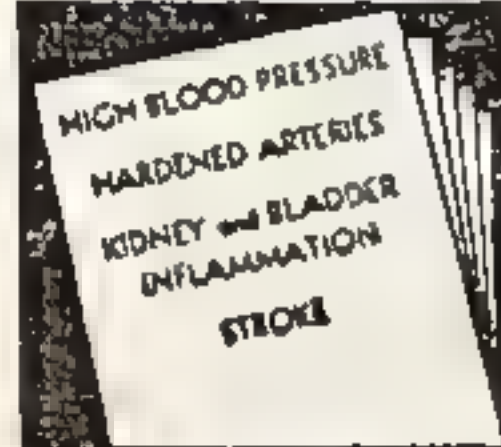
Thousands of women and men sufferers from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder have discovered a simple, easy way to sleep fine and feel years younger by combating Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Burning, Smarting and Acidity due to poor Kidney and Bladder functions, by using a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-tex). Works fast, safe, and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to do the work in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists. The guarantee protects you.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933, of Screenland, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1935. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joshua Superior, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Screenland, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Screenland Magazine, Inc., 45 W. 45th St., New York City; Editor, Delight Evans, 45 W. 45th St., New York City; Managing Editor, Delight Evans, 45 W. 45th St., New York City; Business Manager, Joshua Superior, 45 W. 45th St., New York City. 2. That the owners are: V. G. Heimbocher, 45 W. 45th St., New York City; J. S. MacDermott, 45 W. 45th St., New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Joshua Superior, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of October, 1935. Edward A. Geelan, Jr., Notary Public, Kings County No. 196. Certificate filed in New York County No. 526. (My commission expires March 30, 1936.) (Seal.)

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE Hardened Arteries - Stroke

New discovery, a harmless vegetable preparation has brought relief to thousands of sufferers from high blood pressure, and its kindred ailments—hardened arteries, stroke, kidney and bladder inflammation. Sold on a money-back basis. Write us describing your condition.

Get this FREE BOOK!



Check These Symptoms. Headaches, dizziness, fainting spells, heart pains, cramps, numbness, "pins and needles" sensations—and others.

Send No Money. Delays are dangerous, leading to stroke and heart failure. Write today for full information.

NATIONAL UTONA COMPANY
785 Insurance Exchange Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Physicians Please Write

TYPISTS WANTED

Typists earn extra money home typing authors manuscripts. Good pay. A real opportunity for those who really want to work. Send 3c stamp for details.

TYPISTS BUREAU, Dept. SU, Westfield, Mass.

Earn \$50.00 to \$100.00 A Month Spare Time

ASTHMA-HAY FEVER BRONCHITIS - SINUS - CATARRH

A famous New York physician of 30 years experience, former chief, for 14 years, of Ear, Nose, Throat Clinic of a noted New York City Hospital, desires to inform millions of sufferers about results obtained from his successful home treatment. No injections for Asthma and Hay fever. No operation for Sinus. Write for Free Trial Medicine, literature and symptom chart. Send 10c in stamps or coin to defray costs of packing and mailing. D. Friedman, M.D., Department A 5, 6425 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

FREE TRIAL

POEMS Set to Music Published

Send Poems to

McNEIL

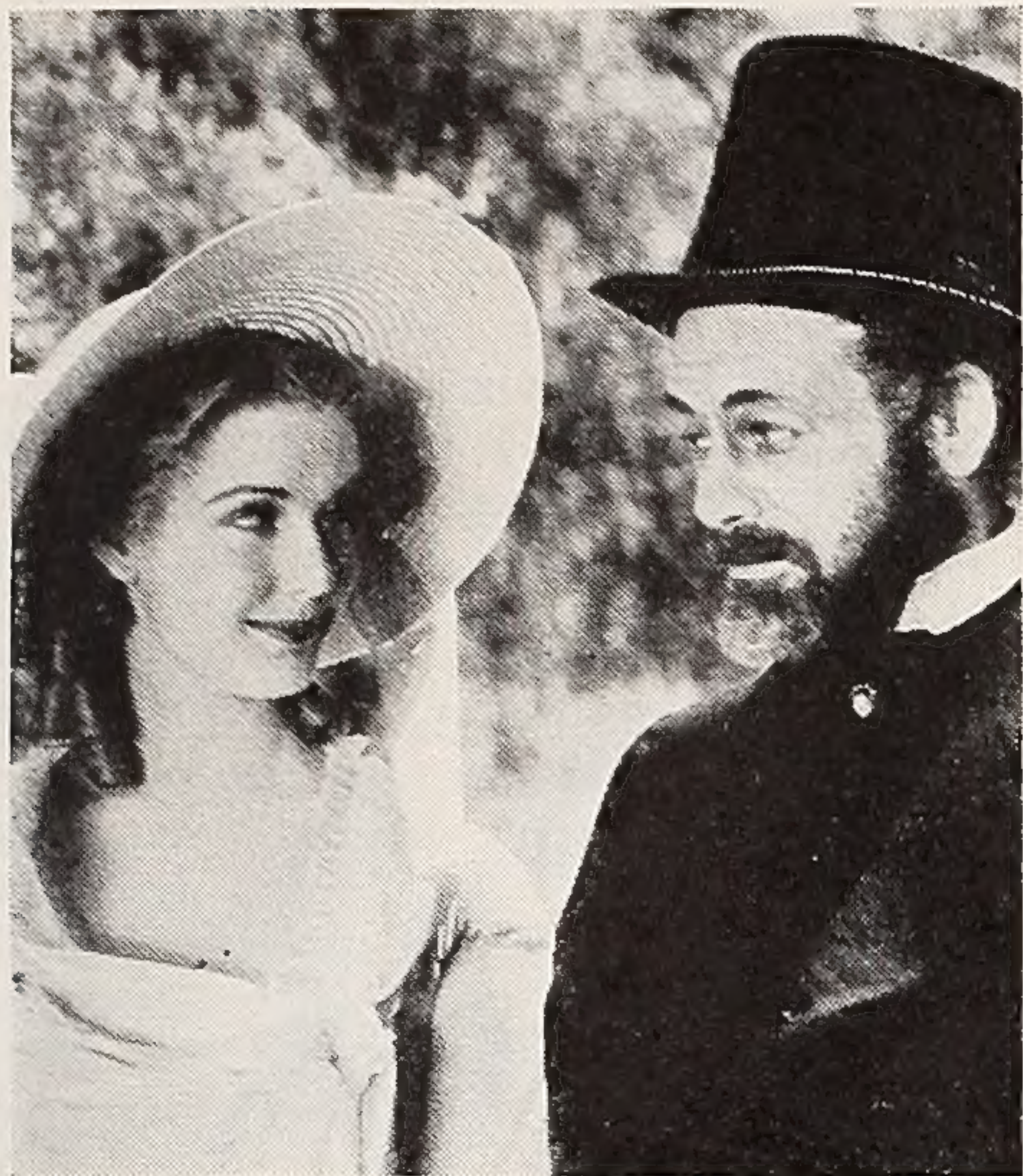
Bachelor of Music

1582 West 27th St.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Here's Anna Sten!

Continued from page 32



Paul Muni as the great scientist, Dr. Pasteur, with Anita Louise in the rôle of his daughter.

talent and which convinced him he had reached the end of his quest. Art director and assistant producer is Anna's husband Eugene Frencke, slim, dark, and friendly and passionately devoted to her. For years Anna and he have been planning to make a film together but at the Samuel Goldwyn studios the Great Powers thought their own technical director advisable—which all helped to increase Anna's discontent. She frankly adores the man she has married and has implicit confidence in him. "I will ask Eugene" is her answer to every question raised about her clothes or the scenery or the lighting, and whatever he says becomes Anna's immovable decision.

Looking back, Anna has concluded it was a mistake to change her natural personality for her American screen début, so she has shed most of the glittering veneer she acquired in Hollywood during that strenuous grooming-time she spent before she faced the cameras. In addition to letting her hair revert to its natural color she dresses it more loosely and she affects a simpler make-up. Her fair skin turned a lovely amber during the six summer weeks she spent resting on the sun-soaked Mediterranean coast so she just adds the faintest touch of lipstick and trains her brows into a natural arch instead of penciling them to the familiar fanciful sweep-back.

Gone too are the sumptuous furs and the elaborate jewelry and the daring ultra-modern gowns in which Anna was wont to decorate the Hollywood showplaces in traditionally brilliant star manner. Now

she once more wears the kind of clothes in which she feels happy. (She never goes to parties and premieres these days, anyway, but spends her evenings contentedly at home with her husband just reading, sewing, and talking.)

Daytime usually finds her in a tailored cloth suit often of her favorite brown and only relieved with a single ornament, perhaps a gold bracelet quaintly chased which she cherishes as a lucky mascot. Her evening frocks are plainly draped satins and laces, some untrimmed black. I saw her lunching in tweeds and a gingham shirt and incidentally eating rich seafood stew with an appetite that would have reduced her former Hollywood slimming tutor to tears!

Anna is happy in England. She has a suite in an historical Elizabethan manor-house near the studios, spacious old-world rooms with antique oak furniture and flowery chintzes and dim gilt mirrors reflecting the beams that curve across the plastered ceilings. There is a shady garden where on Sundays Anna pours out tea from her samovar amid the roses and where she and Eugene play tennis, Anna in white cotton shorts and a blue knitted top looking more like a schoolgirl than a famous screen star.

Best of all, Anna has her mother, who was unable to make the long journey from Moscow to Hollywood owing to health reasons but who has managed to fly to London. She is a white-haired woman with that serene fatalistic face you see on the Madonna in a Russian ikon. As yet she only speaks a few words of English, but she is learning more because she plans to remain permanently in Britain, looking after her daughter's affairs while Anna and Eugene are working in Hollywood.

For the new Anna Sten—the real Anna, as she says herself—is going to divide her time between California and England in future. Her next film will be made in London, for the new company with which Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, are associated. She will play one of the most famous women in British history, Lady Hamilton, the powdered panniered beauty who has been immortalized on canvas and whose romance with the great naval hero Admiral Lord Nelson is among the world's classic love-stories. It will be a costume pageant of spectacular type, with Anna portraying the dairy-maid who came to be adored by Kings and finally died alone in poverty after her lover had fallen at the Battle of Trafalgar.

When this film is completed, Anna returns to Hollywood. "I must go back for I have a contract to fulfil, and even if I had not, I would still go to convince them." She believes that her two British films, so startlingly opposite in conception, will prove her justification to the great American public as well as to the Hollywood executives, showing them that the goal for which she is fighting is not beyond her ambitious span.

She asked me to contradict the report that she is selling her Hollywood house, that white mansion in a wooded garden at Santa Monica which cost over sixty thousand dollars to build and where she keeps her celebrated collection of embroideries and her Samoyed dogs. It will still be her home for several months each year, the home of the new Anna Sten—neither glamorous nor dazzling but a character actress with a firm determination to avoid publicity and an avowed affection for the simpler things of life.

I wonder how Hollywood will like her!

When nature is lax

TAKE A BEAUTY LAXATIVE

You can't expect to have a peaches-and-cream complexion unless you maintain regular habits of elimination.

Don't let more than one day go by without coming to Nature's aid with a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are mild and gentle and non-habit-forming. They bring about the desired result promptly.

Accumulated body waste is an enemy of health and beauty. Get rid of stored-up poisons quickly by taking a beauty laxative.

Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'

OLIVE TABLETS

THE Beauty LAXATIVE

DEVELOP YOUR CURVES!

Don't be discouraged if your form is flat, saggy, or undeveloped! There's still hope if you'll try my **VENUS CREAM METHOD**. Simple and harmless and often adds 1 to 4 inches. Wonderful for scrawny neck and arms, wrinkles and crowsfeet. Hundreds of satisfied users: "My friends are beginning to notice the improvement in my figure" says Miss P. J. of W. Va. "You should see the curves my form has now" writes Miss W. H. of N. Car.



30-Day Treatment
Only \$1.00

If you are not amazed and delighted with results, return empty container and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

ROSE MILLER, BOX 1271-SU., Birmingham, Ala.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Earn Extra Money Home Spare Time
ADDRESS ENVELOPES. Do Sewing
Work. List names. Many other kinds
of work offered. Send 3c stamp for full
complete details.

\$50.00
to
\$100.00
a month.

WOMEN'S AID BUREAU, Dept. SU, 276 High St., Holyoke, Mass.

CLEAR FACE AND BODY

can be yours always with **CLEERTOUCH SKIN OINTMENT** PRESCRIPTION for simple pimples, rashes, blemishes, eczema. Send two dollars for Guaranteed application.
KRONE PRODUCTS CO., 3561 De Kalb Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City, N. Y.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre
(41st Yr.) Stage, Talkie, Radio. GRADUATES: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Musical Comedy, Teaching, Directing, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training (Appearances). For Catalog, write Sec'y LAND, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

CHAPPED LIPS

To quickly relieve chapping, roughness, cracking, apply soothing, cooling Mentholatum.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily



You may have to look twice to recognize the usually debonair Carl Brisson as the waterfront guy in this scene with Arline Judge.

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 61

MARLENE DIETRICH'S dressing room may be full to the brim of Jack Gilbert's flowers—but she goes out to luncheon with Brian Aherne. In one of those little private booths at Lucey's, across the street from the studio. The one next to it is at a premium, but our informant says it's a total loss. Can't hear a thing!

NORMA SHEARER averted a traffic crisis when she arrived at a recent opening. The vast crowd gathered around her car, oblivious to all the other traffic, and Norma saved at least half a dozen calamities when she stepped out calmly and said, "Thank you, but I'm afraid someone might be hurt. Won't you please step back?" Irving Thalberg, who accompanied her, nodded and smiled serenely, as if nothing unusual were happening. So the magic of these two personalities brought the crowd under instant control. And believe it or not, Norma says she didn't feel a bit calm. She was in just as much of a panic as anybody!

THE William Gargans and the Leslie Howards are all made up again. To prove it, Leslie is giving one of his best polo ponies to Mary Gargan, at the Riviera Polo field. Once before, Howard wanted to present Mary with "Demi-tasse," but Bill was against it. Thought she might break her cute little neck. But Bill finally gave in, because after all he ought to have confidence in Mary's horsemanship, since he proposed to her while they were riding horseback, yeahs and yeahs ago.

CLARK GABLE'S reception committee in Lima, Peru, made his American fans look like pikers. He got away from the airport alive, which was a miracle. In his hotel, preparing to shave, a mob of girls broke down the door and entered through the window. Clark finally had to attend a large party in his honor, unshaved!

ALITTLE comedy of errors, Bill Powell playing the leading part. Bill went to bed Monday afternoon to give his cold a rest. The studio called and said: "On the set at 7." Bill ran out his small convertible coupe and started. Came the deluge. Tableau: Bill trying to get the one-man top up. No dice. Top ruined. Bill arrives at studio sitting in a puddle of water, and mad, awful mad. He didn't feel any better to hear the call was canceled. Started home, bought some ice cream and stopped at a friend's house. Gate locked, Bill couldn't get in or arouse any interest. Started home again, ran out of gas. Walked to the Beverly Wilshire, telephoned chauffeur. And the silly part of it all is—he woke up next morning without a sign of a cold!

KAY FRANCIS has moved from that little bungalow on Fountain Avenue, where she has lived for years, ever since she came to Hollywood, in fact. She has watched the other stars and starlets expand into huge chateaux, and serenely continued her modest living. But now she has moved, and properly—into a huge elegant house, befitting the Francis position and bank-account. Kay is one of the most careful spenders in town, and she will see to it that her career winds up on the black side of the ledger.

ALL the gossips in town have been worried over Luise Rainer—she never appears in any of the late spots, never goes to parties—how is a person to get a line on her? So here is how it is. La Rainer has a closed circle of friends whom she sees, and no one else. She is putting in all her time toiling over a ballet, "The Life of Man," which is to last three hours. And she intends to appear in it, playing a masculine part! She is writing the scenario, and working out all the ballet routines. She will be the central character, first as a young boy, then an adult, finally an old man. The score will be classical, with a few excerpts from modern music. Next summer Luise plans to present her ballet in the Hollywood Bowl, after an earlier presentation on Broadway.

JUST to show you the difference in temperaments—Simone Simon, French actress imported by Fox, uses perfume to put her in the mood for a scene; has hundreds of varieties. Lily Pons, on the other hand, cannot even have scented flowers in her dressing-room before she is to sing in a scene, and naturally, not on the set, either. Consequently, artificial flowers were used throughout her picture.

IT IS with a great sigh of relief that we are able to inform you concerning the Bing Crosby housing situation. Since the Crosby menage, complete except for the wife, the kiddies and the wardrobes, was sold to Al Jolson for his mother-in-law's new home, the Crosbys have been searching desperately for a house. They intend to start building again as soon as they get their wind, but have to park some place in the meantime. We have had awful nightmares about the big and little Crosbys sitting disconsolately on a curb somewhere, but now, at last, the problem is settled. They are moving into Marion Davies' Beverly house before you can say boo-boo-boo. No, wrong again, Marion isn't there. She has rented it to them.

THE newly-wed Helen Vinson and Fred Perry said touching farewells at the boat on which Fred sailed for Australia. He plays in some tennis tournaments there. Helen completes contractual obligations in Hollywood, and in three months they both meet in London! Some honeymoon.

IRENE DUNNE had a little sniffle which grew into big bad influenza, when the public prints got through with it. And poor dear Irene, so conscientious, felt terribly, (well, you know what I mean), about the baskets and baskets of flowers that poured in from friends and well-wishers. She didn't know whether to stand in a draught and get really sick, to justify them, or merely invite the donors to tea. She invited them to tea, on account, as the Chamber of Commerce will tell you, there are no draughts in California.



Things are getting rough around here! Look at Freddie Bartholomew beat Victor McLaglen to the punch—and Vic a former fighter, too!



A YEAR-ROUND CHRISTMAS GIFT from SCREENLAND—for You!

HERE'S your chance to do some of your Christmas shopping . . . ideally, inexpensively . . . and at the same time get FREE a year's subscription to SCREENLAND which you can either keep for yourself or give away also as a Christmas present.

Who could want a better gift than twelve long months of the Romance and Glamor of the movies, portrayed in the sparkling, interesting pages of SCREENLAND? Who among your friends would not be delighted to receive a year's subscription as a Christmas present from you?

USE THE COUPON BELOW

Just send us the names of two friends to whom you want to give SCREENLAND for a year together with three dollars (\$3) . . . the regular price for two subscriptions. At the right time, we'll send each of them a handsome card announcing your gift and you, yourself, get absolutely FREE a year's subscription as a present from us. Should you want this free subscription sent to a third friend, just let us know.

GIVE AS MANY AS YOU LIKE

If you want to give subscriptions to more of your friends, the same offer still holds good. For every two you send us, one is yours absolutely free to dispose of as you wish.

Get the coupon off to us today. If there isn't room enough, use a separate sheet . . . but act now. The more subscriptions you give, the more money you save for other Christmas presents.

SCREENLAND: 15c a copy; regular yearly subscription price \$1.50 in the U. S. and possessions; \$2.10 in Canada; Foreign \$2.50.

SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$.....for which please send Christmas Gift subscription, together with an announcement card in my name to the following:

Name

Address

City & State.....

You may send the FREE subscription to

Name

Address

City & State.....

Name

Address

City & State.....

(Signed)

Name

Address

City & State.....



Chesterfields
— and a Merry Christmas to you all

